Beginning **THE MAN WHO SAVED THE WORLD**

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

August 18, 1934

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NRA CODE

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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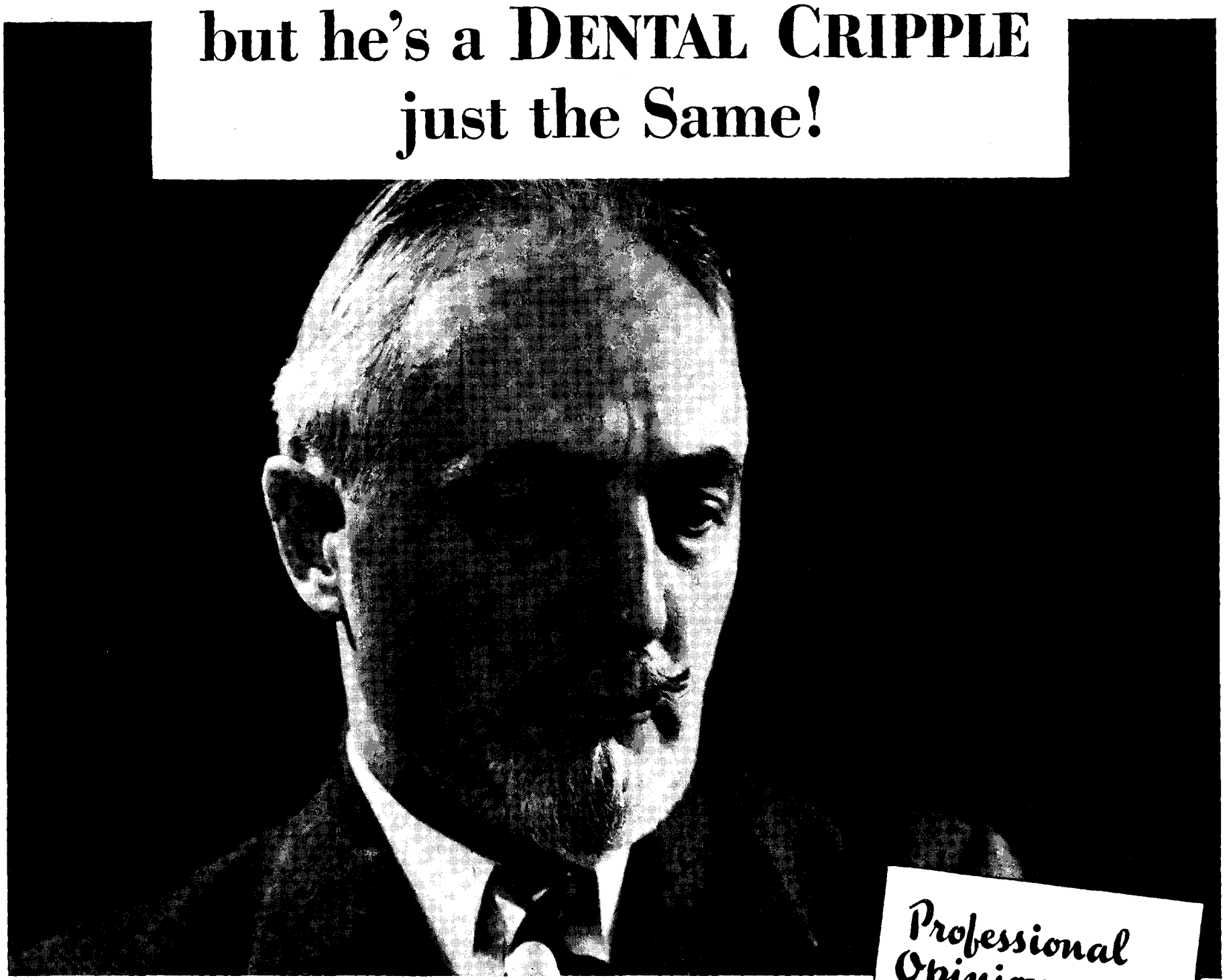

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" STARTED IT ALL

This man of science and surgery knows the human body as few men have known it. And he knew, if anyone ever did, that tender, ailing gums meant trouble—that "pink tooth brush" was a danger signal.

He read articles on gum massage in the scientific books of his profession. He saw names signed to them that he knew and respected. But he was so strenuously occupied in restoring health to others that he neglected his own. *And today he's a dental cripple.*

Years ago, he should have started cleaning his teeth—*and massaging his gums*—with Ipana.

For Ipana is for the gums as well as for the teeth. Its ziratol content aids massage in keeping the gums healthy and firm against "pink tooth brush" and serious gum troubles, while it keeps teeth clean and white.

The well-cooked foods of today fail to exercise the gums adequately. That is why your gums tend to become sluggish and tender—to show "pink" on your tooth brush.

Don't let "pink tooth brush" cause your teeth to look dingy and ugly. Don't let it open the way for gingivitis or pyorrhea or Vincent's disease. Don't risk the soundness of good teeth!

Start cleaning your teeth and massaging your gums with Ipana—today. Your teeth will be brighter, your gums will be firmer, healthier. And you won't need to give a thought to "pink tooth brush."

Professional Opinion says:

• *By a British scientist*

"The fault of present-day diets is the eating of too much soft, sloppy food, which compels no chewing."

• *From a recent dental work*

"It is absolutely imperative that the patient acquire the habit of daily brushing of the teeth, and along with this the practice of massaging the gums."

• *By an authority on dental health*

"One cannot help being enthusiastic when viewing the rapid improvement in the health of dental tissues under artificial stimulation (massage)."

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING — WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N.B.C. STATIONS

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IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WITHIN a week after the newspapers announced that Cornelia Fraser was the richest single woman in the state of California she received three offers of marriage. That tended slightly to sour her sweet disposition: she had never had a proposal before. Now she decided to live and die a spinster rather than purchase a husband in the open market.

But Cornelia is the heroine of a short story by Peter B. Kyne and as such runs no risk of missing romance in "Call a Cop."

FOR fourteen years Winston Churchill, the famous British statesman, viewed with alarm and disapproval the United States' experiment with prohibition. On frequent lecture tours of this country, he publicly deplored the theoretical and practical weaknesses of our program.

Now that the Eighteenth Amendment has been repealed "as alien to the genius of a virile, progressive and freedom-loving people" (Mr. Churchill's words) he finds another subject for concern—liquor control.

As Chancellor of the Exchequer Mr. Churchill was in intimate contact with the English problem of controlling drinking. Now, acting as Collier's reporter, he tells you what methods met with success in *his country and makes* recommendations for ours.

MR. BOULAKALIAN, once known to the wrestling profession as the Syrian Cyclone, was a formidable man. He weighed 260 pounds and he did not like sailors. So when Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan set out to recapture Jud Sampson's girl from him all odds were against them. But they knew that their hearts were pure and that God loves United States sailors. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan writes their story.

IF YOU ever expect to be President of the United States you had better learn to love detective stories. Almost all of our recent Presidents have spent happy hours in the company of fiction's supersleuths. And while they read about miracles of daring and deduction, the Secret Service, close at hand, has been carrying on its less spectacular pursuit of crime. Chief Moran differs in many particulars from Sherlock Holmes. But he's worth knowing. Ray Tucker furnishes the introduction.

WILLIAM MacHARG, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Grover Jones, Ray Tucker, Kathleen Norris, T. R. Ybarra and others make dazzling contributions to your happiness. Glad to do it, too.

This Week

●

August 18, 1934

Cover by Arthur Crouch

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PATTERSON McNUTT
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●

Any Week

"IF," says Mr. Jacob Koerner of Des Moines, Iowa, "all those tears shed in Washington for the drought-cursed farmer had been caught and barreled and shipped at once to the midwest, there wouldn't have been any drought. A sinful waste of water, that's what it was."

AND Mrs. Julia Kopper of New York City was much impressed to read in the paper that scores of people in this country wrote to the banker Harriman expressing their sympathy. This," goes on Mrs. Kopper, "is good news. It indicates that we are back on our old sentimental basis and I have no doubt that young Mr. Astor's decision to go to work and support himself and his bride on a meager eight thousand a week will bring him many offers of help from the working man who has learned how difficult it is to get along on so little."

BUT Mr. Thomas F. McConaty of Seattle, Washington, doesn't think things are looking up at all. It is his opinion that "our warships and cruisers have something better to do than to be used for private yachts to carry Presidents around on pleasure trips. The President should be in his office attending to the business of the nation."

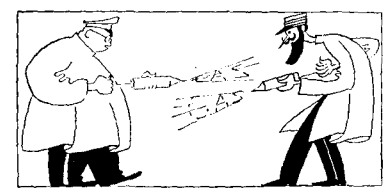
HOWEVER, Mr. S. Levin of Buffalo, New York, believes that much good will come of the President's cruise. "He is away from the Brain Trust for a little while and can do a little real thinking," says Mr. Levin, who goes on to tell us that he puts no faith "in people who think out loud like that shouting Brain Trust in Washington."

A BETTER man than we are once said something sharp about the weakness of a democracy being its penchant for forgetting. Anyway, a lady, Almira Gibson, in West Tampa, Florida, reading Ray Tucker's reference to the "little green house in K Street, Washington," thinks "it is not proper to make such statements about a place and not tell why it is so interesting and notorious." It is our feeling that most of us have forgotten all about those nightly poker and piracy parties of the ill-starred Harding administration when the President's closest friends were wont to get together and auction off the government to the highest bidders.

WE DO a pretty sound job of forgetting on our own hook. A few weeks ago we had read so much about Boulder Dam that we would have been willing to lay attractive odds that we hadn't the strength to forget a detail. And now several of our devoted readers have caught us saying that Boulder Dam is in Colorado. Shame has us by the throat. Just to prolong our agony we confess that Boulder Dam is in a chasm of the Colorado River, thirty-one miles from Las Vegas, Nevada, and about the same distance from Kingman, Arizona.

IF YOU should happen to go to Hamburg, Germany, in the near future, and should see a man waiting for your steamer at the pier, the chances are that it will be Ernst Gerber, who will be looking for his copy of Collier's. "What," inquires Herr Gerber, "do you suppose happened? A messenger dropped the whole package of American magazines into the River Elbe coming off the boat and Collier's for June 16 was not to be had in Hamburg until they had been fished up and dried out. As I am unable to sleep nights unless I read Collier's every week, from now on I am going to take care of shipments myself as soon as the boat can be seen in the river."

MR. AUGUST BAUSEL of Cleveland, Ohio, was born in Alsace. Some time ago he became an American citizen but has never tried, correctly enough, to forget that there are things in Alsace which one may love without reserve. But what Mr. Bausel really has on his mind is the unlovely race between the war chemists of Germany and France for the most lethal of gases which are to be unloosed when and if these two traditional enemies come again to blows. "I read,"



says Mr. Bausel, "that the Germans are testing a germ-bearing gas, using germs that will not kill, by freeing it in the subways and underground places where the common people gather. This, of course, is the proper place to make such tests because from the masses will come the victims of the real stuff, the inventors remaining in their laboratories observing the wholesale effects of their genius."

NOT even knowing what it's all about.

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LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORD

THERE MUST BE GOOD REASONS FOR PLYMOUTH'S TREMENDOUS GROWTH

IF YOU EXAMINE the figures on the right . . . those figures in that newspaper clipping . . . you can't miss one big, important fact.

PLYMOUTH IS GOING PLACES.

It has grown in popularity faster than any car ever built. More Plymouth cars are being bought today than ever before. It is the only low-priced car in America that can claim such a record.

But it isn't the figures themselves that are important to you. It's what they mean.

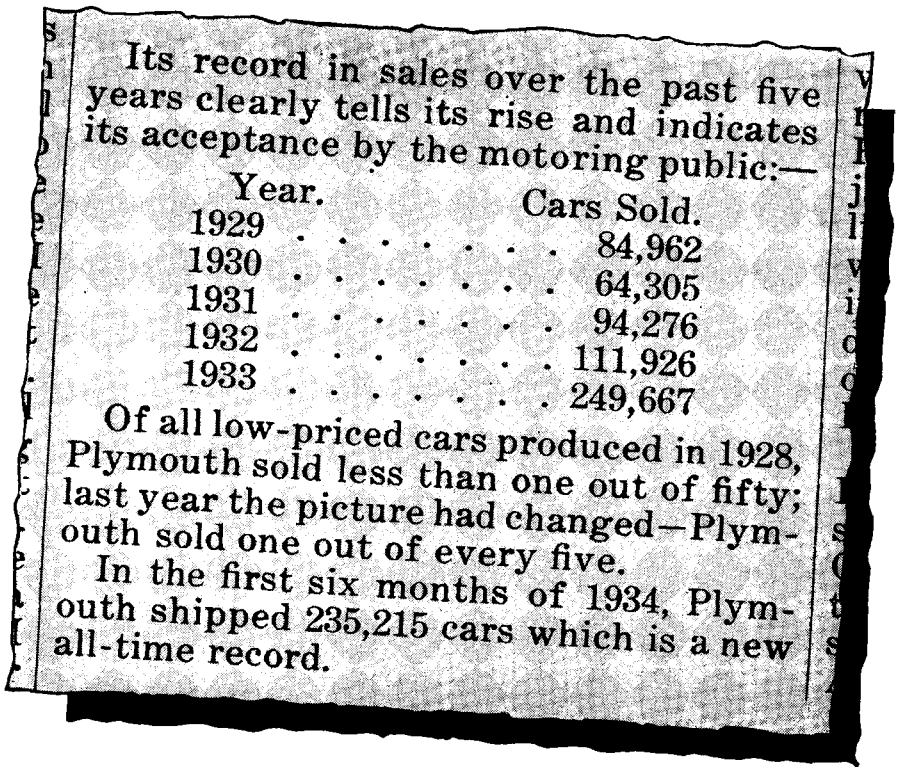
A car doesn't shoot ahead like that in difficult times unless it has something exceptional to offer. People don't lay down their hard-earned money these days without making careful comparisons.

What has sold Plymouth . . . and kept on selling it in increasing numbers . . . is the extra VALUE that it offers. In Comfort . . . in Economy . . . in Safety . . . in Advanced Engineering. Things you can see and feel and experience for yourself.

Thousands of people have bought Plymouth because it is the *only* low-priced car with Hydraulic Brakes plus an All-Steel Body. Thousands more have bought it because it is the only one with Individual (knee-type) Springs plus Floating Power engine mountings, for complete comfort.

With all these extra features, you might expect Plymouth to cost more than the others, but it doesn't. Today all three cars in the lowest-price field cost about the same.

Think what this means. You can buy a new Plymouth for practically no more than the cost of any low-priced car without Plymouth's features.


Its record in sales over the past five years clearly tells its rise and indicates its acceptance by the motoring public:—

Year.	Cars Sold.
1929	84,962
1930	64,305
1931	94,276
1932	111,926
1933	249,667

Of all low-priced cars produced in 1928, Plymouth sold less than one out of fifty; last year the picture had changed—Plymouth sold one out of every five.

In the first six months of 1934, Plymouth shipped 235,215 cars which is a new all-time record.

That's why we say, in all fairness to yourself, "Look at All Three." COMPARE BEFORE YOU BUY. Any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer will arrange a Plymouth demonstration.

Prices as low as $485 for Standard Plymouth. Plymouth Special Six $560 up. De Luxe Plymouth from $595. All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Time payments on the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

PLYMOUTH $485 AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY DETROIT

SOLD BY DODGE, DE SOTO AND CHRYSLER DEALERS

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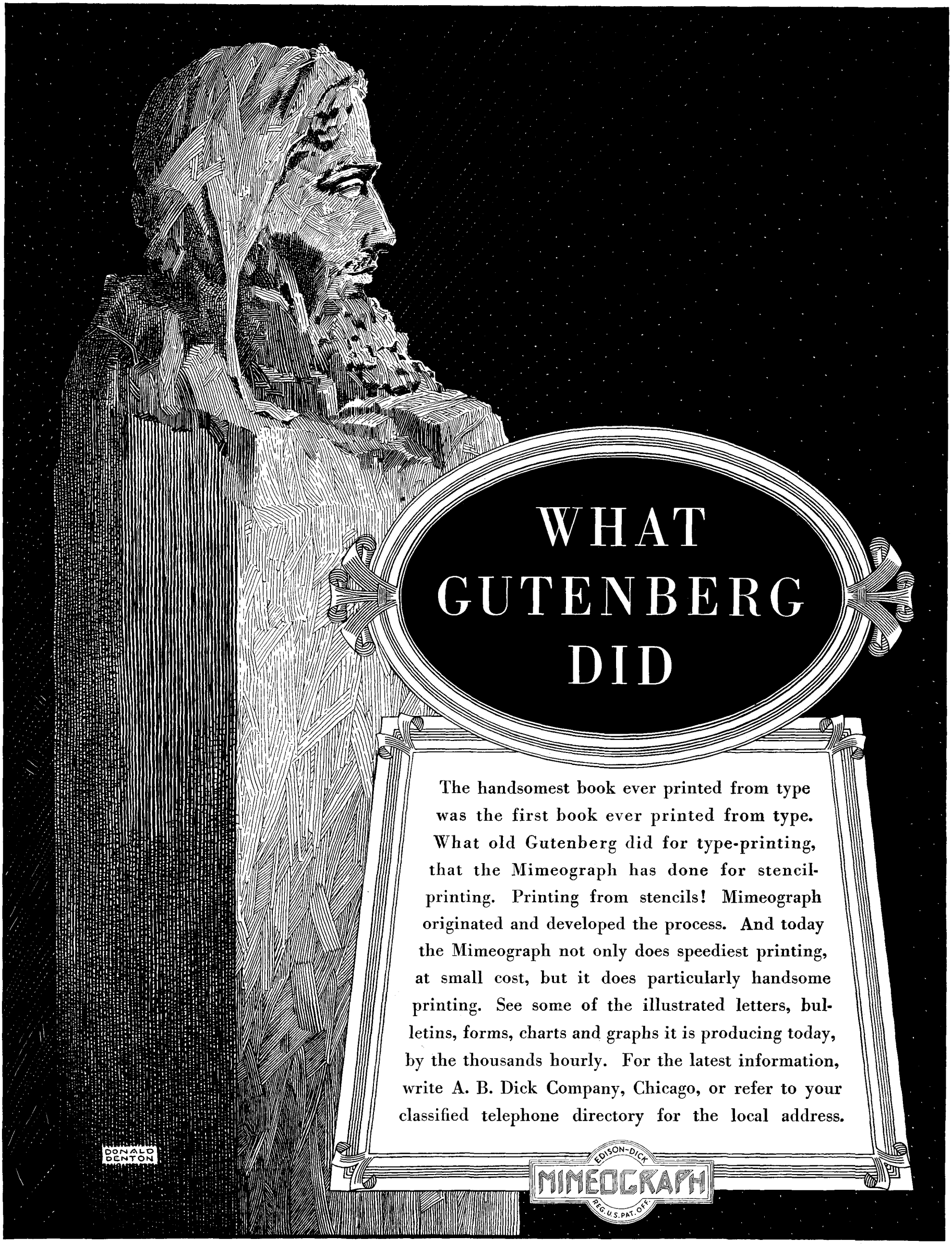
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The Man who Saved the World

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

Beginning a gripping new novel of the chaos that is Europe today. A story that may well be history—tomorrow

He called out to her, hoping that she would turn her head and allow him a glimpse of her face, but she was too clever for that

MARTIN FAWLEY glanced irritably at the man stretched flat in the chair he coveted—the man whose cheeks were partly concealed by lather, and whose mass of dark hair was wildly disarranged. One of his hands—delicate, white hands they were, although the fingers were long and forceful—reposed in a silver bowl of hot water. The other hand was being treated by the manicurist seated on a stool by his side, the young woman whose services Fawley also coveted. He had entered the establishment a little abruptly and he stood with his watch in his hand. Even Fawley's friends did not claim for him that he was a good-tempered person.

"Monsieur is ten minutes *en retard,*" the coiffeur announced with a reproachful gesture.

"Nearly a quarter of an hour," the manicurist echoed with a sigh.

The newcomer replaced his watch. The two statements were incontrovertible. Nevertheless, the ill humor which he felt was eloquently reflected in his face. The man in the chair looked at him, expressionless, indifferent. The inconvenience of a stranger meant nothing to him.

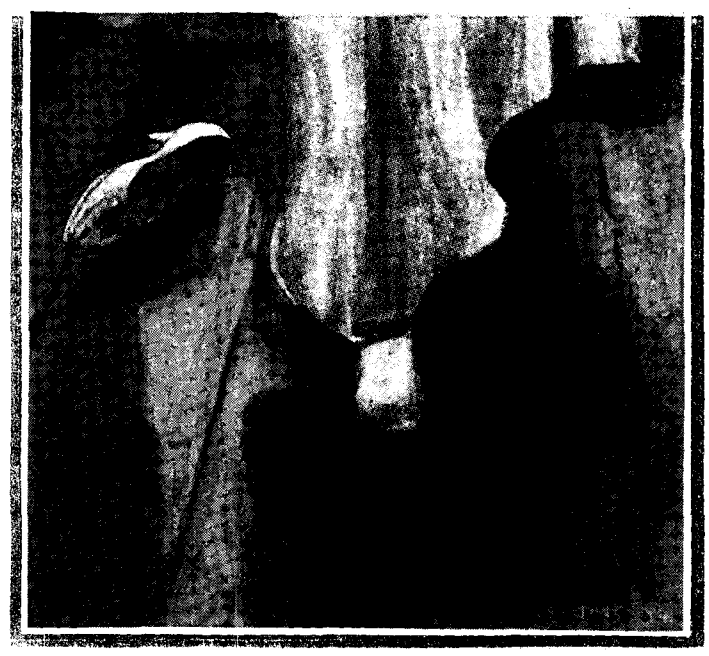
"If monsieur will seat himself," Henri, the coiffeur, suggested, "this will not be a long affair."

Fawley glanced once more at his watch. He really had nothing whatever to do at the moment but he possessed all the impatience of the man of energy on being asked to wait at any time. While he seemed to be considering the situation the man in the chair spoke. His French was good enough but it was not the French of a native.

"It would be a pity," he said, "that monsieur should be misled. I require *en suite* a face massage, and I am not satisfied with the hands which mademoiselle thinks she has finished. Furthermore, there is the trimming of my eyebrows—a delicate task which needs great care."

Martin Fawley stared at the speaker rudely.

"So you mean to spend the morning here," he observed.



THE man in the chair glanced at Fawley nonchalantly and remained silent. Fawley turned his back upon him, upon Henri and Mathilde, the white-painted furniture, the glittering mirrors, and walked out into the street. . . . He did not see again this man to whom he had taken so unreasonable a dislike until he was ushered, a few days later, with much ceremony into his very magnificent official apartment in the Plaza Margaretta at Rome.

General Berati looked at his visitor, as he motioned to a chair, with very much the same stony indifference with which he had regarded him in the barber's shop at Nice. Their eyes met and they exchanged one long, calculating glance. Fawley felt the spell of the man from that moment. Often afterward he wondered why he had not felt it even when he had seen him with his face half covered with lather and his fingers plunged into the silver bowl.

"You have come direct from Paris?" Berati asked.

"Those were my instructions. I was at your embassy on Thursday afternoon. I caught the Rome express at seven o'clock.

"You have an earnest sponsor in Paris?"

"Carlo Antonelli. I have worked with him."

"So I understand. Why are you not working for your own country?"

"There are half a dozen more of us Americans to whom you might address that question," Fawley explained. "The department to which I belong has been completely disbanded. M. I. B. C. exists no longer."

"YOU mean," Berati asked, with a keen glance from under his bushy, black eyebrows, "that your country has no longer a Secret Service?"

"It amounts to that," Fawley admitted. "Our present-day politicians believe that all information acquired through Secret Service work is untrustworthy and dangerous. They have adopted new methods."

"So you are willing to work for another country?"

"Provided," Fawley stipulated, "I am assured that the work does not conflict directly with American or British interests."

"The Americans," Berati observed quietly, "are the only people who have no idea what their real interests are."

"In what respect?"

The Italian shrugged his shoulders very slightly.

"America," he said, "needs the information which Secret Service agents could afford them as much as or more than any nation in the world. However, you need have no fear nor need you think that you are the only foreigner who is working for us. You will probably become acquainted before your work is over with a German, a Monegasque and a Dane. I am not a believer in using one's own country's people exclusively."

"You strip our profession of its honorable side," Fawley remarked dryly. "That does not refer to myself. I am admittedly a free lance. I must have work of an adventurous type, and since my country cannot offer it to me I must seek for it in any decent way."

"Patriotism," Berati sneered, "has been the excuse for many a career of deceit."

"It has also been its justification," Fawley ventured.

Berati's expression did not change an iota, yet somehow his visitor was made to feel that he was not accustomed to argument.

"The present work is worth-while for its own sake," he announced. "It is so dangerous that you might easily lose your life within a fortnight. That is why I shall give you out

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your work chapter by chapter. Today I propose only to hand you your credentials—which by the way will mean sudden death to you if ever they are found by the wrong people upon your person—and explain the commencement of your task."

Berati touched a concealed bell embedded in the top of his desk. Almost immediately, through a door which Fawley had not previously noticed, a young man entered, noiseless and swift in his movements and of intriguing personality. His head was shaven like the head of a monk, his complexion was almost ivory white, unrelieved by the slightest tinge of color. His fingers were bony. His frame was thin. The few words he addressed to his chief were spoken in so low a tone that, although Fawley's hearing was good and Italian the same to him as most other languages, he heard nothing. To his surprise Berati introduced the newcomer.

"This is my secretary, Prince Patoni," he said. "Major Fawley."

The young man bowed and held out his hand. Fawley found it, as he had expected, as cold as ice.

"Major Fawley's work was well known to us years ago," he remarked a little grimly. "As a confrère he will be welcome."

Almost immediately, in obedience to a gesture from Berati, he departed, leaving behind him a sense of unreality as though he were some phantom flitting across the stage of life rather than a real human being. But then, indeed, on that first day Berati himself seemed unreal to his visitor. The former tore open a package and tossed its contents over the table.

"Open that," he directed.

Fawley obeyed. Inside was a plain platinum and gold cigarette case with six cigarettes on either side neatly kept in place by a platinum clasp.

"Well?" Berati demanded.

"Is that a challenge?" Fawley asked.

"You may accept it as a challenge."

FAWLEY held the case with its diagonal corners between two fingers and ran the forefinger of his other hand backward and forward over the hinges. Almost instantaneously a third division of the case disclosed itself. Berati's expression remained unchanged but his eyebrows were slowly and slightly elevated.

"There are three of you alive, then," he remarked coolly. "I thought that there were only two."

"You happen to be right," his visitor told him. "Joseffi died very suddenly."

"When?"

"The day after he opened the case."

Berati, who indulged very seldom in gestures, touched his underlip with his long, firm forefinger.

"Yet—you came."

Fawley smiled—perhaps a little sardonically.

"The men who work for you, General," he observed, "should rid themselves of any fear of death."

Berati nodded very slowly and very thoughtfully. He seemed to be appraising the man who stood on the other side of his desk.

"It appears to me," he admitted, "that we may get on."

"It is possible," Fawley agreed. "Curiosity prompts me to ask you one question, however: When you sent for me had you any idea that we had met in that barber's shop at Nice?"

"I knew it perfectly well."

"I confess that that puzzles me a little," Fawley admitted. "I was at my worst that day. I did not show the self-control of a schoolboy. I had not even the excuse of being in a hurry. I was annoyed because you had taken my place, and I showed it."

Berati smiled.

"It was the very fact," he pronounced, "that you were able to forget your profession on an ordinary occasion which commended you to me. Our own men—most of them at any rate—err on the side of being too stealthy. They are too obvious in their subterfuges ever to reach the summits. You have the art—or shall I call it the genius?—of being able to display your natural feelings when you are, so to speak, in mufti. You impressed me, as you would any man, with the idea that you were a somewhat choleric, somewhat crude Englishman or American, thinking as usual that the better half of any deal should fall to you. I made up my mind that if you were free you were my man."

"You had the advantage of me," Fawley reflected.

"I never forget a face," the other confided. "You were in Rome five years ago—some important mission—but I could recall it if I chose. . . . To proceed: You know where to look for your identification papers if it should become necessary to show them. Your supplementary passports are in the same place—both diplomatic and social."

"Passports," Fawley remarked, as he disposed of the cigarette case in the inner pocket of his waistcoat, "generally indicate a journey."

BERATI'S long fingers played for a moment with the stiff collar of his uniform. He looked meaningly across his table.

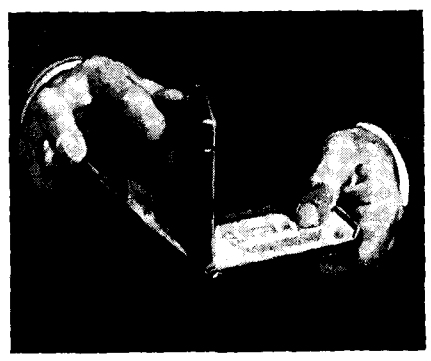
"Adventure is to be found in so many of these southern cities," he observed. "Monte Carlo is very pleasant at this time of the year and The France is an excellent hotel. A countryman of ours, I remind myself, is in charge there. There is also a German named Krust—but that will do later. Our relations with him are at present undetermined. Your first center of activities will be within twenty kilometers of the Casino. *A rivederci, Signor.*"

He held out his hand. Fawley took it, but lingered for a moment.

"My instructions—" he began.

"They will arrive," the Italian interrupted. "Have no anxiety. There will be plenty of work for you. You will begin where Joseffi left off. I wish you better fortune."

Fawley obeyed the little wave of the hand and took his leave. In doing so, however, he made a not incomprehensible error. The room was irregular in shape, with paneled walls, and every



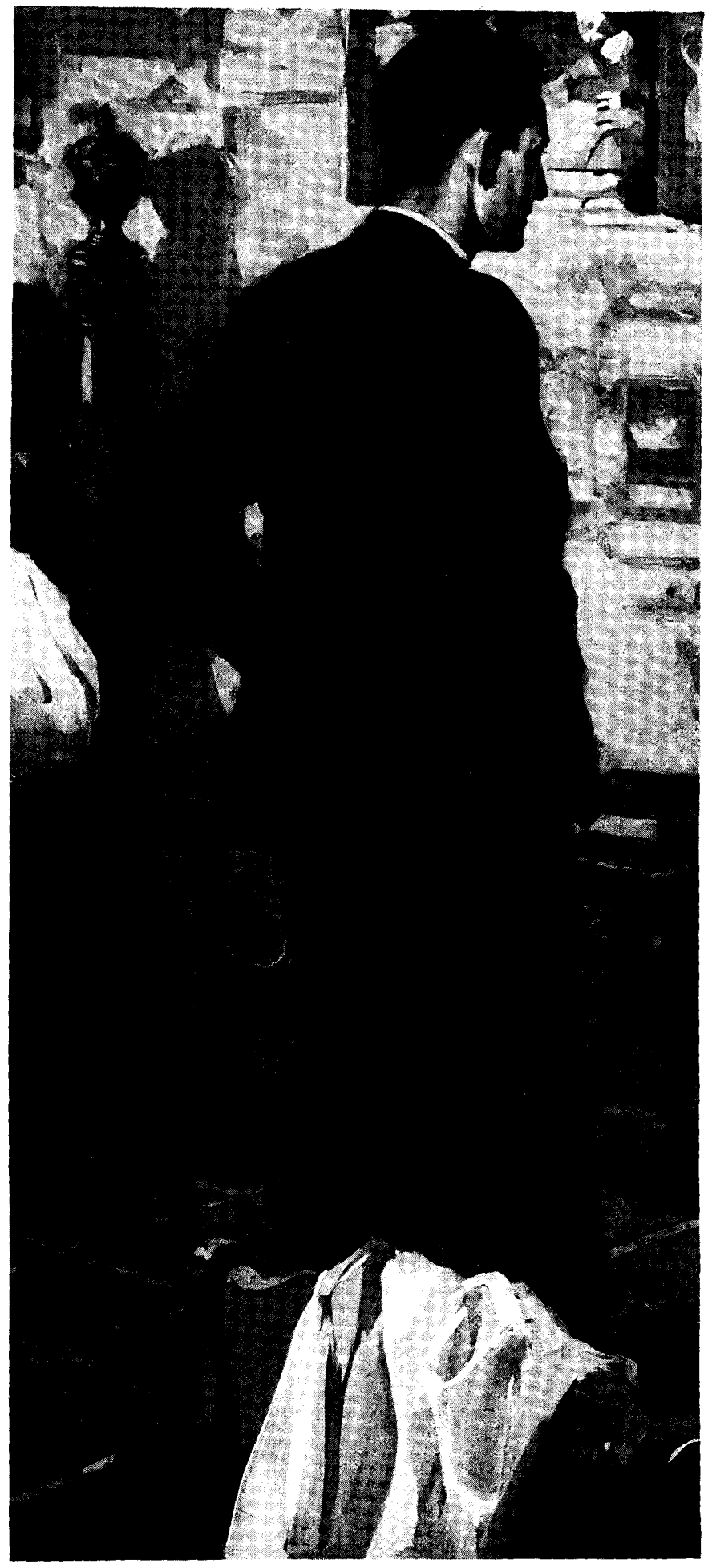
one of the oval recesses possessed a door which matched its neighbor. His fingers closed upon the handle of the one through which he believed that he had entered. Almost at once Berati's voice snapped out from behind him like a pistol shot.

"Not that one! The next to your right."

Fawley did not, however, at once withdraw his hand from the beautiful piece of brass ornamentation upon which it rested.

"Where does this one lead to?" he asked with apparent irrelevance.

Berati's voice was suddenly harsh.



"My own apartments—the Palazzo Berati. Be so good as to pass out by the adjoining door."

Fawley remained motionless. Berati's voice was coldly angry.

"There is perhaps some explanation—" he began ominously.

"Explanation enough," Fawley interrupted. "Someone is holding the handle of this door on the other side. They are even now matching the strength of their fingers against mine."

"You mean that someone is attempting to enter?"

"Obviously," Fawley replied. "Shall I let them in?"

"In ten seconds," Berati directed. "Count ten to yourself and then open the door."

Fawley obeyed his new chief literally and it was probably that instinct of self-preservation which had always been helpfully present with him in times of crisis which saved his life. He sprang to one side, sheltering himself behind the partially opened door. A bullet whistled past his ear so that for hours afterward he felt a singing there as though a hot wind were stabbing at him. There was a crash from behind in the room. Berati's chair was empty! Down the passage was dimly visible a figure

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"There shall be no more melodrama," she promised. "It is necessary that I go back to the reception of the Principessa"

of a woman whose feet seemed scarcely to touch the polished oak floor.

Fawley was barely in time, for she had almost reached the far end before he started in pursuit. He called out to her, hoping that she would turn her head and allow him a glimpse of her face, but she was too clever for any *gaucherie* of that sort. He passed through a little unseen cloud of faint, indefinite perfume such as might float from a woman's handkerchief shaken in the dark, stooped in his running to pick up and thrust a glittering trifle into his pocket, and almost reached her before she disappeared through some thickly hanging brocaded curtains. It was only a matter of seconds before Fawley flung them on one side in pursuit and emerged into a large, square anteroom with shabby, magnificent hangings but with several wonderful pictures upon the walls, and two closed doors on either side. He paused to listen, but all that he could hear was the soft sobbing of stringed instruments in the distance and a murmur of many voices, apparently from the reception rooms of the Palazzo.

He looked doubtfully at the doors. They had the air of not having been opened for generations. The only signs of human life came from the corridor straight ahead, which obviously led into the reception rooms. Fawley hesitated only for a moment, then he made his way cautiously along until he arrived at a slight bend and a further barrier of black curtains—curtains of some heavy material which looked like velvet—emblazoned in faded gold with the arms of a famous family. . . . He paused once more and listened. At that moment the music ceased. From the storm of applause he gathered that there must have been at least several hundred people quite close to him on the other side of the curtain.

He hesitated, frowning. Notwithstanding his eagerness to track down the would-be assassin, it seemed hopeless to make his way among a throng of strangers, however ingenious the explanations he might offer, in search of a woman whose face he had scarcely seen and whom he could recognize only by the color of her gown. Reluctantly he retraced his steps and stood once more in the anteroom which, like many apartments in the great Roman palaces which he had visited, seemed somehow to have lost its sense of habitation and to carry with it a suggestion of disuse. There were the two doors. He looked at them doubtfully. Suddenly one was softly opened and a woman stood looking out at him with a half-curious, half-frightened expression in her brown eyes. She was wearing a blue dress.

AN ANGRY and a frightened woman. Fawley had seen many of them before in his life but never quite one of this type. Her eyes, which should have been beautiful, were blazing. Her lips—gashes of scarlet fury—seemed as if they were on the point of withering him with a storm of words. Yet when she spoke she spoke with reserve, without subtlety, a plain, blunt question:

"Why are you following me about?"

"Scarcely that," he protested. "I am keeping you under observation for a time."

"Like all you Anglo-Saxons, you are a liar and an impudent one," she spat out. . . . "Wait!"

Her tone had suddenly changed to one of alarm. Instinctively he followed her lead and listened. More and more distinctly he could hear detached voices at the end of the corridor which led into the reception rooms. The curtains must have been drawn to one side, for the hum of conversation became much louder. She caught at his wrist.

"Follow me," she ordered.

They passed into a darkened entresol. She flung open an inner door and Fawley found himself in a bedroom—a woman's bedroom—high-ceilinged, austere after the Italian fashion, but with exquisite linen and lace upon the old four-poster bed, and with a shrine in one corner, its old gilt work beautifully fashioned—a representation of the Madonna—a strangely moving work of art. She locked the door with a ponderous key.

"Is that necessary?" Fawley asked.

She scoffed at him. Fear had driven the fury from her face and Fawley in an impersonal sort of way was beginning to realize how beautiful she was.

"Do not think that I am afraid," she said coldly. "I have done that to protect myself. If you refuse to give me what I ask for I shall shoot you and point to the locked door as my excuse. You followed me in. There can be no denying that."

She was passionately in earnest, but a sense of humor which had befriended Fawley in many grimmer moments chose inappropriately enough to assert itself just then. With all her determination it was obvious that her courage was a matter of nerve, that having once keyed herself up to a desperate action she was near enough now to collapse. Probably that made her the more dangerous, but Fawley did not stop to reflect. He leaned against the high-backed chair and laughed quietly. . . . Afterward he realized that he was in as great danger of his life in those few seconds as at any time during his adventurous career. But after that first flash of renewed fury something responsive, or at any rate sympathetic, seemed to creep into her face and showed itself suddenly in the quivering of her lips. Her fingers, which had been creeping toward the bosom of her dress, retreated empty.

"Tell me what it is that you want from me," Fawley asked.

"You know," she answered. "I want my slipper."

HE FELT in his pocket and knew at once that his first suspicion had been correct. He shook his head gravely.

"Alas," he replied, "I am forced to keep this little memento of your expedition for the present. As to what happened a few minutes ago—"

"Well, what are you going to do about that?" she interrupted. "I deny nothing. I tried to kill Berati. But for the fact that you unnerved me—I did not expect to find anyone holding the door on the other side—I should have done it. As it is, I fear that he has escaped."

"What did you want to kill the general for?" Fawley asked curiously. "You are both Italian, are you not, and Berati is at least a patriot."

"Take my advice," she answered, "and do not try to interfere in matters of which you know nothing."

"That seems a little hard upon me," Fawley protested with a smile. "I have been knocking about Europe for a reasonable number of years and I should say that no man has worked harder for his country than Berati."

"Nevertheless," she rejoined, "he is on the point of making a hideous blunder. If you had known as much as I do you would have stepped back and let me kill him."

"I am not in favor of murder as an argument," Fawley objected.

"You think too much of human life, you Americans," she scoffed.

"In any case Berati has done a great deal for Italy," he reminded her.

"There are some who think otherwise," she answered.

SHE listened for another moment, then she moved to the door and turned the key. She swung round and faced Fawley. The anger had all gone. Her eyes had softened. There was a note almost of pleading in her tone.

"There shall be no more melodrama," she promised. "I want what you picked up of mine. It is necessary that I go back to the reception of the principessa."

"I am not detaining you," Fawley ventured to remind her hopefully.

"Do you suggest, then," she asked, with a faint uplifting of her delicate eyebrows, "that I make my appearance in that crowded room with but one shoe on?"

"This being apparently your bedchamber," Fawley replied, looking round, "it occurs to me as possible that you might find another pair."

"Nothing that would go with the peculiar shade of my frock and these stockings," she answered him, lifting her skirt a few inches and showing him her exquisitely sheened ankles.

Fawley sighed.

"Alas," he regretted, "an hour ago I

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Houses! Houses!

By John T. Flynn

FOR those who like puzzles, here's a bunch of facts you are asked to put together and see if you can find the answer.

There are 2,000,000 men in the United States who want houses for themselves and their families.

There are 12,000,000 houses that are in need of repairs.

There are 4,000,000 men in the building trades and materials industry who are out of work and would like to build those 2,000,000 houses and repair those 12,000,000 others.

There are billions of dollars lying around idle that would like to go to work building those houses.

Now the question is—why don't all these people and things get together and build these houses and repair these other houses? What is stopping them?

The answer is—*nothing.*

At least nothing that you can see or feel is stopping them. The thing that stops them is just an idea—*fear.* Fear of the risk involved in real estate. Ask a banker or a trust officer, or even a building and loan association, to lend you some cash to build a house and he will dig a hole, crawl in and pull the hole in after him.

What is needed is someone who is big enough, mighty enough, to smite that idea—fear. And so now our well-known and meddlesome old Uncle Samuel steps on the scene and announces that he will put an end to the fear by putting an end to the risk in loans for home building and repairs. He will put an end to the risks by assuming them himself.

Our Great Neglected Market

To put the matter differently, here is what has happened. There are a couple of fellows who have some money. After all, there are quite a few million people who have worked regularly these last few years and many of them have done pretty well in spite of everything. One of them wants to put up a new house. The other wants to give the old one a trip to the beauty parlor. It needs a bit of rouging. The permanent wave ought to be taken out of the roof. And Mamma has been hankering after one of those new green and black bathrooms. But nobody will do any business with them. A lot of people are worked up trying to create a market in Manchukuo for American gang pictures, but here's a tremendous and magnificent market going absolutely to pot. So at this point your beneficent old uncle makes an appearance.

"Now look here," he says to these two chaps. "You want to build a house. You want to fix yours up. Both of you have some cash? Is that right? Very well. You both have good jobs that are perfectly secure and your credit is 100 per cent sound. O. K."

Then to the banker or finance company the old gentleman says:

"Here are two fellows who want to do some business that will put a lot of people to work. They've got good credit. They've got good jobs. They've got good money. Now why won't you lend them some more money to build and to modernize their homes? Because you're afraid? Afraid of what? Afraid of real estate. Well, I guess I can't blame you too much. There is plenty of risk in it. All right, now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll just take the risk out of it. If you will lend these men the money to build and to renovate, I'll indorse their notes. I'll guarantee the loans. What'll you say to that? And to make matters even better I'll advance you the money to lend to them. How about that?"

That literally is what the government is now saying to people all over the country. That is the meaning of one of the last acts passed by the Congress which recently adjourned. It is called the Housing Act of 1934. And by the time this gets into print we ought to be hearing plenty about it.

What the Act Means to You

As a result of it, here is what you, Mr. Citizen, can do for yourself:

1. If your house needs a new roof or a new heating system or you would like to put in an air-conditioning plant or a new garage or an additional room for the growing family, you can borrow up to $2,000 for the purpose and pay the money back on the installment plan.

2. If you want to build a new home for your own family to live in, you can borrow up to 80 per cent of the appraised value of the project—including the cost of land and structure.

3. If you want to build some small houses as an investment—some two-family or four-family houses, low-cost houses, the kind that the working class lives in—you can borrow the money up to $16,000 and arrange to pay it off over a period of years.

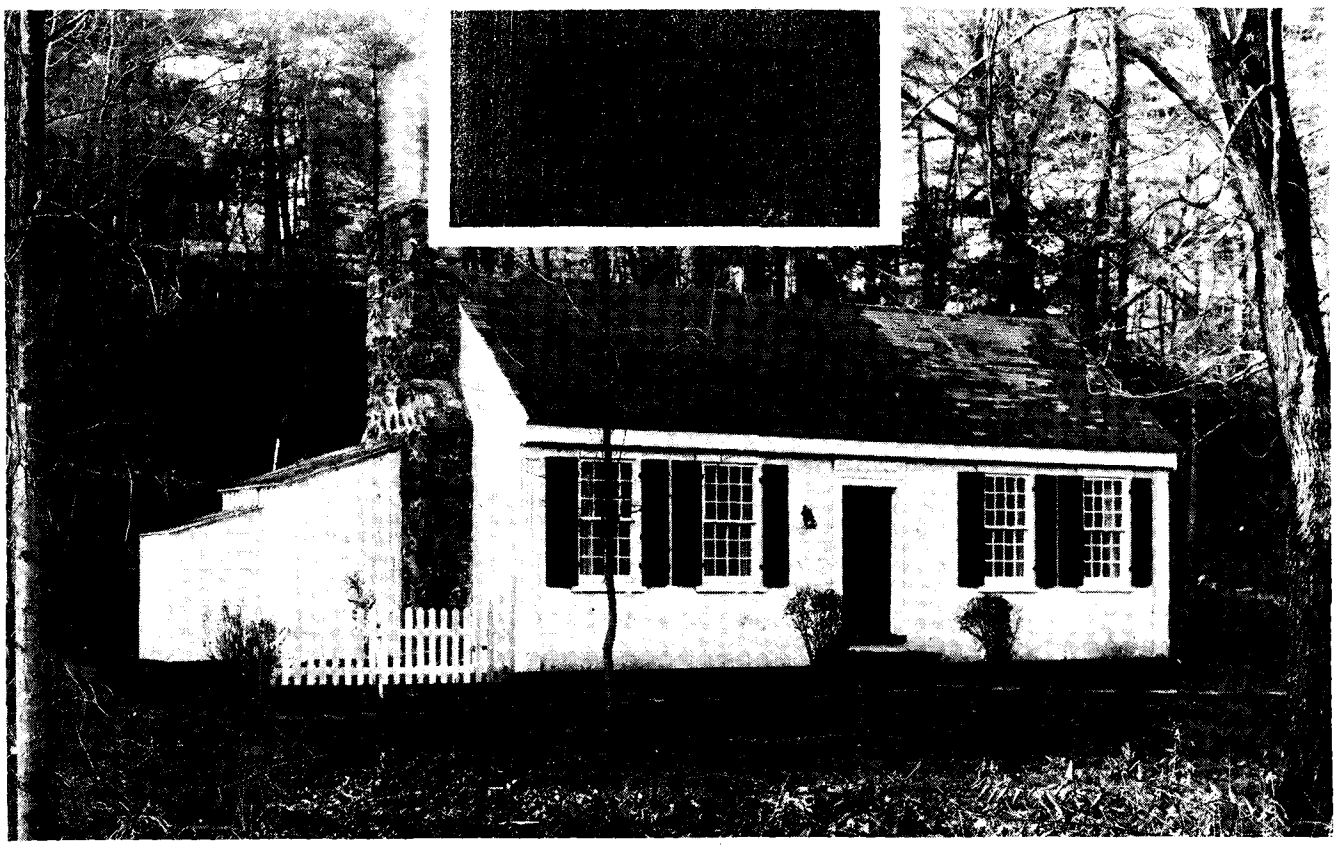
4. If you own an old house and are having trouble about the mortgage, provided the mortgage originally was for not more than $16,000, you can have the mortgage taken over, provided you will arrange to pay it off over a long period of years.

The loan will be made by your bank or finance company or a trust company or a savings bank or a building and loan association. They wouldn't lend the money to you before because they were unwilling to assume the risks in a real estate market torn by uncertainty and caution.

Who Wants to Build?

They will lend the money to you now because the government is going to insure such loans against loss. The money will be paid either to you or to the builder or contractor, as the Administrator may determine.

But really, now, how about those two



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fellows? Are there so many people who want to build or repair? Aren't our cities overbuilt right now? Haven't we got too many houses? Why build more? And how do we know there are so many houses run down at the heel?

Well, last winter I made a trip across the continent. As my train moved through the mountains of the East, the flat meadows of the West and over the great plains and mountain ranges of the Far West, I was amazed at the spectacle I beheld from the train windows. Mile after mile of paintless farm houses and barns. Town after town of drab, gray houses, dreary for lack of paint, crumbling roofs, wobbly steps and, of course, deeper diseases inside. I thought of what Al Smith said to those states which had stopped fixing the holes in their roads to save money. "You'll have to pay for those holes," he warned. And we will certainly pay for those neglected, run-down homes.

Let's have an actual close look at an American city. Take Little Rock, Arkansas. Here's a place of 81,000 souls, counting Joe Robinson, Democratic leader of the Senate. There are something over 25,000 houses in the town, with room for 27,000 families. Now let's walk around, up one street and down the other, and look them all over, and just count the houses that need repairs. There are 15,500 of them. That means that seven houses out of every ten are run down, more or less.

"Well," you say, "there may be plenty of repair work here, but at least there are plenty of houses for the people. It would be a crime to build another house in a town with all those vacant houses."

An Imminent Housing Shortage

As a matter of fact, there are 1,932 houses unoccupied. But lots of these are unfit for human habitation. In fact, over a thousand of them have been so branded by government investigators. But while there are 1,932 houses vacant, there are 2,431 families living with other families—doubled up on account of what is called business trouble. If there were to be a little lift in business in Little Rock, as there has been, and these families began to spread out into their own homes again, there would not be enough houses to go around. In fact, to put the matter more reasonably, the city would be seriously short if the old, battered, out-moded hulks of other days that have outlived their usefulness were torn down. Among these 25,000 houses we can count 8,455 which were built before the turn of the century—some of them forty, fifty, seventy-five years old.

And just take a look inside these homes. Here are some facts about these 25,000 houses of Little Rock.

9,778 of these houses have neither tubs nor showers.

9,607 have no gas stoves.

7,630 have no electricity or gas.

8,952 have no indoor toilets.

6,400 have no running water.

Overbuilt! Crime to build more houses here! It is a crime not to knock down more houses here. It is a tremendous crime, unworthy of a great civilized nation, *not to build more houses here.*

Now is the time to build. You can borrow money easily, on attractive terms, thanks to the new National Housing Act. In this article Mr. Flynn describes how the Act will work. "New Money For Your Home" is the title of a Crowell Publishing Company booklet, read and edited for legal accuracy by Frank Walton, draftsman of the National Housing Act. It explains what the Act can mean to you. To secure a copy, send twenty-three cents postage to Colliers, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Now just at this point I hear two protesting voices. One is the man who says that this is not a fair example—that I have chosen a southern city with a large population of poor colored people. The other is the loyal Little Rock man who says I am slandering the fair name of Little Rock.

However, I can assure my Little Rock friends that they need not worry about comparison with other cities. The story is pretty much the same everywhere with few exceptions. For instance, let us take an industrial city in the north—Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

No Reason for Pride

First of all—where do those extraordinary figures come from? They are extraordinary because we have never had these facts about our cities before, and because they played a very powerful part in arousing the government to action on this Housing Act. Last year the government was looking for jobs for white-collar workers. So, to keep a lot of men busy under the CWA, a great survey of housing in American cities was organized. Now to get to a northern small city—Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

The CWA investigators visited 8,459 buildings. Here, too, just as in Little Rock, they found seven houses out of ten among the cripples. These buildings contain about 12,141 dwelling units. Of these only 926 are vacant—about the same proportion as in Little Rock. These vacancies are pretty well offset by doubled-up families—657 with over 1,000 of the houses crowded. Worse even than Little Rock—6,338 of these buildings—6,338 out of 8,459—belong to the last century.

Now look at their condition. Winter is pretty cold in Williamsport, but 3,402 of these houses have no central heating.

2,862 have no gas stoves.

684 have neither gas nor electricity.

1,062 have no indoor toilets.

2,541 have no tubs or showers.

And so, no matter what section you go to, you find pretty much the same story. Jackson, Mississippi, in the South, has seven houses out of nine in need of repair. But Decatur, Illinois, in the North, has seven out of nine in bad shape. In southern Asheville, North Carolina, it is six out of ten. In New England (Burlington, Vermont), it is six out of ten.

I have tabulated the findings of this remarkable survey which has received so little attention. I find that out of 640,830 houses inspected, 377,574 were in

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The Binding Precedent

Justice Masterson—a hard judge. Here is all the evidence against him. Give him what he deserves

By Edward L. McKenna

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

YOU were in your chambers. You sat at your desk. You were reading a document. You reached the final words:

"The judgment is affirmed.

"All concur.

"Masterson, J., for the Court."

That was your writing; it was you who had just written that. You were Masterson, J., Thomas B. Masterson, Justice of the Supreme Court of the state of Pennsylvania, a big, gray, solid lump of a man forty-eight years old. You looked ten years older, and you knew it, and didn't care. You wore good broadcloth suits that wrinkled soon from your sprawling, and your beard was always heavy, though you shaved night and morning.

You got up and collected some papers, and put them in your green baize bag. It had been secondhand when you bought it. You didn't have a dime, in those days. Bright college years! You were hungry most of the time, hungry and cold. You had all sorts of jobs, and were always worrying about keeping your scholarship. You couldn't buy half the books you needed, so you had to do your work in the libraries. You'd be starving for tobacco, yet you'd be angry when ten o'clock would come. All right: you'd made Phi Beta Kappa in your Junior year, and then a good fraternity had given you an invitation. "I can't join a fraternity," you said. "I haven't the money." They told you that was all right, that they wanted you anyway.

Well, you are a man who recognizes obligations. This was a compulsion. She had to write this letter

Your fraternity meant a lot to you; you believed in it, you took it seriously. People thought you a distant man, a cold one. It was your stiffness and awkwardness.

YOU said good night to the clerks, and went out into the late autumn sunshine. Cold? Your children didn't think you were cold. Neither did your wife.

If people only knew what an impatient man you were! Just because you were careful didn't mean that you were patient. You were eager always to be right, and no pains were too great for you. You hated all inexactness and inaccuracy. You were going home tonight, and you'd be reading briefs on the train, and briefs after dinner, and briefs on the 8:14 in the morning. You'd jot down notes as you read and if you had time you'd verify citations. That was the way you'd got to be judge. That was the way you'd got everything, by long and savage effort.

It was a nice gray sort of town, a town without glamour or shoddiness. It was like yourself. You regarded yourself as an uncouth fellow. You'd come from the mill-districts in Kensington, and the Philadelphia twang in your voice was plain, though your words were careful. You knew that some people smiled at you, and that they'd always smile. Well, let them. They'd smiled at you in the Law School, too, till you won a few arguments, snarling, and well fortified with authority. Then you stood third in your class, and two clubs fought over you.

You'd given up every other interest for the law. There had been a time when you had wanted to know something of every science. You wanted to be a great mathematician, and you thought you had a chance to become one. You were interested in philosophy, too, and in writing. You loved exactness and felicity in words. Well, you were writing. You had begun to think that the writing of certain jurists was beautiful. Your own taste wasn't flawless; you knew that. You had a fondness for aphorisms, for pithy and sententious phrases. To you they had the bite and tang of an old cheese. "Hard cases make bad law." "Time is the essence of the contract." "The truth shall prevail even in an affidavit." And this one: "'What is truth?' said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer." A lawyer wrote that, a lawyer who took bribes.

You could understand jesting Pilate, and the lawyer who was a rogue. You thought about Abraham Lincoln, who would not answer the question whether a lawyer could be an honest man. You yourself loved subtlety and paradox and baffling contradictions, and the adroit presentation of error. But you were a judge and it was your duty to seek not for cleverness but for the truth. When they put that black silk gown on you, you went into an order. Henceforth, you were not to be as other men.

"MAN was born free: everywhere he is in chains." What a windbag Rousseau was, and how you hated all social reformers! There was but one way of progress, and that was through the individual. You were no democrat, though you came from Kensington. Restraint, restraint, that was the way to integrity and to orderliness.

There was the station, just ahead. You got a seat in the smoker, and lit a fresh cigar, and opened your bag. Parroy vs. the Pennsylvania Railroad, an

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action for breach of contract. There was a misspelled word in the second paragraph; you wondered whose error that was. Already you were prejudiced, and you smiled grimly at yourself, and put it from your mind. The State wasn't paying you to be a rhetorician. You looked at the citations. Cobb vs. Railroad Co., 38 Iowa, 601, 8; Moore vs. Sheridine, 11 Harr. and McH., 453. . . . Failure alleged to establish a prima-facie case of liability . . . and in thirty-two minutes they were calling your station, and you went scrambling for the platform.

You picked up your car at the public garage. "Fine day, Judge," the man said to you. You said yes, it was. You didn't care much for driving, but your wife couldn't very well meet you, any more. She used to meet you the first year you were married. That was a wonderful year, but so were all the other years with her.

The air was pleasant, after the smoker. You'd soon be home. There was your house, the big, white old-fashioned one. It had to be big, for your five kids.

You'd married at thirty-four: your wife was twenty-two, then. You had fallen in love with her because she was everything that you were not, gay, and laughing, graceful and beautiful. Came of good family, too, though she hadn't a cent. She'd told you, since, that she knew the minute she saw you that you were a good catch, and you laughed at her. She was one of the few people who could make you laugh, and as for you, there was no sound in the world more pleasant than her laughter and her voice, no companionship that was sweeter than hers. You worshiped her for her kindness, and her tolerance, and her high spirit, and her body. After fourteen years, none of her radiance had become dim to you.

You'd never known another woman. You'd never told her this, being reticent about all such things. You seldom said to her in words that she was the loveliest one you had ever seen. It was scarcely necessary; she must have known.

FIRST a boy, then two girls, and another boy, and then a girl. Your sons were handsomer than your daughters, you thought, except the baby, Irene, and she was a beauty. "Pity the girls look like me, and the boys like you. Ought to be the other way around," you'd say to your wife. "I think they're all like you," she'd answer, which is the right reply for lovers.

Secretly, you did think they were like you, though with their mother's graces. Glenn, the eldest boy, was you when you were at school, impatient, restless under authority, sullen, and contemptuous of restriction. A good athlete, Glenn was, though without your thickness of build. You'd look at him, sometimes, appraising him when his eyes were elsewhere. You hadn't had time for sports, but you wouldn't mind having a football player in your family. The girls were clever; clever, and brooding, and slow of speech. As for William, he was a sober, preoccupied young boy, already studious and intelligent. Irene —well, Irene was the last child you'd ever have, and you wished almost that her babyhood would never end. As they grew up, you lost them, a little.

There you were, sitting all day long, giving judgment, settling disputes. The external world you knew was all contention. Precious few disputes you had with anyone. Your life was clear and simple; you worked hard, you made a place for yourself, you married the woman you adored, and she gave you children only less lovely than herself. Work? Who wouldn't work, who wouldn't be glad to work twelve, fourteen hours a day for such joys as yours? You didn't care for music, or for plays, or for casual reading; you found your delight in your job and in your home.

You'd like to be Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. You'd like to see your sons taking the oath as they were admitted to the Bar. You'd like to hear them try a case. You'd like twenty-five grandchildren.

Besides these things, you wanted nothing. Your salary was ample and you were not interested in money. You were forty-eight. In many ways, your life was over—or beginning.

NOW you're fifty-three, and still on the bench, the third Justice in seniority. You alight from the train, and go to your chambers. Your secretary says, "A young fellow named Davies called. Wants to make an appointment with you."

"Davies? Davies?" you say.

"Yes. He's from the University. Very anxious to see you."

"Yes. All right. After adjournment, then."

That afternoon, young Mr. Davies comes in. He's about twenty-two, a nice, serious, wholesome-looking young kid.

"Yes?" you say. You sound gruff and forbidding, though you don't mean to.

"Davies, sir," he says, and puts out a faltering but resolute hand. He puts out his other hand, too, and places it on your wrist, according to the ritual used in greeting one who is a brother.

"Sit down," you say. "What's on your mind?"

"I'm—I'm the head of the House this year," says your visitor. He is plainly nervous.

Oh, well, you know what he's after. The kids want a little contribution, for a dance, or to buy new furniture, or perhaps they want some legal advice.

"Yes?" you say.

"Judge, it's—it's Glenn."

Glenn, your eldest son.

"Judge, we—we had to vote to expel Glenn. We—we know how you've been to the fraternity. We—I—I had to come and explain it to you, Judge. I . . ."

"What's he done?" That's your voice, that thick, strangling voice.

"Judge, he and Joe Brooks had a couple of girls up in the house last Tuesday night. They sneaked in about two o'clock, they were all drunk. They—we found out about it. It wasn't the first time, either. You know how the National is, about liquor in the house—we haven't had any liquor there for two years, that is, not officially— Well, last Easter, when almost everybody was away, there were women in the house, almost all through the vacation."

"Glenn was in that, too?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who were—who were these girls?"

"Oh, just ta—just girls from town."

"Yes. Yes, I see."

"Judge, you know you can do something with a freshman. But this—this stuff is pretty serious. The Dean could disband the chapter, or the National could take our charter away."

"Certainly. There was nothing else to do."

"Judge, we—we thought maybe something like this might pull Glenn up. He's—he's crazy about women, that's a fact. And he drinks plenty, too. When he was playing freshman football, he did train. This year he—wasn't training. You see, they cut out the training-table, and the training-house, and—well, you see . . ."

"Yes."

"JUDGE, if Glenn will straighten up, I—I think we'll take him back. I can't promise that."

"You can speak only for yourself, not for others. . . . Thank you for coming to see me."

You put out your hand. He didn't try to give you the ritual, this time.

That's your son. That's your handsome, sullen, hard-bitten son. It isn't state's-prison; still, being kicked out of your fraternity isn't a joke.

That's your son, for you.

No. No, it's not. That's you. You! That's you, who always thought women were the only amusing thing in the world. You didn't follow them, it's true. Maybe that was because you were afraid. You put your career first, you wanted to rise in the world. You don't drink, either. You're afraid to drink, afraid to give yourself away. Your virtue's a sham. You go to church, but you don't believe. You act honestly, but you're not honest. You admire rogues, brave buccaneers. You sneer secretly at plodding, stupid, middle-class men.

It's easy for you. You wouldn't look at another woman now, for you've found a woman who's too good for you, too beautiful. How was it with you until you were thirty-four? Weren't you always thinking about women, and too selfish or too timid to approach them? Better for you if you'd gone and had a fling, better, more honest. Then maybe you could help your son now in his

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"They sneaked in about two o'clock. They were all drunk. We found out about it. It wasn't the first time, either"

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"Mister," she said, "your rubber boots need patching. Let me take them"

Under Sentence

By Walter Duranty

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

A powerful story of Russia, where the mills of the gods still grind

AMERICAN reporters in Moscow get letters every week from people asking if Russia is safe to live in, and can they bring their wives and, if they get a job, will they always have enough to eat? And what about disease and, anyway, is it *safe?* It's hard to answer the letters because we don't know their wives, or whether they would like the job when they get it, or whether they think of "enough to eat" in terms of caviar and steak or black bread and cabbage soup.

But we do know Russia's safe, at least relatively safe; that the Civil War is over and there's no shooting in the streets, and no more epidemics, and nothing especially wrong except that you can't get rich. There's never been a pauperocracy before but the Bolsheviks have made one, where the poor are safe. Take the case of Barney McGubbin; he found safety in Russia, and a job and a wife, and enough to eat. And he found safety from federal justice and from private vengeance, and safety from the thought of the Chair and hell's fire after. Oh, yes, Russia was safe for Barney and he played safe when he went there: he said he did; he knew he did, "the safest thing I ever done," he said. "I thought I was sunk," he said, "till I saw that advertisement, and then I played a hunch and, believe me, I played *safe*."

We were thumping back from Leningrad in the fastest train in Russia; sixty miles an hour in places, which is mighty fast for Russia; sixty miles an hour they run her, which is much too fast for Russia, where roadbeds are not good and rails are not good, and maybe some bolts are missing, and a freight train ahead has stalled her engine maybe, and no one noticed it. Until the express crashes her and the fire blazes up and the injured begin to yell, and pray for you to shoot them before the flame grills them. They have a lot of train wrecks in Russia. Russia is safe but Russian trains are hazardous, and I don't like train wrecks; I've had only one but it was one too many and cost me a foot and seven months' pain and various operations. I don't like pain and I don't like being vivisected, so I wasn't buoyant that evening in the train from Leningrad when I met this Barney McGubbin.

NOT until I saw his wife, I wasn't, but she took my thoughts off train wrecks, and off what would happen when we hit the rail where the bolts were missing. If Saint Anthony had seen her she'd have taken his thoughts off his Bible. . . . Wasn't he the one whom devils tempted in the shape of women? . . . But she wasn't like that; in her there was no devil: gay and friendly like a child no one's ever been harsh to, with a little wise smile and eyes full of sympathy, and a blue beret to match them and a honey frock to match her hair. That was Nora Petrovna, the loveliest thing I ever saw, all alone at a table in the dining-car of the bounding train.

So I sat down and forgot my nerves and we began to talk. Her voice was like rippling water in summer and the chime of bells. She spoke of her husband by his name in Western fashion, Barney McGubbin; spoke with love and pride, how strong he was and brave and what a worker. The Red Banner they gave him, she said, for valor in the war days, and the Order of Lenin for building a blast furnace at Makeyeva. And now, she said, they were going to Kuznetz on a structural steel job.

"There are delays," she said, "the program lags, they need men like Barney. He will drive them with shouting to twice and three times' effort, and they will not mind because he drives himself and does the work of four. I am glad that you will meet him and write of him in your newspaper for all to read, for Americans and Russians too, and our comrades in other countries, as a model for them to follow, to come here and fight for Socialism, to fight and build the Workers' State and the future of the world. I shall read what you write with pride; it is a great and splendid story, the story of the fighting and building of my husband, Barney McGubbin."

Poor child, she did not guess that story as I write it now.

Then Barney came to join us, a big man with black eyes and a high color, and a jovial Irish burr in his voice. He wore high boots and leather breeches and a khaki tunic, and the two red badges for work and valor were pinned above his heart. We dined and drank wine and talked, but Barney said no to vodka. "I've got better," he said, "than that, but we'll drink it later, when the girl's asleep. She says it tastes like medicine, poor darlin'; she's the sweetest creature in the wurrld, but never a one of these Russians can ever appreciate whisky."

Nora Petrovna went to bed—we sat on talking, and Barney loosened his tongue and told me of his life.

AS a young man he was rough and tough, it seems, and defiant of authority, and he joined the I. W. W. back in '16 for fun and the sake of a fight. "'Wobblies,' they called us," he said, "and them was wild days in Colorado, with strikes and rushing the scabs and battles with mine-guards and state police. Say, man, it was good while it lasted, but they were too strong for us, and some of us skipped to Seattle and raised trouble there. Then there was a dock strike at Oakland, and they got me there with a bunch of the boys and framed us . . . three years in San Quentin prison.

"When I came out in '20 the Workers' cause was all shot, the boys were dead or jailed or jumped their bail and gone to Russia, but prohibition was just beginnin' to flourish. So I get me into the bootleg game, Detroit to Windsor across the river, and that's where I shoot this federal cop and get in bad.

"But I fooled them," Barney boasted; "yes, I fooled them when they thought they'd got me. There was one, ye understand, who was worse on me than all

(Continued on page 49)

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Summer Foliage

A story of love—and whiskers. We salute the hero. We predict for him an extremely adventurous future. With numerous close shaves

By Phyllis Duganne

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

BACK in the year 1930, Johnny Whittier was voted the Most Typical Man in his graduating class at the university. His grandmother, who had brought him up, sniffed inelegantly when she heard about it.

"I'd bring suit for defamation of character, if I were you!" she said.

Johnny—six feet tall, broad of shoulder and slim of hip, eyes gray-blue and hair brown-gold—looked startled. "Why—it's supposed to be a compliment, Grandmother," he explained.

"You don't say," she murmured, and packed him off to Paris for a year's study.

In 1931, he returned to Marsden and his grandmother's enormous Victorian house on Elm Street.

"What are you going to do now, Johnny?" asked his grandmother.

Johnny knew what he was going to do, and did it. The firm of Clark and Matheson, architects, had been established and respected for many years; Mr. Matheson even dated back to cupolas and summer-houses, while Mr. Clark could be, and usually was, more Georgian than all the Georges put together. Johnny, fresh from the Beaux Arts, applied for a position with them and got it.

Three years to 1934, and Johnny's twenty-sixth birthday. Johnny was earning in the neighborhood of ten

thousand dollars a year and saving five; his car, his clothes, his golf clubs were impeccable.

On the morning of July tenth, he awakened as usual at seven-thirty, and then, beneath the neat monogram on his pajama jacket, his heart pounded a trifle faster. In the inevitable chain of events which make up a successful life, Johnny had, the previous evening, forged a new link. He was engaged to be married.

AS HE took his shower, he was surprised at his own excitement. He felt positively feverish—which he considered distinctly odd, since neither his proposal to Dorothy Lane nor her acceptance of same had come as a surprise to either of them. His fingers literally trembled as he knotted his foulard tie.

His grandmother congratulated him with her usual austerity and the faint amusement which she always evinced at any of his decisions, when—waiting carefully until the maid had retreated from the breakfast-room—he told her his news.

"We're not going to announce it for a few weeks," he continued. "There'll be entertaining and all that sort of thing, and I want to get this town-hall job off my hands first."

"Eminently sensible," she agreed. "But, then, you are always that, Johnny." Her sharp, bright eyes were regarding him quizzically. "How do you feel?" she asked.

"How do I feel?" he echoed, and then laughed. "As a matter of fact, I feel dizzy."

"Emotion," murmured his grandmother, "is evidently too much for you. You *look* dizzy!" She arose, and laid a delicate hand upon his forehead. "I think you're running a temperature!"

"Nonsense!" said Johnny, and got his car and drove to the office.

At ten-thirty, Preston Clark's secretary discovered him, in a dead faint on the floor of his own office; at eleven, in a room in the Marsden Hospital, young Dr. Lambert said, "You're our third case of para-typhoid-B this morning, young fella! What we need in this town is a new health department—not a new hall!"

He was a young man who did things thoroughly and according to the rules, and he did not slacken in sickness. For day after day he lay on his back, and all that para-typhoid can be at its most typical, para-typhoid was for Johnny, until finally a morning dawned when he opened his eyes and felt better.

Perhaps it would be more exact to say merely that he *felt*. Better enough to know how awful, better enough to wonder how long he had been lying here, and what was happening at Clark and Matheson's and how Dorothy was.

His nurse came into the room and pulled up the window-shade, and Johnny felt better enough to notice that she was exceedingly plain and unpleasing. He scowled at her.

"Good morning!" she said, with what

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seemed to him loathsome cheer, quite inappropriate to the occasion. "How's my patient today?"

"Terrible!" said Johnny.

She laughed, and stuck a thermometer into his mouth, and he lay, glaring at the ceiling. "You're getting better," she told him.

Dr. Lambert made his morning call. "Well, it won't be long now, Johnny," he murmured.

"What won't?" asked Johnny, crossly.

The doctor shook his head, grinning. "The disposition of a convalescent is a never-ceasing source of wonder to me," he remarked. "Shall I send you in some nails to bite?" He went off, chuckling, and Johnny glared at his white back.

THE nurse returned, looking more pleased with herself than ever. "Got a surprise for you, Mr. Whittier!" she announced brightly. "Doctor says I can shave you this morning!"

Johnny looked at her coldly. "Don't want to be shaved," he said. She'd probably cut his ear off! He hated people to shave him, anyway!

Unconcernedly, she set her white enamel tray on the table beside his bed; briskly she shook out a towel. "Put up your chin," she ordered.

Something snapped in Johnny's head. He was sick and tired of being told to do this and do that, of being washed and fed and bullied. "I tell you I don't want to be shaved!" he shouted.

She was smiling, indulgently. "Now, now," she reproached, mildly. "You have to be shaved sometime, you know."

It was sheer contrariness, but he felt contrary. "No, I don't!" he retorted. "I could grow a beard!"

A giggle sounded in the doorway. "How do you know you could, Johnny?" a mocking voice demanded, and he turned and saw the amused face of Miss Barbara Brett regarding him.

Even when he was not convalescent, Barbara Brett annoyed him. For years, now, the very sight of her had filled him with irritation. He glared at her, resentfully, as she came uninvited into his room. The upper half of her slim body was covered by a bright yellow sweater, her slender hips and legs by a brilliant green skirt, and her arms were filled with flame-colored phlox. It made his temperature rise just to look at her.

"Oh, hello," he said ungraciously. "What are you doing here?"

SHE sat down casually on the foot of his bed. "Cheering the sick. You didn't know I was an angel of mercy in my odd moments, did you?" She tossed him a flower which hit him squarely on the nose.

Even the nurse was frowning now. "I'm sorry, Miss Brett," she said, "but Mr. Whittier has not been allowed any visitors, yet. I'm afraid I can't let you—" It was the wrong phrase; her voice stopped and she wilted visibly beneath Barbara's smoky glance. After all, this was Henry L. Brett's only daughter—and where would the Marsden Hospital be without Henry L. Brett?

"You can't let me what?" Barbara inquired. "Why don't you go take someone some beef broth and be useful? Mr. Whittier and I are old, old friends!" Her eyebrows remained arched until the nurse retreated; then she turned and grinned at Johnny. "An exaggeration, perhaps, but never mind!" She cocked her dark head on one side, like a very bright, small bird. "So you think you could grow a beard!" she murmured.

"What do you mean, think?" snapped Johnny.

She laughed. "Why, Johnny, don't you know that you could no more get away with a set of whiskers in this village of ours—"

"Is that so?" he demanded. "If—"

Her eyes were dancing. "Want to bet?"

"Bet?" he repeated stiffly. "What is there to bet about, may I ask?"

"The virility of American manhood!" she proclaimed dramatically. "The freedom of the will! Not to mention—" She looked up, as Dr. Lambert came into the room. "Hello!" she said, cordially. "Come to throw me out? I'll go quietly, Doctor—but he was delirious when I got here. Thinks he's one of the Smith brothers." She waved to Johnny, and departed.

The doctor's smile followed her. "Now, then, what's all this about?" he demanded, when she was out of sight. "Just because you're getting well—" Johnny opened his mouth to reply, and the doctor promptly inserted a thermometer into it, took Jimmy's wrist between his fingers. "Would you like me to send an orderly in to shave you?"

"*No!*" said Johnny, and the doctor shrugged.

WHEN he was left alone, Johnny crushed the bright pink flower in his fist and hurled it across the room. Of all the irritating, insolent, spoiled girls he had ever known, Barbara Brett took the prize! Once, for a brief week when he was first out of college, he had thought he was in love with her. He had even—Heaven help him!—asked if he might kiss her. His cheeks burned even now at the memory of her eyes, first startled, then bright with mockery. "The answer to that, Johnny, is no—and always no! It's one of the facts of life that any man who asks if he can kiss you wouldn't know how, anyway!" Her oval face had been tilted impudently, close to his; now, at the age of twenty-six, he realized what he should have done, what she had undoubtedly expected him to do. His mouth twisted wryly, as he remembered that he had begged her pardon. Well, he had learned, since then. . . .

Dorothy and her mother were allowed to visit him that afternoon. Dorothy looked very cool and fresh and proper, in a crisp white dress and white gloves; in fact, thought Johnny, she looked, like the rest of the hospital, positively aseptic, and he was instantly ashamed of himself for the thought. That was the sort of thing Barbara Brett would say!

"Goodness, Johnny, aren't they going to shave you?" Dorothy asked. "You look like a gangster!"

Johnny shrugged. "Why, as a matter of fact," he began, and wet his lips and paused. "I mean," he continued, "of course it's just a notion—but I rather thought I'd have a go at a beard."

"You'd *what?*" asked Dorothy, opening her blue eyes very wide. Beyond her, her mother's blue eyes were round in astonishment and disbelief.

Their faces irritated Johnny. "I said I thought I'd grow a beard," he repeated.

"You're joking!" said Dorothy, but she did not laugh.

"No." He tried to look unconcerned, and managed to look sulky. Why shouldn't a man grow a beard, if he wanted to?

Mrs. Lane had forgotten to close her mouth; for the first time, Johnny noticed a resemblance between Dorothy and her mother, and he shivered.

"Johnny, you're cold! Are you having a chill?" Dorothy put her cool hand on his brow, and drew it away quickly. "Why, you're—perspiring!" Her tone was reproachful. She looked at her mother anxiously.

"I think we'd better call the nurse," said Mrs. Lane.

And Johnny Whittier's whiskers grew. They became the talk of the hospital. From a quiet cell, Johnny's room became a place of laughter and cheer. Dr. Lambert thought that they should be trimmed into a Vandyke, while Dr. Pratt held out for a full beard. Dr. Ames, in a surge of confidence, admitted having attempted a beard, himself, but it had been sparse and scraggly and a failure. Something in Johnny's chest expanded at the realization that there was nothing sparse about his beard. It was golden-brown and slightly curly; it was pleasant to the touch.

DOROTHY decided to treat the whole matter as a joke, temporarily to ignore this alien growth upon the face of her fiancé. He'd shave it off, of course, when he left the hospital.

"Maybe," said Johnny. And maybe not, he added to himself. He was enjoying his beard.

He wished that Barbara Brett would come in again. Not that he really cared—but she had been so sure he wouldn't do it. She thought she knew so much! He reached for the small mirror which he kept tucked beneath his pillow, and unashamedly admired his whiskers. Lincoln had had a beard. And Grant. Bernard Shaw. King George. Lots of people. . . .

A gurgle interrupted his gloating.

"I came just as soon as I heard about it! Why, Johnny, it's magnificent! It's superb!" In a peppermint-striped-candy sweater of red and white, and a flaring white flannel skirt, Barbara Brett paused in the doorway and admired him.

"Come in!" Johnny invited her, cordially. "Feel it!"

Barbara felt it, and then stood off a

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Preston Clark flushed. "I can't say I care for your tone, Johnny," he remarked

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Musical Comedy Express

By Patterson McNutt

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

One minute to go. Leslie Adams and Helen Broderick await the opening curtain of As Thousands Cheer

The "Funnies" number arrives hilariously on the dot at 9:41

40½ minutes later Clifton Webb appears as the Mahatma Gandhi

Romance to you—but to Marilyn Miller and Charles Collins it's Act 2, Part 2 of Scene 6: 10:44½

"O. K., Steve. Take it up." The overture is ended, the curtain going up. A successful musical show is starting its breakneck run. The next two hours are on a split-second schedule—backstage, machinelike precision; out front, the easy fluency of an artistic production. Come see how it's done

OVERTURE. The conductor's baton falls on the final note of the opening music. Behind the scenes, in the shifting shadows of a world of illusion, a stage manager signals with a flashlight. An electrician manipulates the levers of a switchboard. The house lights in the theater dim down to darkness while the footlights and the spot lamps, shooting at the stage from the flies and the wings and the back walls of the gallery, come up to a brilliant blaze. The stage manager turns to a shirt-sleeved assistant who grips a curtain rope in his hands.

"O. K., Steve," the stage manager says. "Take it up."

Curtain. A minute of verbal sparring by the actors engaged in the opening number. Then a gag. A laugh explodes on the shadowed side of the footlight strip. One man in the audience has a loud and an infectious giggle, which by a few seconds prolongs the laughter which normally greets this opening gag from the stage.

"They're great out there tonight," a whisper runs back-stage. "Did you catch the guy with the horse laugh?"

It is precisely 8:50 Broadway time. A musical revue, laden with a fragile freight of laughter and melody, is en route again on a mighty journey which proceeds with the smooth speed of a crack express train riding the rails on a schedule measured in seconds.

Fun by the Clock

At 11:07, barring the not unwelcome interference of the man with the funny giggle, the journey will end as the curtain drops on the final number. The playing time of a modern revue during months of continuous performance will not vary more than a minute or two each night. There are reasons to explain this precision of performance among the best of the Broadway charades.

"Give 'em speed," the Broadway showman demands. "Audiences these days will walk out on a revue if we don't give 'em speed. As a matter of fact, they'll do worse than that to us—they won't even walk in on us."

As Thousands Cheer was making its 300th trip with Broadway passengers aboard when I got my first look at a revue from the professional side of the footlights. Jack Kennedy, the stage manager of this revue, explained to me some of the methods which are used to keep the running time of a hit musical show on schedule.

"There are several systems," Kennedy said. "The alarm clock gag isn't a bad one."

I asked for a blueprint on that one.

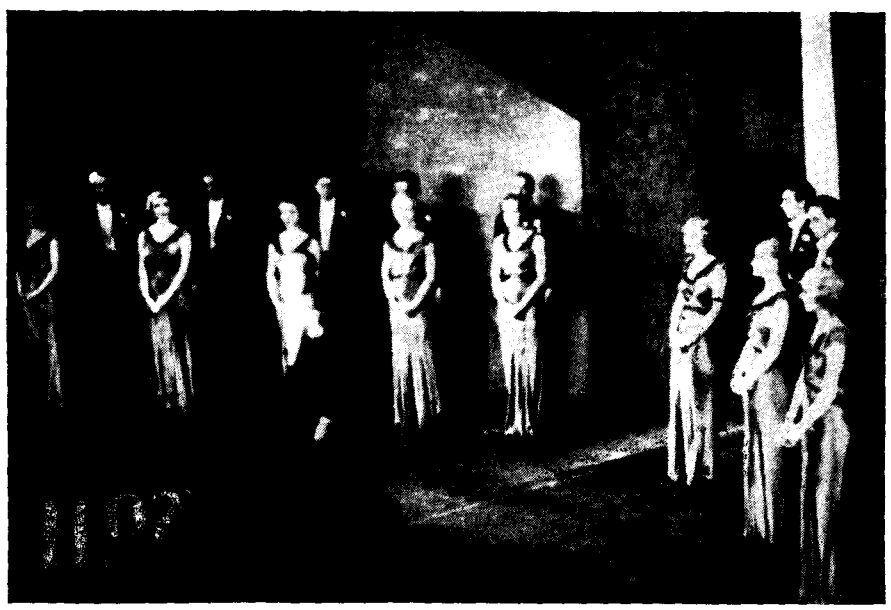
"An actor loves those morning hours for sleep," Kennedy explained. "If he begins to slow up on a performance we ask him to set the alarm clock for eight-thirty in the morning so that he can be at the theater for a nine-o'clock rehearsal. That's one system that will generally work with any principal in the company. Of course the chorus gets at least one full rehearsal a week."

"You mean they might otherwise forget their words and music?" I asked. "After playing the same show three hundred times?"

"Not that," Kennedy said. "Those weekly workouts are just for speed."

Kennedy recalled a subtle bit of verbal poisoning once used by George Kaufman to kill off a sloppy acting job during the Broadway run of Of Thee I Sing. Kaufman, co-author and director of that musical satire, dropped in at the theater one night to look things over. One of the leading actors, as Kaufman saw it, had gone distinctly haywire with his performance. After the first act Kaufman fled the theater and sent the offending actor a telegram.

"Watching the show tonight from a seat in the last row," Kaufman's wire read. "Wish you were here."



11:02 sees the final curtain of As Thousands Cheer, after the end of the five-minute finale

The Star's Daily Workout

Kennedy, as my friendly back-stage guide, suggested that my tour begin at seven o'clock. This was almost two hours before the curtain would ring up.

"Why so early?" I asked. "What happens then?"

"Back-stage stuff," Kennedy said. "Marilyn Miller checks in every night at seven for a half hour of warm-up dancing."

On the empty stage of the theater Miss Miller went through a workout that would warm up a prize fighter. High kicks, back bends, twists and tap routines were included in that half-hour grind. The need for such a daily training routine was obvious later in the evening when I saw Miss Miller, during the actual performance, leave the stage after a six-minute tap dancing number. She was gasping for breath then as Bill Bonthron might after a record-breaking mile against Gene Venzke. Staying on the top rungs of Broadway's slippery ladder apparently requires something more than just a happy disposition and a wild desire to succeed.

When Miss Miller went to her dressing-room Kennedy showed me the snug quarters in which a back-stage crew operates. The crew for As Thousands

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Woman in Love

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

TAMARA TODHUNTER, for five years in a Canadian convent, joins her family in San Francisco. What she finds horrifies her. Lance, her brother, an incipient drunkard; her mother living in theatrical disorder; her sister Coral, a small-time actress, playing dangerously with several men. And, to climax the distressing discovery, Tamara learns that practically no money is coming in to keep the drab establishment going.

Lonely and terribly unhappy, she meets Dolores Quinn, a stage celebrity. Her fresh young beauty appeals to the older woman, who introduces her to a film star, Maynard Mallory.

There follow wonderful days for Tam. Mallory secures her a small part in a musical show through Markisohn, the agent; introduces her to interesting people—Joe and Persis Holloway, and others. . . . But, what is more wonderful, he shows in a hundred little ways that he cares for her.

One day, left alone in the shabby apartment she reluctantly calls home, Tamara hears screams from the floor below. Investigating, she is completely unnerved to discover that a young woman has tried to take her life. At that moment Mayne Mallory calls. Tamara gladly goes with him to his hotel for dinner.

They dine. Here, all about her are comfort and warmth—in the arms of the man she loves, refuge. At home there is disorder and confusion and the whisper of tragedy. . . . A gray rain is beating down. . . . "Stay here tonight, Tam," Mallory whispers. "You shall sleep here tonight, safe on my couch. . . ." Tamara does not think.

"Mayne," she says wistfully, "you are marrying into a funny family. . . ."

Joyous weeks pass, then Mallory is called back to Hollywood for an important part. As he leaves, a premonition of disaster lays an icy hand upon Tam's heart. And, as the weeks go by with no word from her lover, that premonition grows into reality. She knows now that she has been cruelly tricked—that Mallory does not intend to marry her. Desperate to the point of self-destruction, she goes one day to the sea. She finds a place high on the California cliffs; far beneath her the sun gilds the warm June water. But Tam doesn't see it—any of it. In her heart is a black fear that is colder than death.

"Where," she asks herself, "do I go from here?"

The answer comes in the form of an accidental meeting with Mother Laurence.

V

"TELL me about it," the nun said after a while.

Tamara stood with her back to the room; she fumbled in a shabby, flat purse and found a crumpled handkerchief and dried her eyes. A fresh sob caught at her voice as she began to speak, and for a moment she was still again, her breast heaving, her mouth tightly closed, her nostrils dilated.

"It's just *that*," she said thickly.

Mother Laurence sat in the cool, clean peace that had enveloped her since her novitiate twenty-eight years ago. Her life had known no storms but those of the spirit warring with the weak but willing flesh; the last of them had died away into convent silences to the softened strains of the chapel organ among the green alleys of the great trees at the St. Louis novitiate almost a quarter of a century earlier. Responsibility she knew, fatigue and difficulty she knew, but her soul had already gained supernal calm.

"But Tam, that doesn't sound like you," she said, puzzled.

"It isn't like me!" Tam muttered, not turning.

"But surely, my dear, dear child, just because a handsome man pays a girl of your type a little attention—I'm trying to understand, I'm trying to think it out. But I was always so sure of you; we called you one of our leaders. Where was your mind, where was your self-control, where was what dear old Sister Philip used to call your *code?*"

"My code!" Tamara said with a brief laugh. She blew her nose, put her handkerchief away. Her sodden eyes continued to study the street outside, where an untidy summer wind was blowing chaff and papers along the curbs and a merciless late afternoon sun was shining. The convent was not in a pretty part of town; the gray ugliness of cheap wooden buildings stretched away from it on every side; a cable car went by, whining and straining on the grade. "You just called me a child," she said, suddenly turning to cross the bare, scrupulously clean place and take a chair next to that of the other woman. The square room, its floor brilliantly waxed, its windows curtained only with neatly pleated net, was furnished with a dozen plain chairs, a plain table. On the walls were two portraits of nuns, amply robed and benign, flanking a colored likeness of Pope Pius IX, with his fine, thin hand raised in blessing. A holy-water stoup was at the door. There was nothing else.

"I'm not a child, Mother," Tam said. "But I was as inexperienced as a child. I thought I was strong. But when—any man—anyone is kind to a girl, gets her to wait for him, depend on him, love the sound of his voice and the touch of his hand, then no girl is strong! It never occurred to me that this was just—just the situation you all—all the Sisters at Saint Bride's had been warning us of! It never occurred to me that if I went just so far—seeing him, letting him kiss me, loving him, that—that something would carry me the rest of the way—that everything would seem right and loving and—and not of any importance except to me—and not much to me! When you've worn a man's violets and eaten meals with him and talked over tea tables, you—you trust him—" the girl stammered, breaking into tears again, fumbling again for the wretched, wet ball of her handkerchief. "You—you can't turn to a—a friend—the person who seems your *best* friend and tell him you—you—"

SHE was silent, looking into the other woman's face. But Mother Laurence's grave eyes were fixed on the floor; her rosary rattled as she made a quick movement of her thin, fine hands.

"'Deliver us from evil,'" she quoted half to herself. "That's what being told to avoid the occasions of evil means, Tam. That's where the trouble always begins."

"But, Mother—I know how bad it was," Tam faltered eagerly, as the serious eyes were lifted to hers thoughtfully for a moment. "But other women—women I know, get away with it! Some of them seem to be able to do anything they like, and nobody cares!"

"How do you mean—'get away with it'?" asked the nun.

"Well, they do."

"There is no such thing as 'getting away' with what is wrong," Mother Laurence said dispassionately. "Your own feelings are your judge, Tamara. By getting away with it do you mean reducing yourself to the state where you neither know right from wrong nor care what you do?"

"Why should one thing be right and another wrong, if it hurts no one but yourself?" Tam demanded, trying to remember some of the arguments the group at Persis' table had sometimes used so easily—arguments not making acts right or wrong so much as denying the existence of either right or wrong entirely.

"I DON'T know," said Mother Laurence. "But of course I know when one or two or three apparently harmless acts bring us a harvest of bitter regret and shame then it seems to me only common sense to decide that there is something unwise in those acts."

"Yes, but why *should* there be?" Tam persisted miserably. The nun looked at her thoughtfully.

"Perhaps because we have some tribunal within ourselves," she said. "Even quite small children know when they have done something against the law; even animals do sometimes. You left me a happy, brilliant, good child, Tamara, two years ago. What have you done to yourself, if there is no wrong in it? Why are you so unhappy?"

"Because life is so unfair to women," Tam said somberly. "Because for something you did without thinking—without meaning any harm—you—you find yourself—miserable—"

She began to cry again as she spoke; the soaked handkerchief was wholly inadequate now; her finger-tips were wet and tears fell on her blouse.

"I am so sorry, Tamara," Mother Laurence said. "It has been a shock—a severe shock to me. Your mother—no, she would not be able to help us now. And your sister—your brother—you wrote me that they are not the sort that— It is all too bad. Tamara, if I had not happened to meet you today, would you have come to see me?"

"I don't think so," Tamara said.

"To whom would you have gone?"

"I don't know."

"We must think this out," said the nun, pondering.

"I don't know why you should bother about it, Mother," Tamara presently said sullenly, with a forlorn attempt to recover something of her pride. "I feel like a terrible baby, coming to you. It'll work out—something will turn up—I'll—I'll do something."

"How old are you?" Mother Laurence asked with a glance.

"Twenty-one, nearly."

"Twenty-one!"

"I meant," Tamara faltered, her lips trembling again, "I meant my life to be so different! I tried; I did try. I worked at home and I gave them all my money; I went everywhere to see if I could get a part! Nobody—nobody helped me. It's all my fault, I know that! But if I'd had a home—some place to bring the men I liked, friends—family friends, and someone—someone to talk to—"

She had been photographed by newspaper cameramen while leaving the jail

She was still. After a moment she added in a steadier voice:

"But I knew—all girls know. It's never because of—of not knowing."

"I THINK I have an idea," Mother Laurence said in the pause. She sighed and raised her reflective look to Tamara's face. She saw the girl's thinness and pallor, her already altering figure, the shabbiness of her dress, the white, young face marked with tears. "I think I know what we can do," she added. "Tamara, when all this is over, and you are free again, will you promise me to come and see me every few weeks?"

"How can it ever be over?" the girl demanded dully. "One can't go back of this kind of thing."

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"We never know. We can always be sorry and start again," the older woman said simply.

"Oh, sorry!" the girl said. And she slipped to her knees and buried her wet face and tumbled hair against the nun's knee. Mother Laurence laid a thin, gentle hand upon her head.

THE Hutton place was more than a mile from Belmont Station; Tam walked it. She carried the smaller suitcase; the heavy one she had left at the checking counter; after all, she knew nothing of her destination; it might be as well not to burn her bridges behind her.

The summer afternoon was very lovely and very still. The road led west toward the hills; an old dirt road under shaggy eucalyptus trees whose sickles carpeted the ground, and whose aromatic breath stole through the warm sweetness of the afternoon like balm. Wood fires were burning somewhere near; long scarfs of pale blue smoke wound themselves over the quiet gardens and the fields. Tamara had not been in the country for a long time; she drew in deep breaths of it gratefully. The sun was still high, but long shadows fell from the west, and the sky beyond the hills was a glory of sunset light.

A gate marked "Oak Dell" hung straggling in a long line of picket fencing. The pickets were old and had not been whitewashed for years, their dirty gray well matched the general disorder of the neglected garden beyond them and the shabbiness of the big, rambling house that was half-hidden in the deep shrubbery. Great bursts of pampas grasses, rambling roses unpruned and overgrown and throwing savage long arms into the air, dry lilac trees and tangled, indistinguishable masses of low garden growth rose to meet the drooping long whips of the discolored willows, and the berried pepper trees, and the spread great limbs of the sprawling oaks. Here and there were patches of rank, unwatered grass, yellowed and uncut; near the house pear and plum trees were heavily burdened with fruit, and on the bare ground beneath them chickens pecked at the fallen fruit.

The house was a large frame building with peeling, chipped, wide steps leading up to a fanlighted door that was flanked by two bay windows. It had an eastern wing running off to a clump of redwood trees; beyond a kitchen dooryard, where fruit bushes were spraying loaded branches against the fences of all sorts of angled pens and sheds and paddocks, were the fine, massive outlines of old stables and hay-barns, chicken-runs, fowl-houses, carriage houses. On all sides were enormous trees, their magnificent, lofty height and mellow shadows lending dignity to the elegant and forlorn old place, and in the farm quarters Tamara noticed a scrupulous order, the ground raked and swept, the old fences mended, the woodyard stacked with ten seasons' ripening logs.

Tam held it to the light. Under her make-up the color drained from her face

"You and I are going to be friends, aren't we, Tam?"

MRS. HUTTON was a squarely built gray-headed woman in the middle fifties. Her heavy figure was covered with a checked cotton dress over which she had pinned a strip of sacking; she wore an old brown hat and a green eyeshade. She had been gardening; she stood beside a freshly dug bed, her dripping trowel in one hand.

"Turn off the hose, Lee Wing!" she called, as Tam came up to her. They talked briefly, the older woman's narrowed eyes fixed keenly upon her guest the while. "You're Emily Rogers' friend?" Mary Hutton asked.

"Mother Laurence?"

"I knew her as Emily Rogers—went to school with her. I'm glad to see you. She didn't tell me your name. Barbara Davis—suppose we call you Barbara Davis? From the Philippines, eh?" Mrs. Hutton said, brisk and businesslike. "And you'd better call me Aunt Mary. I think we'll suppose that you've married my nephew; I haven't any, but that's neither here nor there. You won't see many people, and those you do see won't be curious. What j'you tell your mother?"

"That I was going to Hollywood, and perhaps to New York. That I'd write her."

"That's all right then. One more thing. I'll say it now, and then we won't have to say it again. I'd put my hand in the fire for Emily Rogers. She did something for me once—well, that doesn't matter now. She telephoned me and asked me to look out for you for a while; it isn't exactly in my line, but I was glad to say 'yes.' You'll be bored to death here, but you'll be safe. Nobody'll see you, and I'll be glad of your company. Lee Wing here is taking the truck in later and he'll get your bag, and I think Hong fixed you a room. That's about all we've got to say."

THERE were a great many more things that Tam wanted to say, standing there in the path in the late afternoon sunlight with all the balmy, riotous wealth of untended bloom spilling over in the garden, and mellow shadows, shot with light, falling through the heavy-leaved branches of the oak and pear trees. But she did not say it. Tam turned and went slowly to the open side door of the house.

(Continued on page 40)

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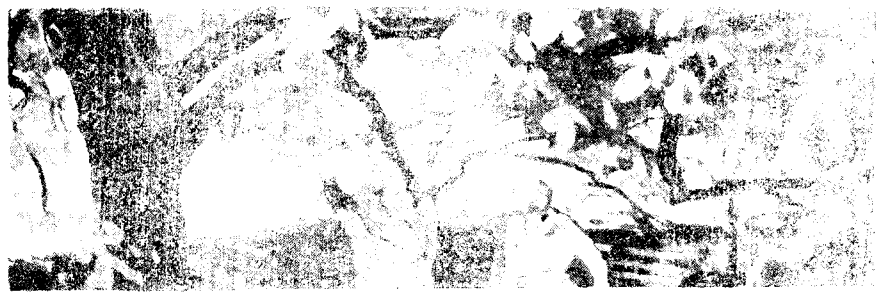

A Nice, Quiet Place

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

"What will you use, Doctor, vitriolic or carbolic acid?"

ALL her life she had, as it were, attracted events. Now, gloriously, she had put events behind her. She felt old and she was tired, and only one who has been for years the outraged victim of battle, murder and sudden death as enacted before the head nurse of a New York accident ward could fully enter into Miss Shaw's feelings when she found herself in Connecticut, office nurse for a village doctor.

"I am in Heaven," she thought. "Heaven."

Here in this little white home on the Boston Post Road she, whose years had been squandered on disaster, saw, felt, breathed beauty. She walked in a garden bright and clear, with a sky immense and empty of skyscrapers, and was sober with wonder. To be free of the daily ugliness of the hospital, the perpetual menace of ambulance and police cases, the insatiable demands on body and spirit! "It's too good to be true," she felt.

And when the two dark men moved over the bright lawn, casting their shadows across the pink petunias, she looked at them and knew. No time to act, to get help. She was not afraid. No, it was not fear pulling at her but indignation and hatred. Just when the garden was so lovely, here came the city crawling into it! Into her garden, her heavenly, blessed, inoffensive dear garden!

"Where," they demanded, "is the doctor?" then saw him in the consulting room. They signaled her to enter and it was the slamming of the door behind them, leaving the four alone in the house, which gave the old man his first warning. He looked up with mild blue eyes which nothing could any longer surprise at the new arrivals and the intruding gun. He was not frightened for his personal safety, that was clear, for he saw at once the blood-stained sleeve of the first visitor and knew what was wanted of him.

The second man, the one with the pinched yellow face and no hair, kept his gun in sight and chewed his lower lip. "Get busy on my pal, kangaroo," he said. "Do your stuff. We got no time to waste." He looked from doctor to nurse, fingering his gun lovingly. "And no monkey business," he added, "or else."

THE doctor stood up without haste, pointing to a chair by a table. "If you will sit there," he said to the blood-stained man. He rolled back the patient's sleeve while Miss Shaw, with the look of one who says, "This is the last straw!" laid out dressings. "Well, well, well," said the doctor. "A gunshot wound. What do you want me to do? Cauterize?"

"Well, what'd yuh think? We dropped in for a nice visit?"

"You talk more than is healthy," the second man remarked to the doctor, sitting down by the door to guard the small room, keeping his gun where it would be most useful.

Miss Shaw momentarily trained her acrimonious eye on him. It was manifest that to a nurse from Hell's Kitchen these bad men were about as exciting as a drink of water. The hazard of them was not translated to her even by the gun. She said nothing but opened the glass door of the medicine cabinet. Through the open window came country sounds and smells—the tinkle of a cowbell on the hillside, the scent of new-mown hay. She listened to the cowbell and looked angry. She loved that sound. She uncorked two bottles, one small one, bright red; the large one full of something colorless as water.

"What will you use, Doctor," asked her smooth, institutional tone, "vitriolic or carbolic acid?"

She was a new nurse; he was not used to her ways nor she to his. He raised his head and met her level gaze. "Well"—he pursed his lips and rubbed his eyebrow as if from the depths of his mind he was bringing up a piece of information about nurses and their peculiarities—"well, I don't know that I've ever heard of using vitriol for this purpose, and that's a fact. About a minim of that," he murmured to his patient, "less than a drop, would burn your arm off." He used a bit of gauze. "Let me have the carbolic," he said to Miss Shaw, regarding her in a puzzled way.

"Vitriol!" snarled the man on guard at the door. He cursed Miss Shaw, while the patient, whose arm was in question and who appeared to value it, gave her the look of a wild beast beaten back momentarily from its prey. "This ain't a healthy time to crack wise, sister," he warned, eyes bulging.

She stared somberly at him. "Hey, you!" growled the watcher with the ready gun. "You're too fresh. You park yourself here by me where I can look after you. *I'll* pass the bottle."

OUTSIDE on the sill a bird sang. Miss Shaw liked it. She liked it better without shooting and cursing. She stood holding the large white bottle while the doctor, the carbolic in his hand, looked around for a swab. The rat with the gun sat down again by the door and that was when he heard a small, gray-haired voice close to his ear:

"Vitriol, it can kill you right off," it was saying with deep conviction. "You heard what the doctor said, Al Capone about vitriol?" All three flashed their eyes at her and suddenly it was clear to the doctor that this new nurse had her points. It was evident to both the visitors, also, and the one with the gun now found himself involved in one of those tense and extremely unpleasant moments of life. For his swinish eyes were peering straight up into the tilted, open bottle which the standing nurse held over his face. The other man, cursing, made a swift movement to rise but he, too, met with an obstacle. "Carbolic acid," said the doctor, doing business-like things with his red bottle, "is not too pleasant a sponge-bath, either."

Cursing again, the two men sat still, sweat breaking out on their faces. They had completely caught the idea behind the bottles.

"Possibly you had better drop that gun," said Miss Shaw to the man under her care, with the pained, off-hand authority of the born head nurse. "It makes me mad and when I'm mad I'm nervous and it would be too bad if my hand should slip." Indeed, too bad. He hesitated, she rustled; he could see his finish, so to speak, in the eyes which hated him with utter conviction. Grudgingly he released his hold on the gun.

"I like peace and quiet," she explained to the doctor. "It seems little enough to ask, just peace and quiet. And you two," her face looked as if she could hiss, "had to go shoving your city faces out here!" Their snake eyes glittered at her, not that it did them any good. "It won't be long, now," she said, "the meat-man is due any minute."

And when in due course the meat-man had come and gone and the police departed with their quarry, the doctor scratched his nose speculatively.

"I've seen vitriol and vitriol," said he, "but that was a long time ago." He held up the large bottle with its colorless fluid, labeled "*alcohol*." "I was kind of intrigued," he mused, "to see how your fingers covered up all the letters but '*ol*'. That '*ol*' sort of made it more—more authentic."

"Yes, that's what I thought," said Miss Shaw.

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Cutting a Fine Figure

If you want to keep that youthful figure, or get it back again, you've got to have backbone control. And here's how to exercise it

By Marie Beynon Ray

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

Exercising for fun and a figure at Jones Beach, Long Island, where calisthenics classes are on the daily program—and very popular

DID you ever see a person grow young again after having definitely reached middle age?

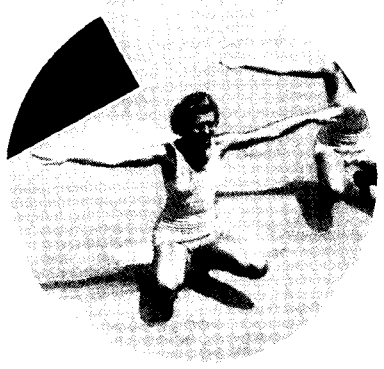
I met an acquaintance the other day whom I hadn't seen for two years—almost passed her by because she'd grown, not so much older, but so much younger. Face-lifting, some funny gland treatment, falling in love? None of these. It wasn't the face that was younger—but it isn't the face that grows old first. It's the body—the poor old body which slumps and sags and develops the middle-aged spread of the office slouch and the housekeepers' droop. . . . I remembered this friend as being definitely of the office type—stooping shoulders, head forward, scrawny, strangely hollowed. But not now!

"It sounds just too awful," she admitted, "and at first it *was* awful—but what I've been doing, since you're so flattering about my appearance, is going to a gym. I happened to glance in a full-length mirror when I had less on than a bathing suit—and I was revolted. I saw what fifteen years of sitting at a desk had done to me—and I shuddered. I'd always gone in for sports in a moderate way but while the exercise made me feel fine, it certainly didn't stay the march of time. There was that settled, solid, inelastic look about me that is definitely middle-aged—that you'll-never-climb-a-fence-nor-leap-a-brook-again look, besides all the little humps and lumps and hollows that come with forty. I resolved to take steps. I did—and behold me—the complete dryad."

Only the day before, I had talked with a doctor on this same subject, and he, Dr. Kristian Hansson, Director of Physical Therapy at the Hospital for the Ruptured and Crippled and several other hospitals in New York, speaking of the deformities such as sway-back, round shoulders, protruding abdomen, etc., which creep upon us in middle age, had made a similar statement.

Nature's Corset

"In youth," he said, "the body is wide at the chest and narrow at the abdomen, but with advancing age it becomes narrow at the chest and wide at the abdomen. If we manage to prevent this, and we can, our bodies retain their youthful lines into old age. Sports won't do this but remedial exercises will. The abdomen has mighty muscles, four layers of them, running horizontally, perpendicularly, and obliquely. What a corset! Women who keep this one strong and supple as in youth need no other. But when these muscles become flabby the whole body sags, and though we may have no hump on our backs, we are nevertheless deformed. At almost any age we can correct these abnormalities, but the longer we wait the harder it is. If all our lives we practice certain remedial exercises, we can retain a youthful physique."



I glanced now at the man I had come to see, Joseph Pilates, the living proof of the truth of these statements. Standing there in his trunks, he appeared to be in his twenties. He assured me he was fifty-four— I tried and tried and couldn't believe it. Pilates originated a system of exercise still used by the Hamburg police; has been painted and sculptured by innumerable famous artists, and can do more with one hand than many a champion can do with his whole body, but, best of all, he is a humanitarian. He wants the whole human race to be beautiful and healthy—and, barring acts of God, he can tell them how.

It Can't Be Done by Games

"Sports are wonderful for the constitution generally," he said, "but they are of little value for correcting what's wrong with you—and there's something wrong with almost everyone. 'Corrective exercise' is a nasty pill to most people, but it's the only way to build a beautiful, strong, youthful and one hundred per cent healthy body. It would be swell if it could be done by games—but it can't. The doctors back us up in this. Practically all sports, like all labor, are one-sided. The man who swings a tennis racket all day is forging himself a lopsided body as surely as the man who wields a pick. The athlete, as much as the man or woman who sits all day at a desk, needs remedial exercises to counterbalance the effects of his daily physical habits."

Women particularly accuse their figures of all sorts of crimes. One complains of sway-back, incurable, she says, since she's had it from childhood. Another bemoans her prominent stomach; a third is having a masseuse in twice weekly to rub away a dowager's hump; a fourth makes faces over olive oil, taken to fill out the hollows in her neck; a fifth suffers agonies because of a flat bosom, and still others do all sorts of strange and futile things to correct wing shoulders, hollow chests, double chins, bowlegs—or do nothing, just complain, because they think nothing can be done.

There are not a multitude of causes and an equal number of cures for this array of deformities. There are, according to the doctors, usually one cause and one cure. Our bodies usually become misshapen through bad posture—we can usually restore them to normal through remedial exercise. Sounds old and trite, doesn't it? Reminds us of those terrible fifteen minutes in the classroom when the teacher said, "Now, monitor, open the windows. Ready for physical culture. Class stand! Position! Heads up—chests out. Breathing in—one, two—"

How wrong she was—how wrong she still is, for that matter. Twenty, thirty directions are given to obtain correct posture—and only one (we have the authority of Pilates for this) is necessary, the good, old army order—it

(Continued on page 30)

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All Expenses Paid

The amateur in sports is dead—quite dead. And sitting on his grave is the young man who can't afford to give up all of his time to the game he loves unless he accepts "gratuities" and lives on a very unamateurish expense account. All for glory and for gate receipts

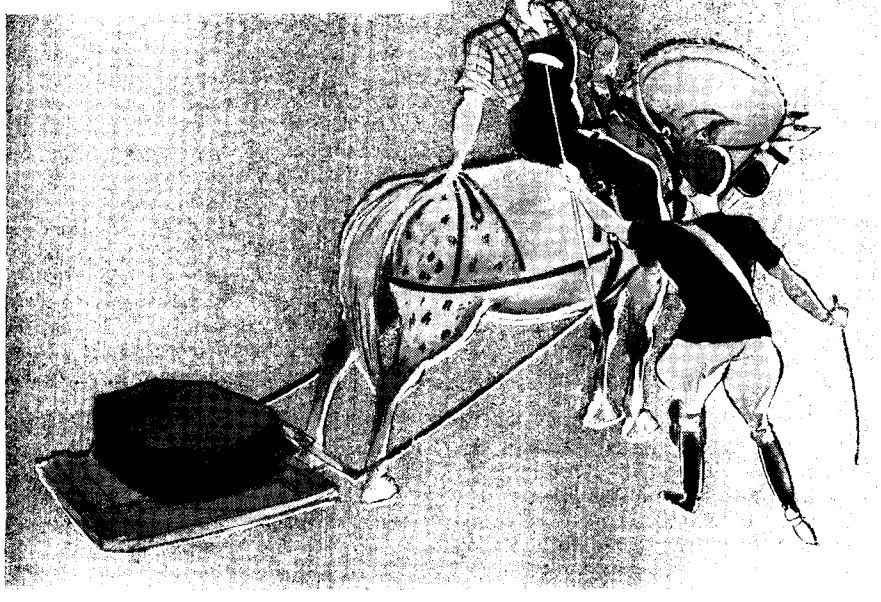
By Quentin Reynolds

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SHANKS

Amateur officials delight in having their pictures taken handing someone a silver cup

Tournament follows tournament and the tennis star soon finds himself permanently on the road

A day laborer who looks as though he could play polo can be hired openly by a polo team



NOW, Willie, what is an amateur in sports?"

"An amateur in sports, teacher, is a man who lives on an expense account."

"Right you are, Willie, but he can't live on expense accounts all year round, can he?"

"Oh, teacher, don't be such a dope; of course he can."

"All right, Willie, go to the head of the class."

The difference between an amateur and a professional in sport is this: an amateur is given an expense account which allows him to eat—a professional is given a salary or a purse, which is often so small as to keep him from eating. A professional is paid only when he works. An amateur does a lot of traveling between engagements and usually his way is paid liberally during these trips.

To say that there are no real amateurs in sport is not strictly true, but it is true that there is no sport in this country which is conducted upon wholly amateur lines. The amateur is dead, killed by an expense account and his own inclinations, and in his place is the usually likable loafer with a talent for golf or tennis who believes that to earn a living is a fate worse than death and that to live all year on an expense account is the ultimate in intellectual and cultural achievement. Let us, to quote a man named Smith, look at the record.

First, let us look at that charming game which is called lawn tennis. The game is run by an organization called the United States Lawn Tennis Association, composed chiefly of gentlemen who like to have their pictures taken handing someone a silver cup. There are exceptions, of course, but amateur officials of all kinds are usually camera-hounds who know enough always to stand at the left of the picture.

Definition of an Amateur

This organization has a set of rules—and very strict rules they are, too. When the organization was founded, it defined an amateur tennis player as "one who plays tennis solely for the pleasures and physical benefits he derives therefrom and to whom the playing is nothing but a pastime."

Sound your A, Professor, and let us swing into our dance. Is that rule enforced now? Pul-leeze, don't be silly. With the exception of Frank Hunter and R. Norris Williams, have there been any real amateurs representing this country on Davis Cup teams in the past fifteen years? If so, they have escaped the bright and eager eyes of the tennis writers.

Now tennis players do not line up at the box office after their matches to receive pay checks. They are compensated in a far more subtle but just as effective way. Let us assume that young John Smith has played extremely well at college. He has received various invitations from tournament sponsors to play during his college days and even perhaps was asked by the Davis Cup Selection Committee to spend a few weeks with Cup candidates in practice. But Johnny Smith, let us say, is a sensible young man who wants his college degree. Why he wants it or what he is going to do with it afterwards is none of our business. He decides that he won't do much big-time playing until his college days are over—then he might play a little bit on the side. He has ideas about helping to roll the wheel of economic progress—that is, he wants to make a living.

The Making of a Tennis Tramp

But in his senior year he receives an invitation to compete in a Bermuda tournament. That looks mighty attractive. He wants that college degree, but a small voice whispers: "You're young. Why not go to Bermuda and finish your college course next year?"

So he does just that. He does right well in the tournament and in the finals defeats the ranking No. 2 player. Now he is invited to practice with the Davis Cup candidates at—say—New Orleans. Well—just this once, he says, but remember, he isn't going to be any tennis bum. No, sir. He's going to go back to college, get that degree, marry the most gorgeous girl in the world and get himself a job. That sounds familiar and tennis writers laugh cynically.

So Johnny goes to New Orleans.

Johnny Smith has a lot of fun down in the land of the Ramos Fizz and he plays some pretty swell tennis. That weak backhand of his has been put in shape by a Davis Cup coach and he is very hot.

He stays and is selected to play against Mexico. He plays and wins, poor fellow. Now the Davis Cup germ is in his blood. He has listened to the applause of the crowd and found it a heady champagne that leaves no hangover—that is, not yet. Weeks pass and he drifts from one southern tourney to another, just marking time until the Davis Cup match with Canada. That is at Washington, and, boy, oh boy, oh boy, what fun! Canada is going to be easy and Johnny doesn't have to do much training. He can give the dolls a bit of a treat and how they go for the big, handsome goop!

He wins again and by now his fellow players have taught him some of the tricks of an expense account. He is invited out to dinner every night and he is saving more money than he could in New York peddling vacuum cleaners or bonds or anything else. "How long has this been going on?" he wonders.

But he can't stay long in Washington. No, sir, there's important business in Philadelphia. Australia has to be met in another Cup match but the team is

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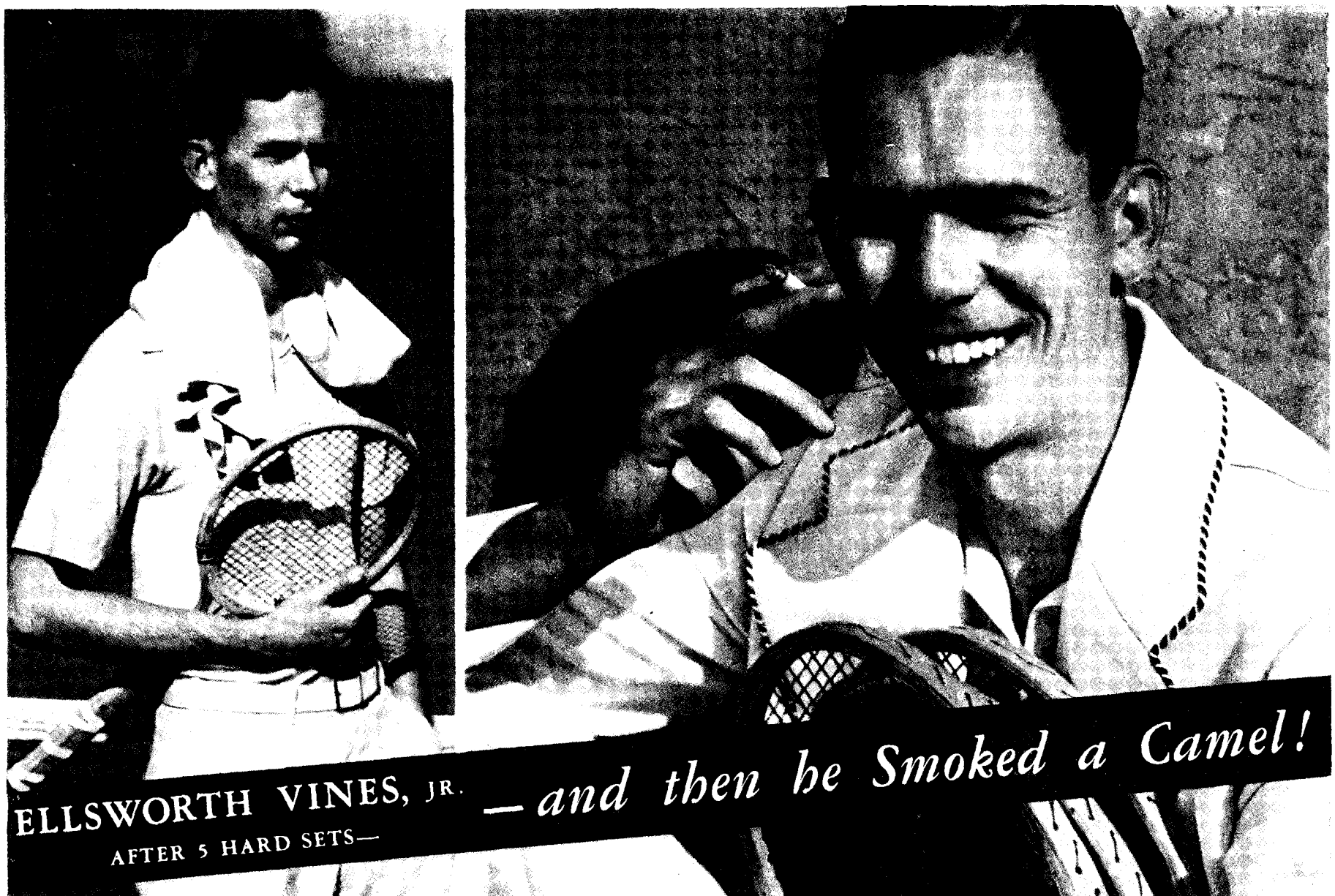

AT THE TOP OF THE HEAP IN TENNIS! That is the enviable position of Ellsworth Vines, Jr., the spectacular young Pasadena athletic star who holds the U. S. National Championships for 1931 and 1932, and has now swept through the 1934 professional ranks as well!

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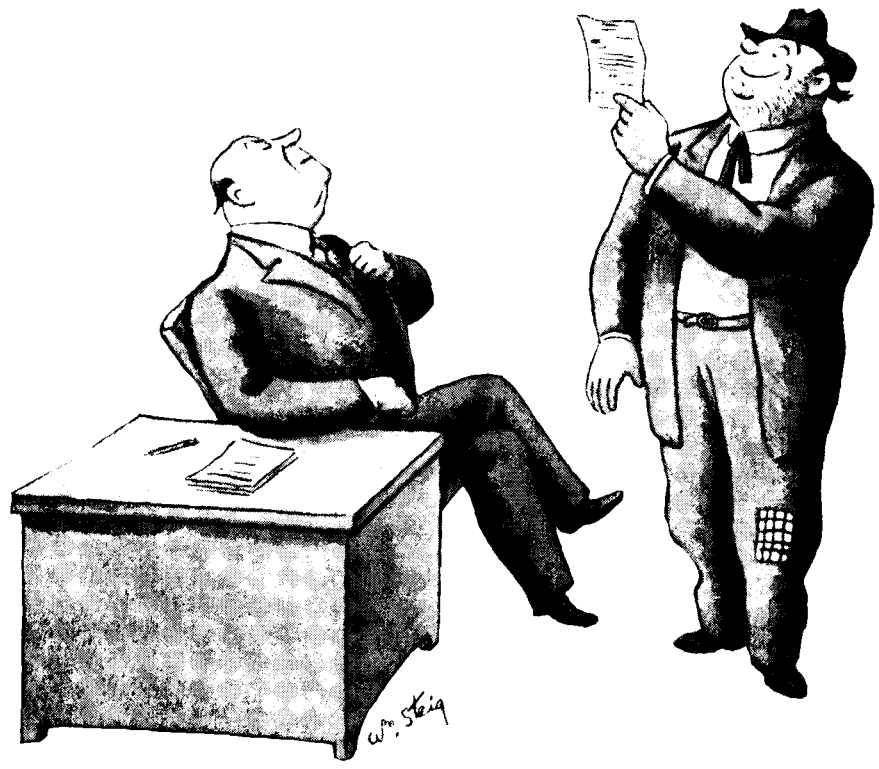
The Double-Edged Pen

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

Mr. James Aloysius Farley learned to write letters at an early age. He has been writing industriously ever since. So it's not surprising that in several election districts his friendly letters of commendation have turned up in rival camps. Not surprising and not a little embarrassing

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG



The letters of James A. Farley are supposed to be important currency in politics

THE Honorable James Aloysius Farley's letters are supposed to be important currency in the political realm. To Democrats wanting jobs and offices, a letter signed "Jim" in green ink often looks as good as money out of a busted bank. Many congressmen suffering reëlection pains somehow believe that, next to special recognition of their invaluable services by the man in the White House, a promissory note from the prince of patronage is the best means of convincing the voters that the Administration will blow up if the bearer is not returned to Capitol Hill.

Jim likes to write letters as much as politicians like to receive them. Only an act of Congress could stop him now, for it has become second nature. He began it as a youngster in a village in up-state New York, where he learned, to his boyish surprise, that it was an effective and inexpensive way to make friends. It warmed his great Democratic heart to discover that mothers and fathers thought enough of his compositions to frame and preserve them for the babies whose arrival he had noted with a congratulatory epistle.

About the time those babies grew to voting age, his community enterprise developed into a national movement, although anti-Roosevelt Democrats cursed it as a menace. It was by the chain-letter system that he helped to nominate President Roosevelt in 1932. During this happy period he frequently subscribed to the theory that his pen was mightier than the Democratic and Republican parties combined.

All's Fair in Politics

Not until now, as he prepares to depend on another one-man literary renaissance to reëlect the right kind of Democrats to the next all-important Congress, has he entertained any doubts. Not until now has he suspected that his ancient weapon may have a double and traitorous edge.

Belatedly he has discovered that some people are taking a mean advantage of his good nature. There are, it appears, no heights to which some folks will not rise if there is political pie or profit after the climb. The ruses which some candidates have adopted to persuade the electorate that they are the Administration's anointed are comic where they are not criminal under the new Public Enemy Act. Party lines are dissolving in the green ink of his signature in a way he never contemplated when he established the Farley Correspondence School on a national basis.

His well-meant letters have become such common political property that it is embarrassing. Three sitting representatives tossed into a single district by a census reapportionment are waving them in the air as evidence of how high they stand at headquarters. Simple acknowledgments have been blown up into official indorsements, and casual recommendations have been inflated into formal recognition of individual claims for advancement. Once he spoke a few nice words for a House member in the latter's home city, and the beneficiary immediately filed for the Senate.

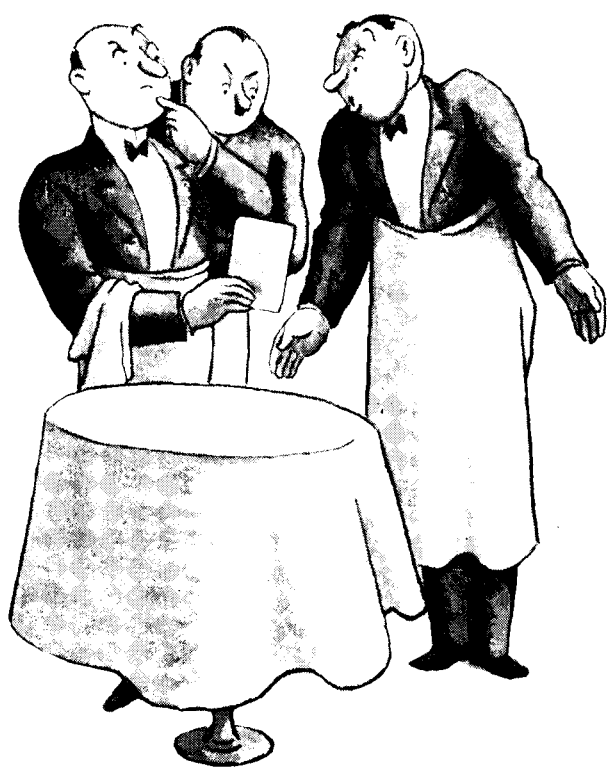
Jealousy Back Home

To make it worse, he filed against a man whose ideas of his own importance had been swollen by Jim's comment of "Sure, he's a good man." It has got so that Jim doesn't dare sign a letter or open his mouth for fear he may spawn another unwanted statesman.

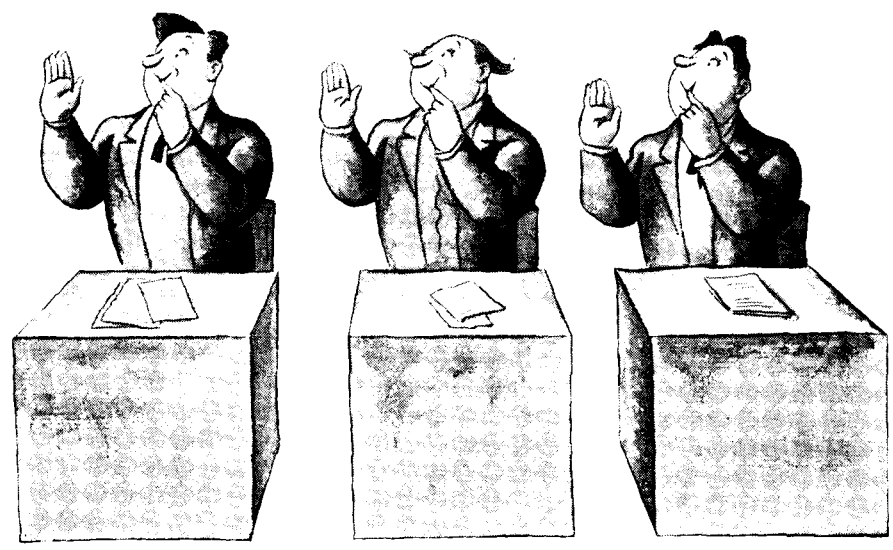
The President has been dragged into local contests in even more headlong fashion. In one state a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor is placarding fences with the good news that he once rode with the President in the executive automobile. It was only a few blocks, but he doesn't discuss mileage. A certain senator openly boasts that "the President calls me by my first name, but he refers to my primary opponent as 'Mister.'" House members invited to formal White House receptions, or even to after-dinner musicales, lost no time in showing the invitations to home-town correspondents. More enterprising fellows wired the news to district workers back home, adding: "Make the most of this signal honor to your representative."

Democratic sleuths are checking reports that a senatorial candidate—not a Democrat, either—is reproducing a photograph of himself at dinner with the President, although White House waiters cannot place his face or plate. Many stalwart Republicans brag of their intimacy with the President or the Postmaster General. If half these campaign claims were true, it would mean that Mr. Roosevelt has done nothing since inauguration but dine, ride, yacht,

(Continued on page 33)



White House waiters can't remember the candidate who circulates his "dinner-with-Roosevelt" picture



The White House can hardly be blamed if it wants none but yes-men around for a few years

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These tires stopped in time—

could yours?

YOU pray the brakes will hold—but you need more than brakes to stop your car in that split-second when life depends on inches.

You need tires that grip the road—and HOLD!

And, believe it or not, there is a vast difference in the stopping power of tires—even brand new tires. 8,400 stopping tests show that new tires of other makes skid 14 to 19% farther *after applying the brakes* than the new Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather—that smooth, worn tires slide as much as 77% farther!

That difference is "the Goodyear margin of safety."

You never know when you may need the Goodyear margin of safety—tests prove new "G-3" All-Weather does stop quicker; new tires of other makes skid 14 to 19% farther!

Skidding greater danger than blowouts

Much ado is being made in tire advertising today about blowouts, yet insurance records show that only 4/10ths of 1% of all accidents are traceable to puncture or blowouts!

The big danger is skidding—the cause of five and one-half times as many accidents.

To prevent skids you must have traction where the tire meets the road—and only Goodyear gives it to you. Only Goodyears have those husky, sharp-edged, deep-biting blocks of rubber in the center of the tread—*where you must have grip to stop the car when brakes stop the wheels.*

43% Longer Non-Skid Mileage

Not only do Goodyears stop your car quicker, but now the sensational new "G-3" All-Weather keeps its quick-stopping safety grip 43% longer than previous Goodyears—and *twice as long* as other tires tested against it!

No wonder thousands have rushed to buy "G-3"! See this sensational tire today.

See its broader, flatter tread that gives you more grip, more traction than ever before—made possible by Goodyear's patented, extra-resilient Supertwist Cord that insures *maximum* blowout protection in every ply.

Why gamble with grip-less tires—when "G-3's" extra margin of safety and 43% longer non-skid mileage cost no more?

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

NRA CODE

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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bad shape. There are only about 55,000 vacancies, but the number of units housing two families doubled up were more than the vacancies. About 172,000 of these houses belonged to the last century. They are in the class with the 1920 cars, though as homes they are not so good as 1920 cars were as automobiles.

If you will apply the percentages given here to the more than 25 million homes in America, the results will startle and shock you.

2,200,000 houses vacant, but over 2,500,000 houses sheltering doubled-up families.

7,000,000 houses at least thirty years old, many forty, fifty, sixty, seventy-five and over.

Do we need houses? The planning division of the NRA has estimated that we should build 800,000 new houses a year to keep up with our ordinary population growth. We haven't been doing it. The Real Estate Board of Chicago estimates that that one city is now 69,000 homes short; that Chicago should be building 23,000 homes a year. Last year she built 100.

Various government agencies put our national housing shortage now at 2,000,000 homes. And if we were to abandon all the crumbling and antiquated hulks which should have been torn down years ago, the shortage is at the very least twice two million.

How to Go About It

What are you supposed to do about this? Well, if you want to give the old house a coat of paint or a new bathroom or heater or whatever it needs, you have only to go to your bank, to a trust company, to a building and loan association, to a personal finance company or mortgage company, and explain your needs. They will tell you how to go about the business. One of these will lend you up to $2,000. Under this new arrangement the bank which lends you the money can take your note to one of the National Mortgage Associations and discount it. And the Federal Housing Administrator will guarantee the lender against loss on your note and on all other similar ones up to 20 per cent of the total amount of the loans made by such lenders. For this reason the lender can afford to give you much better terms—a smaller first payment with installments spread over a longer period.

If you want to build a house, the procedure is a little different. But before you bother with that problem, why, you ask, should anyone build a house?

Well, for one thing, whatever the why of it, there are always several million Americans who would like to build their own homes. Personally, I think it is one of the wisest things in the world for a man to do. I particularly think it is the wisest thing for the young man to do. I have seen dozens of living examples of that these last few trying years. In the little town in which I live I know men who had the sense many years ago to buy their own homes and pay for them. And when the difficult times came down on us in 1929 they were free from at least one haunting care which harassed many a man who was faced with the monthly slavery of rent. I own a small house in which I once lived. Recently I rented it to a man who for the preceding twenty-seven years had lived in the same house. For twenty-seven years he has been paying rent. When he moved away all he had for his twenty-seven years of rent paying was about twenty-five thousand dollars of rent receipts. Had he bought a house when he moved into his last home and paid for it in monthly or yearly installments he would have been free from rent paying these last fourteen years.

Houses! Houses!

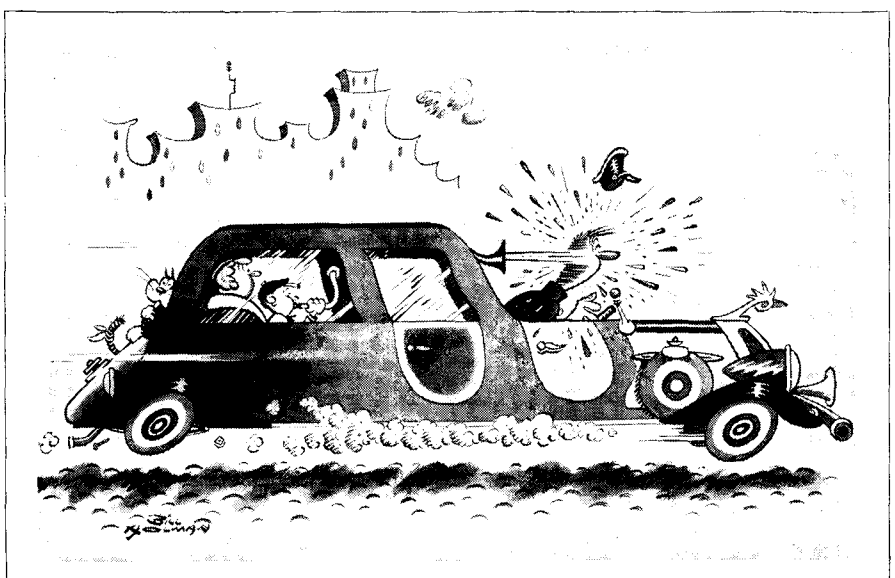
Continued from page 11

So now you ask—what can I get for my money—how much house do they give you now for a dollar? I have tried to find a practical answer to that question for the reader of this article.

I wanted to find houses that had already been built: houses in which people are actually living.

I was fortunate to find precisely the houses I was in search of through the Better Homes in America movement. This was organized some years ago under the auspices of Mr. Herbert Hoover when he was Secretary of Commerce. Each year it studies numerous examples of houses built by reputable designers. To the better of these it awards prizes. These houses are carefully examined by experts. They must meet rigid requirements as to beauty of design, sound domestic planning and good craftsmanship in building.

This organization was kind enough to put at my disposal all the information



"Once is enough, Junior. Now, drink the rest of your lemonade!"

BILL HOLMAN

I wished about the group of houses I selected as examples. Photographs of four of these houses are shown here. These houses represent various price levels. One costs as little as $1,742. They were all built recently. They are in use. And the costs given are accurate and include material, labor and architect's fees. The prices are $1,742, $4,600, $6,850, $9,000 and $10,200. There's a range for every pocketbook. They are as fine examples of sturdy, tasteful and intelligent home-planning as will be found anywhere. To realize their value you have but to compare them in your own mind with those inferior "bargains" which the speculative builders offered you in the years before 1930.

Now, if you want to build a home, how will you go about it? If you want to make repairs, you can go, as already suggested, to your bank. But for a home building loan, you go to an existing mortgage lending institution. If you are a good credit risk and if your housing project is sound, so that they may insure your mortgage under the National Housing Act, they will agree to advance up to $16,000 on a mortgage when your home is constructed. Armed with this assurance, you will find that your local bank will make you a construction loan sufficient to pay for the cost of building your home.

The Housing Administrator will set up branch offices in various cities and will issue instructions and advice as to how to proceed.

The government believes that the facilities set up by the Housing Act will bring out of hiding, to revive the entire mortgage money market, tremendous amounts of capital which are not now likely to become active without government coöperation and insurance against loss.

New Funds

At present you can get a mortgage on your old or new home in but one of two patterns. Either you must borrow the money on a straight mortgage payable in three years or you must get it from a building and loan association which requires monthly payments to liquidate the loan in about 139 months—eleven years and seven months. The first method is not so good for two reasons. The home owner must rearrange for renewal of the mortgage every three years and this costs money. Then, while renewals are easy to arrange in good times, as soon as hard times make their appearance, the lender wants his money.

The building and loan association method is, of course, excellent. But in times like these, the government hopes that it may make the terms easier for three reasons. First, these associations now require a payment down of about forty per cent of the cost of the home. Secondly, they insist on the 139 months liquidation period. Finally, their funds are not too plentiful because they depend on the deposit investments of small investors and these are now a little afraid of real estate investments.

The government hopes to encourage loans up to eighty per cent of the cost of the home. It hopes to see arrangements for installment payments spread over as much as twenty years instead of shorter periods, thus making smaller monthly payments. It hopes to encourage investors to put their funds into these institutions by guaranteeing such deposits as it now does bank deposits.

Here is the way the government has planned the whole thing. The new law is called the Housing Act of 1934. But there is really not very much about housing in it. It merely sets up a series of instrumentalities and corporations and officials. These instruments can be used by the government to press forward its plans. To understand the whole plan you have but to look at the various officials and corporations created by the government.

1. There is the Housing Administrator. He will manage the general plan and will handle the insuring of loans for repairs and mortgages for home building, low-cost housing and the mortgages of existing home owners who are in trouble.

2. Then the government will authorize and encourage the creation of National Mortgage Associations. These will be authorized to lend money for home building. But it is expected that they will first give existing institutions a chance to do the job and will provide the money for that purpose by lending it to building and loan associations and similar corporations by buying their bonds and notes. These National Mortgage Associations must have at least $5,000,000 of paid-in stock when they are formed and are empowered to issue bonds up to fifteen times the amount of their stock.

3. Then the government has set up what it calls the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation. This corporation, which will be government-owned and controlled, will insure funds deposited in federal savings and loan associations, state building and loan associations, coöperative banks. This will tend to restore the popularity of this form of investment for the small saver and make savings available for home building and owning.

4. The Federal Home Loan Banks are authorized to make loans to various kinds of building and loan and savings and loan associations and other such concerns which are eligible to become members of the Federal Home Loan Bank system. This is a system established to perform for home building and savings institutions what the Federal Reserve Banks do for the commercial banks.

5. To give the benefit of these measures to farmers living in rural sections where there are no companies or associations which can handle their problems or lend them money for repairs, the Act empowers the Production Credit Associations organized under the Farm Credit Act to make advances for repairs, modernization and alterations to farm homes and buildings.

A Tonic for the Country

This act—called a "housing act"—must not, however, be confused with two other great housing objectives—namely, slum clearance and low-cost housing for workers.

The government has made some rather halting and inadequate moves in the direction of these latter social objectives, but they have been complete failures. This act is a plan:

1. To enable those who are able to help themselves to provide homes for their families at a time when the costs of home building are low.

2. To enable home owners to make repairs and alterations long past due.

3. To enable home owners to make more favorable arrangements for the paying off of burdensome mortgages on existing homes.

4. To enable persons to build two- and four-family houses in the low cost brackets.

And because of all this, to stimulate what is rather vaguely called the durable goods industries in order to provide employment for millions ordinarily occupied in such work.

The government hopes that several billion dollars—perhaps five billions—may be stirred to find their way into the stagnant construction industry. Whether it does will depend upon the vigor and wisdom of the administration of the act by the government and the intelligence with which the building industry itself seizes the opportunity for revival thus put in its way.

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Land Ho! **TREASURE LIES AHEAD . . .**

Remember the lump in your throat that you just couldn't swallow . . . when you saw "The Champ" . . . and heard Jackie Cooper say: "You'll always be a champ to me!" And the tears that dimmed your eyes . . . when "Swipes" cuddled his cat in his arms and left the home of "Chuck Connors". Now they're together again! They'll steal your heart in this, one of the grandest of all adventure classics!

TREASURE ISLAND

with LIONEL BARRYMORE

OTTO KRUGER • LEWIS STONE • CHARLES "Chic" SALE

• • •

Robert Louis Stevenson's Immortal Characters Spring to Life...

WALLACE BEERY	*as Long John Silver*	**JACKIE COOPER**	*as Little Jim Hawkins*
LIONEL BARRYMORE	*as Billy Bones*	**Otto Kruger**	*as Dr. Livesey*
Lewis Stone	*as Captain Smollett*	**"Chic" Sale**	*as Ben Gunn*
William V. Mong	*as Old Pew*	**Dorothy Peterson**	*as Mrs. Hawkins*

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Directed by **Victor Fleming** Produced by **Hunt Stromberg**

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List price of Standard Six Sport Roadster at Flint, Michigan, $465. With bumpers, spare tire and tire lock, the list price is $18.00 additional. Prices subject to change without notice.

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Now—PRICE as well as VALUE says "Chevrolet is a better buy than ever!"

From the very outset, Chevrolet for 1934 was recognized as a wonderful "buy" for the money. No other six in the world was priced so low or cost so little to own. Now—there's a bigger difference than ever in favor of Chevrolet value. The world's lowest-priced six is now *lower-priced* than ever. Sweeping price-cuts have recently been announced on all models—the greatest reductions in the low-price field this year!

These reductions have brought Chevrolet's base-price down to $465! They have made it easier than ever to get everything that's coming to you, in a low-priced car. And that means *Fisher Body* quality, refinement and ruggedness! *Big-Car* size, weight and stability! *Cable-controlled brakes* that never mind the weather! *Y-K frame*, strongest and heaviest in the low-price field. *80 horsepower, 80-mile-an-hour, valve-in-head performance* that's unbeatable for smoothness and quietness! And the world's safest, most comfortable motor car ride: *the famous Knee-Action glide*, in the Master models.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE STANDARD SIX COACH

COMPARE CHEVROLET'S LOW DELIVERED PRICES AND EASY G. M. A. C. TERMS. A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE.

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Cutting a Fine Figure

Continued from page 21

wouldn't get printed, so I'll translate—"Pull the abdomen in."

Here is a portrait of the average man or woman—you can look in the mirror and decide whether you're a mild or an exaggerated case. (You're a case, all right.) Head forward—two or three inches out of alignment with the spine; shoulders rounded, chest hollowed, spine curving noticeably forward at the waistline, abdomen protruding. So universal is a noticeable forward curve of the spine that doctors—and sculptors, who have an even surer eye in these matters—have accepted it as the natural and normal thing. It isn't. How do we know? The most beautiful bodies don't have it. Normal children don't have it. And those who have a normally straight spine have far better control of their bodies than those who don't. Practically every fault of the figure comes down in the last analysis to this matter of a normally straight spine. (There are slight natural curves, not noticeable in the naked body but which an X-ray picture reveals.) The straighter the spine the better the figure. And to straighten the spine what we chiefly have to do is to "pull in the abdomen."

Sounds simple, doesn't it? But of course it has to be done in a special way. The hips must be thrown forward, without bending or locking the knees, and tensed; the lower abdomen held in, thus forcing the chest high and the head up, without lifting the shoulders—and that position must be held as long as possible. And because it's such a little thing to do, you have to do it constantly. "Pull your abdomen in," you must say to yourself dozens, hundreds of times a day, till pulling it in becomes a habit and sinks down into the subconscious where your breathing is taken care of. But you can encourage yourself with the assurance that every single time you do it, you're a little farther ahead.

Ask Your Doctor

You can't get away from it, a few remedial exercises must be gone through daily, that is if you care two pins about having a twenty-year-old figure at the age of fifty. Of course, they must be exactly the right exercises; so here are a few, hand-picked by Pilates from the several hundred in his repertoire, the ones he has found sure fire for achieving the twenty-year-old silhouette. But he warns that they must be properly executed, that is, correctly and with great energy, not the mere airy imitation of a series of motions which can be performed for years and get you nowhere. And another thing—no exercises should be taken except on the advice of a physician, particularly intensive abdominal exercises, which, if the individual is not in good condition, may even do harm. Heart trouble, hernia, etc., might make certain exercises inadvisable. So it's well to make sure before going ahead. It also helps to have an authority point out your defects.

Here is the best exercise there is for straightening the spine.

Lie down and try to make the whole length of the spine touch the floor, likewise the shoulders and arms, stretched above the head. Of course you can't do it, but trying is what counts—one day you may unexpectedly succeed. Mark that day with a gold star. With the arms stretched above the head, raise the torso slowly, but s-l-o-w-l-y, from the floor, keeping the legs on the floor and the knees unbending. As you raise, the arms come slowly at right angles to the torso, the toes are pointed forward, the chin comes down on the chest. The exercise loses all value if the legs are bent, so just at first you might get someone to hold them down for you.

Now, sitting up, still with the legs stiff, try to touch the toes with the fingers. Keep on trying. Eventually you should be able to touch the wrists to the toes and the forehead to the knees, the arms always at right angles to the body. Now go slowly backward, chin down, arms rising. The whole thing is a slow rolling movement—and it will not only correct sway-back but will reduce the abdomen and poise the head correctly.

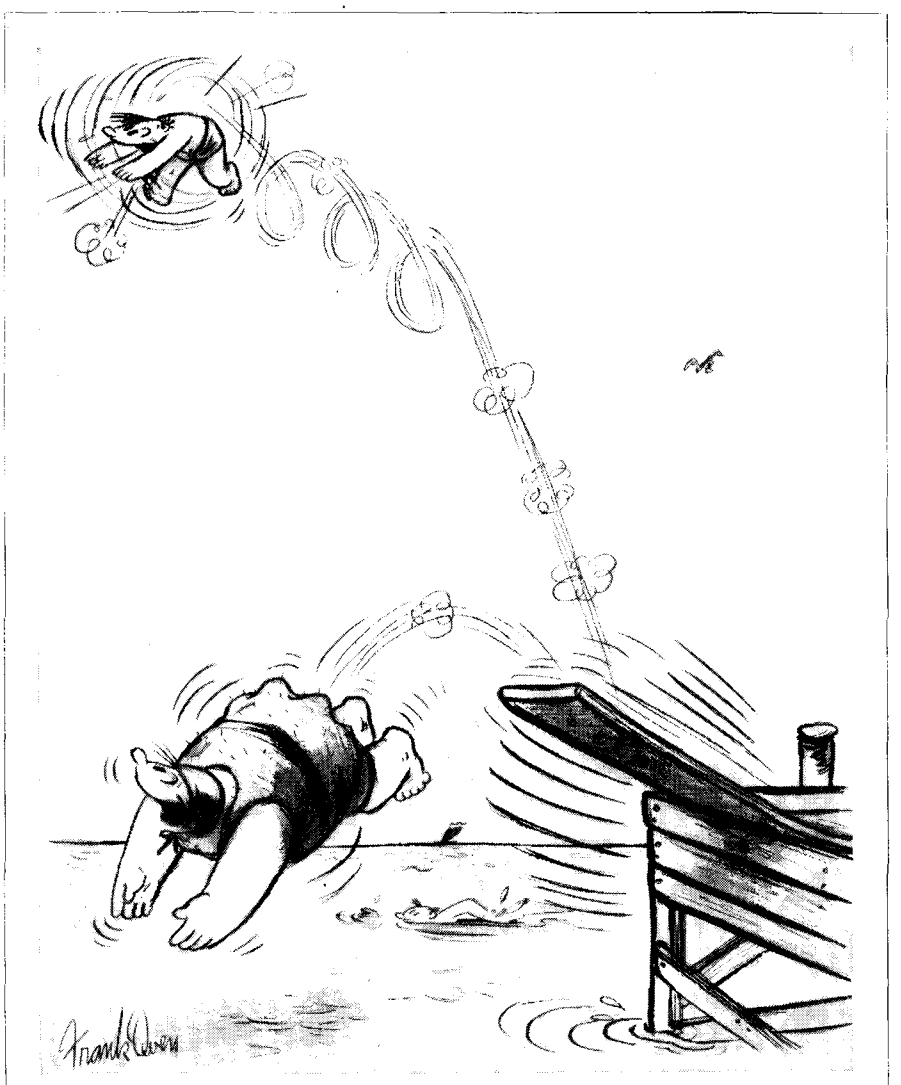
The Kitten Coil

But much as these corrective exercises will do for you, your little daily habits of breathing, sitting, standing, walking and sleeping can do even more. Yes, the right sleeping posture can in itself be corrective.

"Most people twist and turn in their beds all night—from forty to sixty times, by actual test, in eight hours," Pilates told me. "Why? Because they're sleeping in the wrong position and are not relaxed. You've seen a cat turn and turn about till it got itself into a perfect curl of deliciousness—the 'kitten coil'? That's how we should sleep—at perfect rest within a circle, the knees drawn up, the back curved forward. That is the position which requires the least expenditure of effort, and least use of muscle.

"Sitting properly can be a remedial exercise," continued Pilates. "Say you're at the movies, all you have to do is to sit as far back as possible, spine upright, feet flat on the floor, knees bent at right angles, and every so often say to yourself, 'Pull your abdomen in,' and do it, and hold it as long as you can. Or say you're sitting at your desk—or your typewriter or the dining-table—no need to bend the head and acquire a dowager's hump. Bend at the hip joint as they do in the German army, using the biggest joint and muscle in the body, and this will prevent your acquiring a big abdomen.

"You're walking along the street. Glance in the shop windows, not to lower your sales resistance, but to observe your posture. Most women use shop windows as mirrors anyway—but merely to see if their hats are on straight rather than if their heads are on straight. In most cases the posture won't be right from one window to the next. But correct it every time—by pulling in the abdomen and holding it in as long as you can. Time yourself. It will be only a few seconds to begin with but hold it a few counts longer each time until you work up to a hundred. With each effort the muscles will become stronger and 'standing up tall' will become a habit.



"I thought Philbert and Mamma were going to do this dive together?"

FRANK OWEN

Cross-Legged Exercises

"You're waiting for a trolley. This need not be time wasted. You can do your exercises without attracting the attention of the police. Most women stand with the weight on one leg and the hip thrown out—someone has told them it's cute. Most men stand with the legs apart, hands in pockets, stomach thrust forward—looking jaunty, they think, in reality just tiring themselves out. But try this: rest the weight on both feet equally, heels together, toes apart, neither allowing the knees to sag nor pressing them backward. Then sway like a flagpole, shifting the weight slowly from one foot to the other, without thrusting the hip out. Occasionally raise the released foot from the ground and swing it about a bit, but always, always pulling the abdomen in.

"How much can be accomplished by daily habit is shown by those peoples of the East who habitually sit cross-legged on the ground (the best of all sitting postures), who bear burdens on their heads or carry weighted poles, who sleep on the ground. They have straight backs and beautiful carriages. At the beach is an excellent place to practice corrective postures. Sit cross-legged in the sand, back straight, and try raising from this position dozens of times without touching the ground with the hands but holding them out straight in front of you. Sit upright on the beach, legs crossed, with a sandbag on your head as you read or sew, pulling in the abdomen.

"Your swimming can be made a corrective exercise if you'll swim all strokes, breast and back as well as the crawl. One stroke only, like tennis, makes the figure lopsided. In the free-and-easy environment of the beach, even more eccentric behavior passes without comment, and you can even try this exercise if you like; or do it in the privacy of your room. It's one of the best for straightening the spine—which is to say, acquiring the perfect figure.

For a Queenly Carriage

"Get a broomstick, suspend a sandbag holding about three pounds of sand by a cord from each end, and tie it across a deck tennis ring. Wearing this contraption as a hat, balanced on the head by the rubber ring, learn to walk about the beach or room. The cords should hang just where the arms, with elbows pressed tightly against the sides, can reach them to help balance the pole at first.

"Slowly, slowly stretch the left foot forward as far as you can; when the toe touches, shift the weight slowly to the left foot, the leg bearing the weight always stiff but never locked. Cultivate a slow, stately progress. If you keep the hips forward and tense and the abdomen well pulled in, everything else, external and internal, will fall into place, and the exercise done ten minutes daily will produce such a consciousness of queenly carriage that soon you'll walk beautifully without your pole. It helps, to get the correct posture, to stand against the wall, trying to make the whole length of the spine touch.

"A second exercise with this weighted pole will correct bowlegs, knock knees and flat feet due to faulty muscles. Heels together, toes apart, rise on the toes, up and down, but each time a little farther down till finally you are squatting on your heels, the backbone trying to be straight (each day a little straighter), the abdomen pulled in, the hands raised to the pole in the beginning. Ten minutes.

"The average person uses only 25 per cent of the mechanical motions of the body; the champion in any sport uses 50 per cent; the acrobat on the high wire or the trapeze uses 75 per cent—but when a man or woman can use all the apparatus in this gym as easily as he can write his name, he uses 100 per cent—and then I call him 'normal.' The apparatus isn't necessary—you can do almost as well at home without it—it just makes exercise easier and more fun. Up to eighty years, everyone should be able to touch the floor with both palms without bending the knees. And in order that they may be able to do that, I advise them to start in right now, whether they're six months or sixty years, running around the room on all fours, like an animal, palms flat on the floor, knees unbending."

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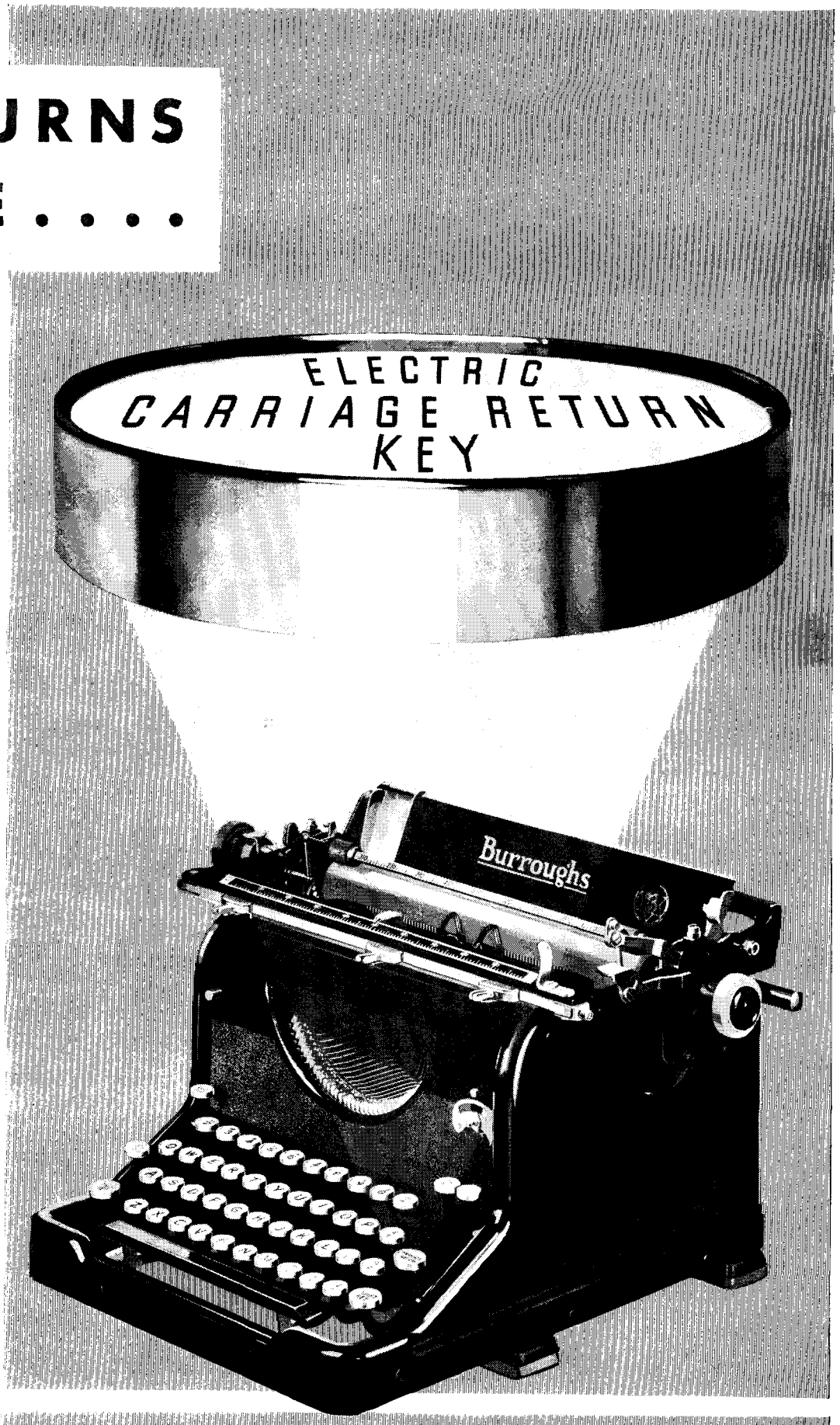
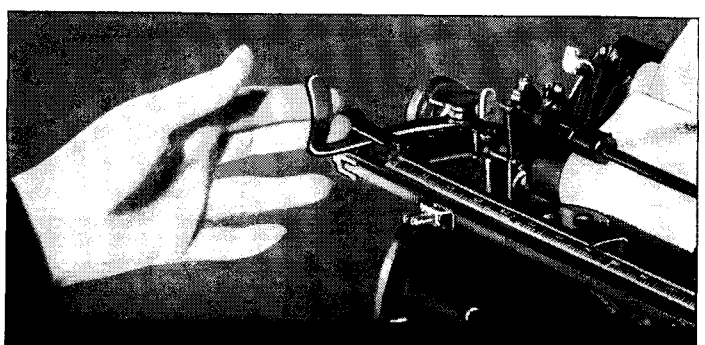
Burroughs

THIS KEY RETURNS THE CARRIAGE....

With Burroughs Electric Carriage Typewriter your hand need not leave the touch position to return the carriage . . . there is no interruption in rhythm, speed or ease of typing. Touch the Carriage Return Key—the carriage instantly returns to the starting point, or to any intermediate point desired, and the paper spaces automatically. Shifting for capitals is also electric. The size, shape and key touch of this new machine are like other Burroughs Standard Typewriters. For a demonstration, telephone the local Burroughs office. Write for free, descriptive folder.





NO MORE OF THIS!

ELECTRIC CARRIAGE TYPEWRITER

Typewriter Division • BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY • Detroit, Michigan

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"Thirteen times WE BECKWITHS HAVE CHOSEN ELGINS"

says Bethany Anne Beckwith, of New York and Miami

She has four state swimming records to her credit . . . plays fast tennis . . . rides . . . is known among her friends as a harpist of ability. Vivacious young Bethany Anne Beckwith is finishing at Finch.

"For three generations," she writes, "we Beckwiths have been choosing ELGINS. I myself own two."

One glance at the smart new timepieces shown here, and you'll know why ELGINS have become a family tradition with the Beckwiths—and so many others.

Radiantly modern in every line. Slim, gracious. The beauty of these accurate watches grows out of correct design.

It takes more than craftsmanship to produce such timepieces. *Nothing short of a unique union between modern science and age-old craftsmanship can do it!*

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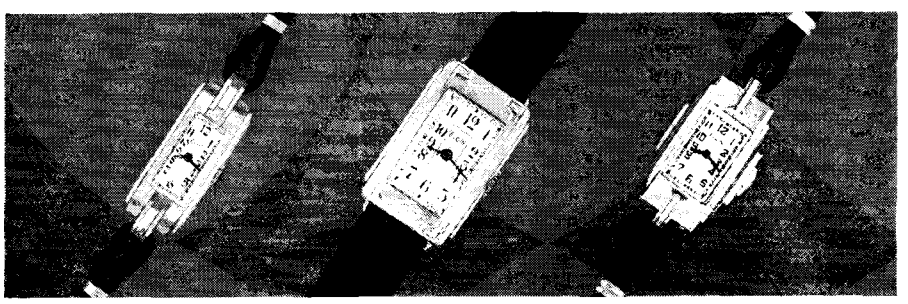

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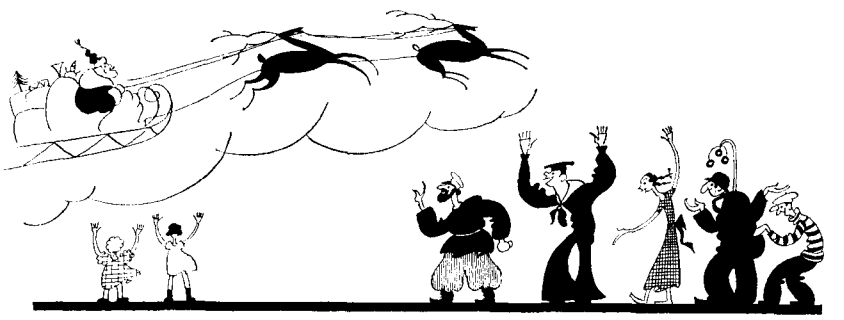


Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Owing to the wide publicity given to St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus, at Christmas time, he is usually thought of only as the patron saint of children. But his popularity is far more extensive. He is also the patron of Russia and Greece, of many cities, and of sailors, scholars, travelers, maidens, pawnbrokers and, in some places, even thieves.—*By Philip Schmidt, Mentor, Ohio.*

Civilized nations are always amused by the unbelievable credulity of primitive peoples. Yet today an English company does a thriving business selling phonograph records of messages received from Mars, and an American organization is working overtime casting horoscopes for dogs.

One American multimillionaire owns such a large estate—more than 500 square miles in area—that he maintains a fleet of airplanes to transport his guests and servants between the various mansions and other buildings which are scattered over it from the mountains to the sea.

Bottles of liquids found in ancient tombs are not always completely dried out. Recently a bottle of Roman wine, discovered in a 1,700-year-old grave in Germany, was still one-third liquid, and a bottle of honey, found in a 3,300-year-old tomb in Egypt, was entirely in its original liquid state.

Dissatisfaction with life seems to be unusually prevalent during the period of adolescence. A recent survey made among widely scattered groups of young men and women revealed that 30 out of every 100 wished they never had been born.

Playing with toy railroads is today one of the fastest growing hobbies among men in the United States. Nearly every large city has its miniature railroad society whose members own elaborate systems ranging in cost from about $30 for small electric lines to $10,000 for real models which run under their own steam over a mile of track, hauling ten tons at 30 miles an hour.

America's most notorious "fence," or receiver of stolen goods, was Marm Mandelbaum, who operated in New York City from 1854 to 1884. She maintained a large staff of shoplifters and thieves, retained several lawyers and owned warehouses not only in New York but in nearby cities. She had handled about $10,000,000 worth of goods and had made $1,000,000 before she was trapped, forfeited her bail and fled to Canada.

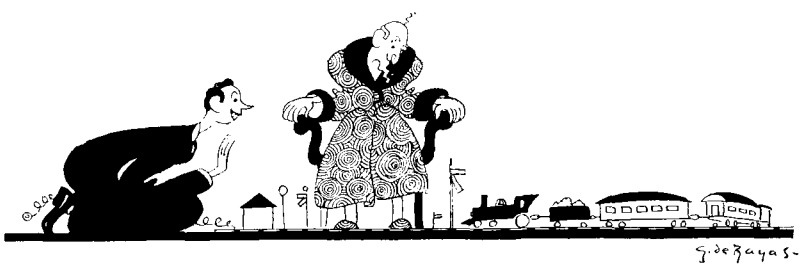
Pre-revolutionary Russia had the only national anthem which contained as its chief note a prayer for peace. Yet when the World War came, no country mobilized more quickly. In fact, enthusiasm ran so high in Petrograd that a prize of $100,000 was raised as an award for the first Russian who set foot in Berlin.—*By F. G. Taylor, Jr., New York City.*

The only known Chinese Jews have lived in Kaifung, China, since 1163 A. D. For several hundred years, they kept their colony apart from the Chinese. Today, however, after numerous generations of intermarriage, the few who are left have almost entirely lost their original racial characteristics.

Highwaymen were so bold in 17th century England that they often posted notices on the gates of wealthy men, forbidding them—under penalty of death—to go on a journey with less than $100. In fact lawlessness was so rife that few prominent men would venture more than a mile from home without a bodyguard—usually two servants carrying blunderbusses.—*By W. M. Forsythe, New Brighton, Pennsylvania.*

A person is still considered to be a Negro, or specifically a quintroon, when $^{15}/_{16}$ of his blood is white. Incidentally, while the child of a white and a Negro is known as a mulatto, the child of a Negro and a mulatto is technically called a sambo.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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The Double-Edged Pen

Continued from page 24

shake hands with and beam upon members of Congress. Invoking his smiles and Jim's letters, Democrats and Republicans represent themselves as one great big happy family, and it would be a shame to spoil non-partisan plans for a reunion on Capitol Hill next January.

Now, all this misuse of the President's popularity and Mr. Farley's penmanship would not disturb Democratic councils if the Administration did not have a special interest in the outcome of the fall elections and in the make-up of the next House and Senate. But the trouble is that no off-year test in decades has provoked more thought and worry in official circles. It amounts to a referendum on the President's program, and the White House is anxious to make a strong showing; it needs the momentum which a vote of confidence and continuance would afford. More important, many major experiments must fold up if emergency grants are not renewed or embodied in permanent legislation. What happens to them may have an important bearing on 1936, and no matter how non-political an administration professes to be, all its thoughts during a first term are long, long thoughts. There are no exceptions to that rule.

Despite sporadic support of a few loyal Progressives and new appeals to the voters to ignore political labels in the continuing crisis, only a political ignoramus accepts at full value protestations that Democratic strategists are pursuing a hands-off policy. On the contrary, they are playing a hard and close game in the summer and fall primaries and conventions of a score of states. So far as possible, they have left nothing to chance or carelessness.

They want to insure the return, not only of a Democratic Congress, but of one that will follow the leader. The closing hours of the Seventy-third Congress revealed a strong undercurrent of restlessness and dissatisfaction on the majority side of the aisle, and it would be just too bad for the future of the New Deal if this recalcitrancy were reinforced by Republican gains of any magnitude. The White House can hardly be blamed if it wants none but yes-sir men around for the next two critical years.

Star Salesmen on Tour

Its delegated ministers have intervened wherever its interests were especially involved. It has trotted out candidates and tried to build them up by permitting them to handle patronage matters, as it did for Joe Guffey in Pennsylvania and R. Earl Peters in Indiana. It has ignored old enemies whom it would like to weaken, including almost all the anti-Roosevelt chieftains at Chicago, and it has rewarded once-obscure men who stood by in time of need. It has sought to persuade supposedly weak candidates to withdraw by dangling federal plums before their eyes. In many sections it has changed the political landscape by the discriminate use of federal influence.

In addition to these intra-party maneuvers, it has sent its star salesmen—Rex Tugwell, Hugh Johnson, Harry Hopkins, Mr. Farley—on the road to resell their remedies to the people. Possible expenditures for the current fiscal year are estimated to range from $7,000,000,000 to $17,000,000,000, the latter figure being enough, as one sour Republican points out, "to pay $1,000 a head for every man and woman who voted for Herbert Hoover." Not in many years have political observers detected so many and such astute moves to influence off-year elections.

Although this sort of work is entrusted to aides, thereby sparing the President even the semblance of repudiation if things miscarry, he has taken a deft hand in it in several notable instances. When Senator Tom Connally and Representative Joe Bailey, rivals in the Texas senatorial primary, escorted 125 editors from home to the White House, Mr. Roosevelt staged a clever pantomime. Paying no special notice to Mr. Bailey as he passed in the handshaking line, he threw his arms around the senator, who brought up the rear, and told the delegation what a good friend "Tom" was. Then, casually, laughingly, he added that he got along well enough with the Texas delegation in the House except for "occasional lapses." Putting Tom and Joe together, the editors recalled that Mr. Bailey had voted to override the presidential veto of the bill liberalizing federal salaries and veterans' payments.

Federal Plums to Clear the Way

Governor George White, an old Klondike miner, who crossed Chilkoot Pass while thousands died around him, and subsequently slipped through the ravines of Ohio politics to the State House, became a potential victim of Administration conspirators. Summoned to Washington and offered any one of five federal posts, he soon discovered that calculating politics rather than sentiment lay behind the offers. The Administration wanted to remove him from the Ohio senatorial primary in order to clear the path for its favored man, Representative Charles West. Mr. Roosevelt's friends do not dislike Governor White; they simply figure that he has less chance than Mr. West to defeat Professor Simeon Fess, a G. O. P. gadfly whose retirement is devoutly desired by the Democrats.

Of course, nobody is making affidavits about the details of these midsummer manipulations, but everybody at the Capital understands how and why such things are done. Although circumstances may differ, the reason for this kind of intervention is the same, whether the attempt be made in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Missouri, Maryland, Wisconsin or New Mexico, to mention only a few places where Mr. Farley's footprints—and letters—have been found.

In these undertakings the Administration braves precedent. It is almost a political axiom that a President cannot delegate his strength to substitute statesmen. No matter how popular he may be, the people usually prefer to manage or mismanage their affairs without advice from Washington. President Wilson was unable to defeat his worst enemy—Jim Reed—when the world was at his feet, and President Coolidge was unable to boost his best friend—William M. Butler—into the Senate when Wall and La Salle Streets were eulogizing him as "the greatest President since Abraham Lincoln."

But these are strange and difficult times, and Mr. Roosevelt seems to have a patent on upsetting tradition. Then again, with so many questionable fellows trying to hitch-hike back to Washington by faking companionship with him or correspondence with Jim, the Administration may feel that it has a right to distinguish between friends and chiselers in both parties.

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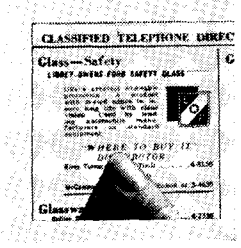

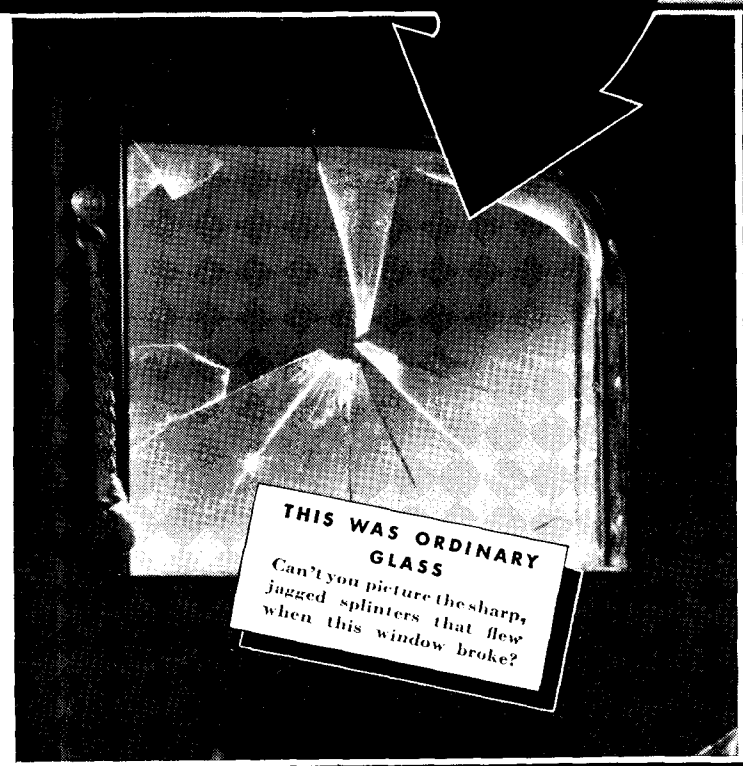

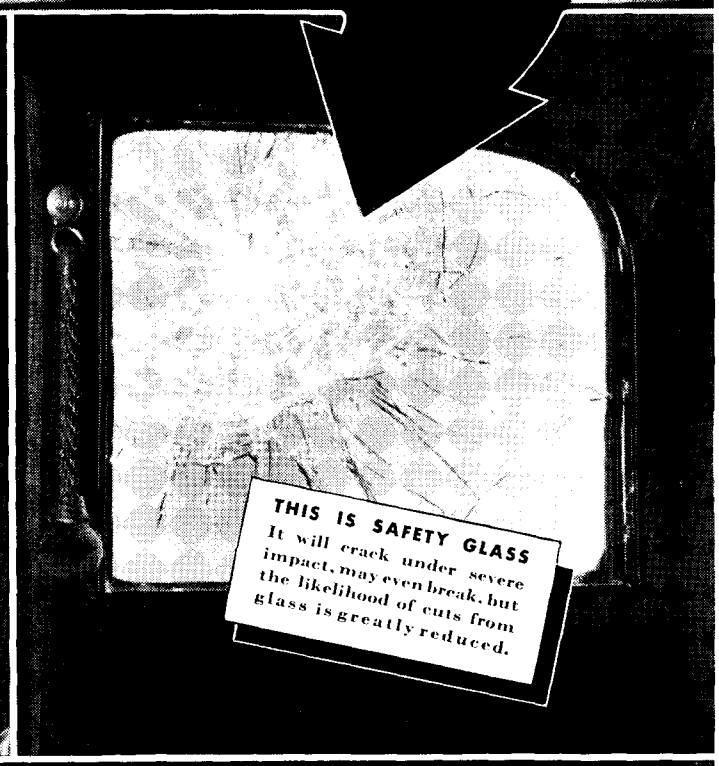
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The Man who Saved the World

Continued from page 9

was a free man. You could have had your slipper with pleasure. At this moment I am under a commitment to Berati. His interests and his safety—if he is still alive—must be my first consideration."

"Do you think that after all I hit him?" she asked eagerly.

"I fear that it is quite possible. All I know is that he was seated in his chair one moment, you fired, and when I had looked round the chair was empty."

She smiled doubtfully.

"He is very hard to kill."

"And it appears to me that you are a very inexperienced assassin!"

"That," she confided, "is because I never wanted to kill a man before. Please give me my slipper."

He shook his head.

"It is plainly my duty," he said, "to find out whether Berati is alive or dead."

"I agree with you."

"And when I have discovered?"

"Listen," she begged, moving a little nearer toward him. "There is a tiny café in a fashionable but not too reputable corner of Rome in the arcade leading from the Plaza Vittoria. Its name is 'The Café of the Shining Star.' You will find me there at ten o'clock. May I have my shoe, so that I can make a dignified departure?"

FAWLEY shook his head. He pointed to an antique Italian armoire which looked as if it might have been a boot cupboard.

"You can help yourself, signorina. The slipper I have in my pocket I keep until I know whether Berati is alive or dead."

"You keep it as evidence—yes? You would hand me over as the assassin? As though anyone would believe your story!"

"All the same," Fawley reminded her, "for the moment Berati is my master."

He turned the handle of the door. She kissed the tips of her fingers to him lightly.

"I can see," she sighed, "that you are one of those who do not change their minds. All the same, I warn you there is danger in what you are doing."

"A slipper," Fawley protested, "a delicate satin slipper with a slightly raised inner sole could never bring me ill luck."

She shook her head and there was no ghost of a smile upon her lips just now.

"Medici buckles," she confided. "They are very nearly priceless. Men and women in the old days paid with their lives for what you are doing."

Fawley smiled.

"You shall have the buckle back," he promised. "For the rest I will use my penknife carefully."

ONCE more Fawley entered Berati's palatial bureau with a certain trepidation. His heart sank still further after his first glance toward the desk. The chair behind it was occupied by Prince Patoni.

"What about the chief?" Fawley asked eagerly. "Was he hurt?"

The young man remained silent for a moment, his jet-black eyes fixed upon his visitor's, his fingers toying with the watch chain which was suspended from a high button of his waistcoat. He seemed, in his raven-like black clothes, with his hooked nose, his thin, aristocratic face and bloodless lips, like some bird of prey.

"Our chief," he announced calmly, "is unhurt. . . . He has left a message for you. Will you be pleased to receive it?"

Fawley drew a sigh of relief. Life seemed suddenly to become less complicated.

"Let me hear what it is, if you please," he begged.

"The chief has been summoned to his wife, the principessa's, reception at the palazzo. Some royalties, I believe, have made their appearance. It is his wish that you should repair there immediately. Here," he added, pushing a highly glazed and beautifully engraved card across the table toward him, "is your invitation, as you are probably unknown to the servants and ushers of the household."

Fawley glanced at the card and thrust it into his pocket.

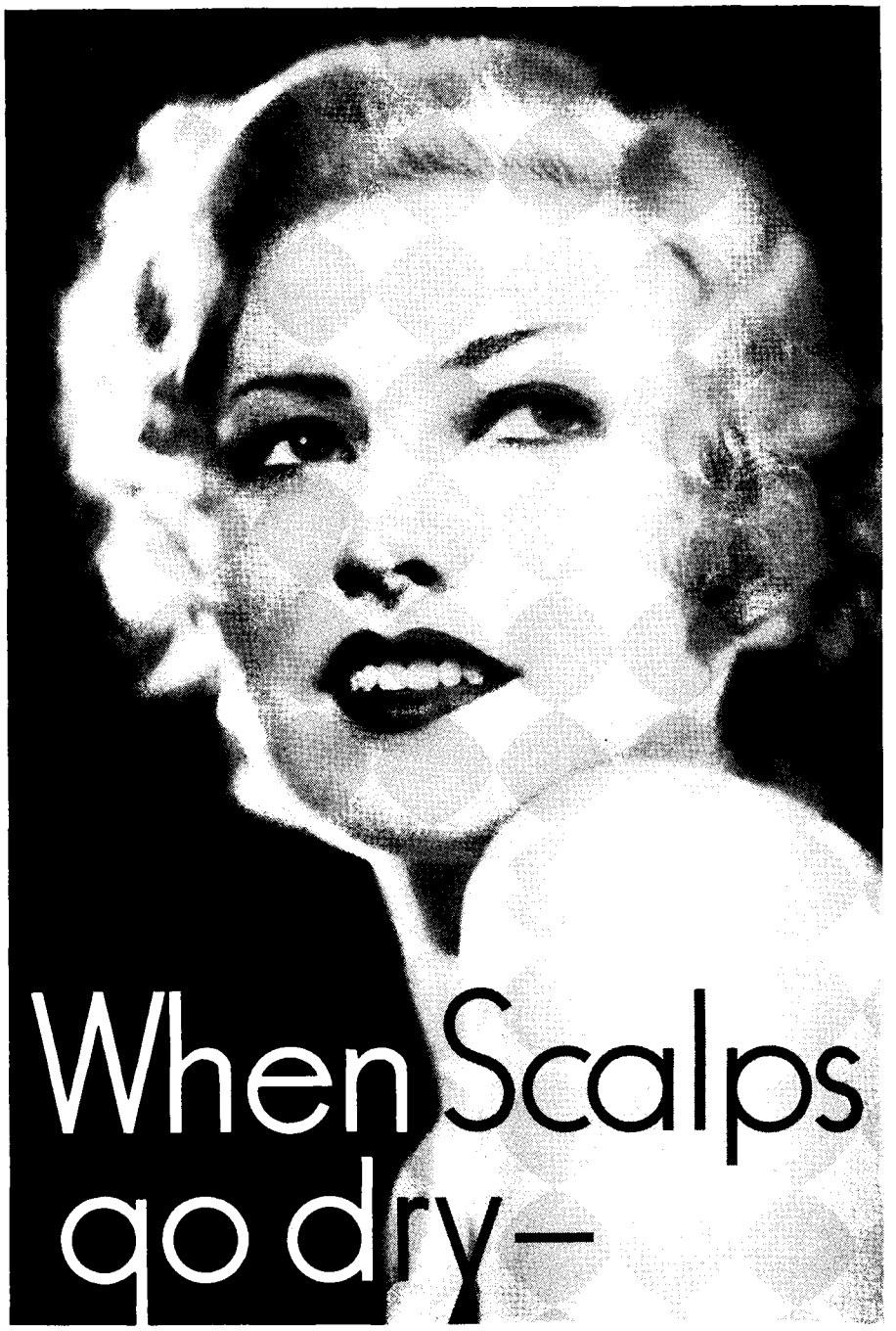
"I will go, of course," he replied, "but please explain to me how it is that Berati's wife is principessa? He himself, I understood, had no other rank than his military one of general."

"That is quite true," Patoni admitted, "but our illustrious chief married some time ago the Principessa de Morenato. I must beg you not to delay."

"Tell me before I leave," Fawley said, "if any orders have been issued

(Continued on page 36)

"He likes to hear Ben Bernie!" JACK MARKOW



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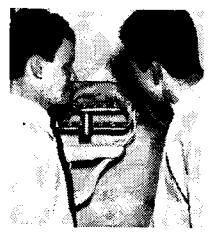

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(Continued from page 35)

for the arrest of the person who fired that shot."

"The matter does not come, sir, within the scope of your activities," was the icy reply.

Fawley took his departure and made his way according to directions to where, under a scarlet awning, guests were coming and going from a great gray stone palazzo. The principessa, a handsome woman of the best Roman type, gave him her lifted fingers and listened agreeably to his few words.

"My husband has told me of your coming," she confided. "It will give him pleasure before you leave to have a further word with you. . . . Elida, do not tell me that you are going to leave us so soon?"

Fawley glanced around. Some instinct had already told him whom he would find standing almost at his elbow. It seemed to him, however, that he had not realized until that moment in the overheated, flower-scented room with its soft odors of femininity, its vague atmosphere of sensuous disturbance, the full subtlety of her attraction. She smiled as though the impending introduction would be a pleasure to her.

"It is Major Martin Fawley, an American of many distinctions, which for the moment I cannot call to mind," the princess said. "My, alas, rather distant relative, the Princess Elida di Rezco di Vasena."

The formal introduction with its somewhat Italian vagueness gave Fawley no hint as to whether the princess were married or not, so he contented himself with a ceremonious bow. He murmured some commonplace to which she replied in very much the same fashion. Then a newcomer presented himself to the princess and the latter turned away to greet him. Fawley found himself involuntarily glancing at his companion's feet. She was elegantly shod but the colors were not an ideal combination.

"It is your fault," she reminded him.

HER coolness was almost repelling and Fawley felt himself relieved by the gleam of anxiety in her eyes. The reply, however, which was framing upon his lips became unnecessary. It seemed as though both became aware of a certain fact at the same moment. Within a few feet of them, but so placed that he was not directly in their line of vision, stood the man whom all Italy was beginning to fear. General Berati, very impressive in his somber uniform, very much alive, was watching the two with steady gaze.

"Princess," Fawley said, determined to break through the tenseness of those few seconds, "I am wondering whether I have had the happiness to meet one of your family. There was a di Vasena riding some wonderful horses in the show at San Remo last year. I met him at a friendly game of polo afterward."

"My brother," she exclaimed, with a quick smile of appreciation. "I am glad that you remembered him. He is my favorite in the family. You are like all your country people, I suppose, and the English too, very fond of games."

"We have less opportunity nowadays for indulging in them," Fawley regretted.

"You would say that I speak in—what is the English word?—platitudes if I suggested that you had been driven to the greater amusements?"

"There is truth in the idea at any rate," Fawley admitted.

She turned and touched the arm of a young uniformed soldier who was standing near by.

"You remember Major Fawley, Antonio?" she asked. "He met you—"

"Why, at San Remo. Naturally I do," the young man interrupted. "We played polo afterward. The Ortini found us ponies and I remember, sir," he went on, with a smile, "that you showed us how Americans can ride."

"I shall leave you two together for a time," Elida announced.

She passed on, made her curtsy to royalty and lingered for a moment with her hostess. Fawley exchanged commonplaces with di Vasena and afterward took his leave. He looked everywhere for his chief, but Berati was nowhere to be found. It seemed almost as though he had sprung out of the earth to watch the meeting between his would-be assassin and Fawley and then, having satisfied himself, disappeared.

THE Café of the Shining Star could have existed nowhere but in Rome, and nowhere in Rome but in that deserted Plaza Vittoria, with its strange little pool of subdued lights. Its decorations were black, its furniture dingy but reminiscent of past magnificence. A broad staircase ascended from the middle of the sparsely occupied restaurant and from the pillars supporting it were suspended two lights enclosed in antique lanterns.

As Fawley entered, a weary-looking *maître d'hôtel* came forward, bowed and, without wasting words, pointed to the stairs.

Madame, the *patrona,* from behind a small counter where with her head supported between her hands she studied the pages of her ledger, also glanced up and with a welcoming smile pointed upward. Fawley mounted the stairs to a room in which barely a dozen people were seated at small tables—people of a class whom for the moment he found it difficult to place. At the farther end of the room at a table encircled by a ponderous screen he found the princess. A dour-looking woman standing patiently by her side fell back on his arrival.

"Sit down if you please, Major Fawley," Elida begged him. "I have ordered wine. You see it here. Drink a glass of it or not as you please. It is very famous—it has been in the cellars of this café for more years than I have lived—or perhaps you."

Fawley obeyed her gestured invitation, seated himself opposite her and poured out two glasses of the clear amber wine. She laughed a toast across at him.

"You come in a good humor, I trust," she said. "You know at least that I am not an ordinary assassin. Perhaps I am sorry already that I raised my hand against my relation-in-law. He is on the point, I fear, of making a great mistake, but to kill—well, perhaps I was wrong."

"I am very glad to hear you say so," Fawley murmured.

"You have brought the slipper?"

"I have brought the slipper," he acknowledged. "It has, in fact, never left my possession."

"You will give it to me?" she exclaimed, holding out her hand.

"Yes, I will give it to you," Fawley assented.

The tips of her fingers tapped hard against the tablecloth.

"I cannot wait," she prayed. "Give it to me now."

"There are terms," Fawley warned her.

Disappointment shone out of her eyes. Her lips quivered. For a moment his attention wandered. He was thinking that her mouth was the most exquisite thing he had ever seen. He was wondering—

"Do not keep me in suspense, please," she begged. "What terms do you speak of?"

"You will not find them difficult," he assured her, "especially as you have confessed just now that you are not an

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assassin at heart. Listen to my proposition."

"Proposition," she sighed, her eyes once more dancing. "I am intrigued. Will you commence? I am all eagerness."

"Fold your hands in front of your bosom and swear to me that you will not repeat this afternoon's adventure and you shall have your slipper."

She held out her hands.

"Please place them exactly as you desire."

Fawley crossed them. Like white flowers they were—soft and fragrant, with nails showing faintly pink underneath but innocent of any disfiguring stain of color. She repeated after him the few words which form the sacred oath of the Roman woman. When she had finished she treated him to a little grimace.

"You are too clever, my chivalrous captor," she complained. "Fancy your being able to play the priest. And now, please, the slipper."

Fawley drew it from his pocket and laid it upon the table. The exquisite buckle with the strangely set crown flamed out its brilliant coloring into the room.

"You regret the buckle?" she asked. "It is very beautiful and very valuable. It is quite authentic, too. There is Medici blood in my veins. That, I suppose, is why I have the impulse to kill!"

A single lamp stood upon the table with a worn shade of rose-colored silk. Except for its rather fantastic and very dim illumination they sat among the shadows. Her hand touched his which still rested upon the slipper.

"You will give it to me?" she whispered.

"I shall give it to you," Fawley agreed, "but please do not think that the buckle or even the fact that you have worn it is the only thing I have found precious."

"What do you mean?" she asked fearfully.

Fawley lifted the delicate innersole of the slipper and looked up. Their eyes met across the table. She was breathing quickly.

"You have read it?" she gasped.

"Naturally."

"You are keeping it?"

"On the contrary, I am returning it to you."

A wave of relief drove the tension from her face. She seemed for the moment speechless. The paper which he handed across the table found its way almost mechanically into the jeweled handbag by her side.

"At the same time," he went on gravely, "you must not hope for too much. I am in the service of Berati. I must tell him what I found in the slipper of the woman who tried to kill him."

"You will tell him who it was?"

"I think that I am wrong, but that I propose to forget," he told her. "You have probably made many men forget themselves in your brief years, Princess. You will make many more. What I read I shall communicate to Berati. The source of my information I shall keep to myself. Take the slipper."

Her hands were drawing it off the table but as though by accident they passed over Fawley's and he felt their shivering warmth. There was a softer light in her eyes than he had ever seen.

"Princess—Elida—" he whispered.

She leaned toward him but Fawley swung suddenly round in his chair. Patoni, stark and sinister, was standing by the side of the screen looking in. His smile was one of composed malevolence.

"I beg a thousand pardons," he apologized, with a stiff little bow. "I am here on a mission of great importance."

Fawley rose to his feet. He was as tall as Patoni and at that moment his face was as hard and set.

"It is part of your Italian manners," he asked, "to play the spy in this way?"

"I have offered you my apologies," was the cold retort. "A quarrel between us is not possible, Major Fawley. I am still of the church and I do not fight duels. I am compelled to ask you to accompany me without a moment's delay to the generalissimo."

"The princess—" Fawley began.

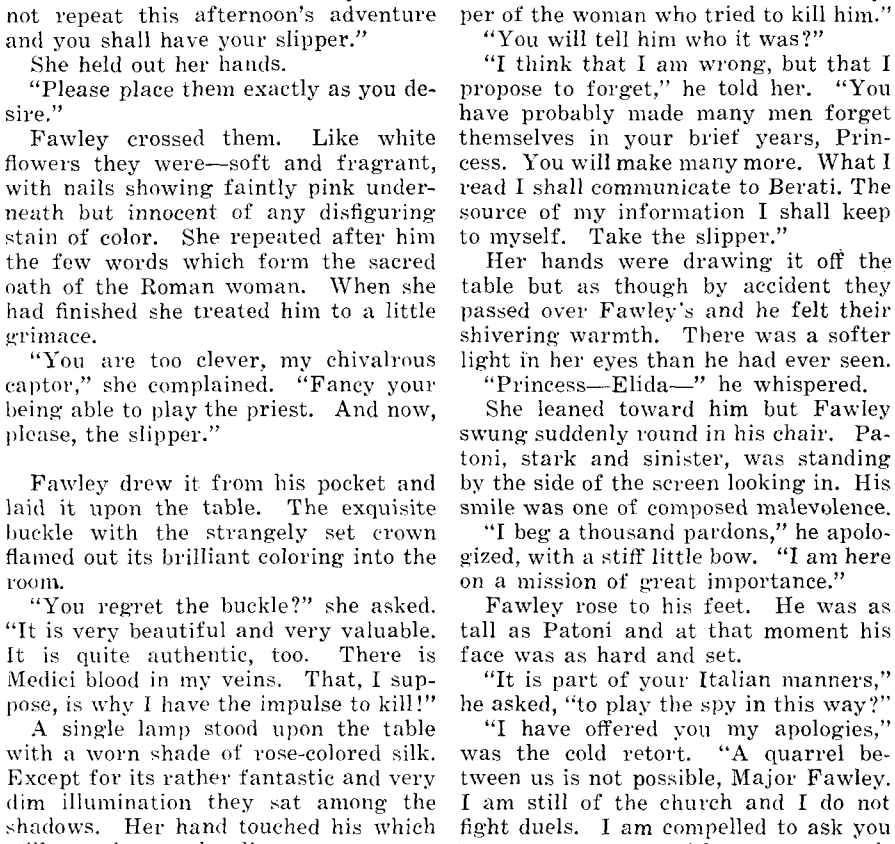
"Has her duenna," Patoni interrupted.

Elida leaned forward and suddenly clasped Fawley's hand. He seemed somehow to have grown in stature, a man on fire with anger and without a doubt dangerous. Even the two carabinieri standing behind Patoni looked at him with respect.

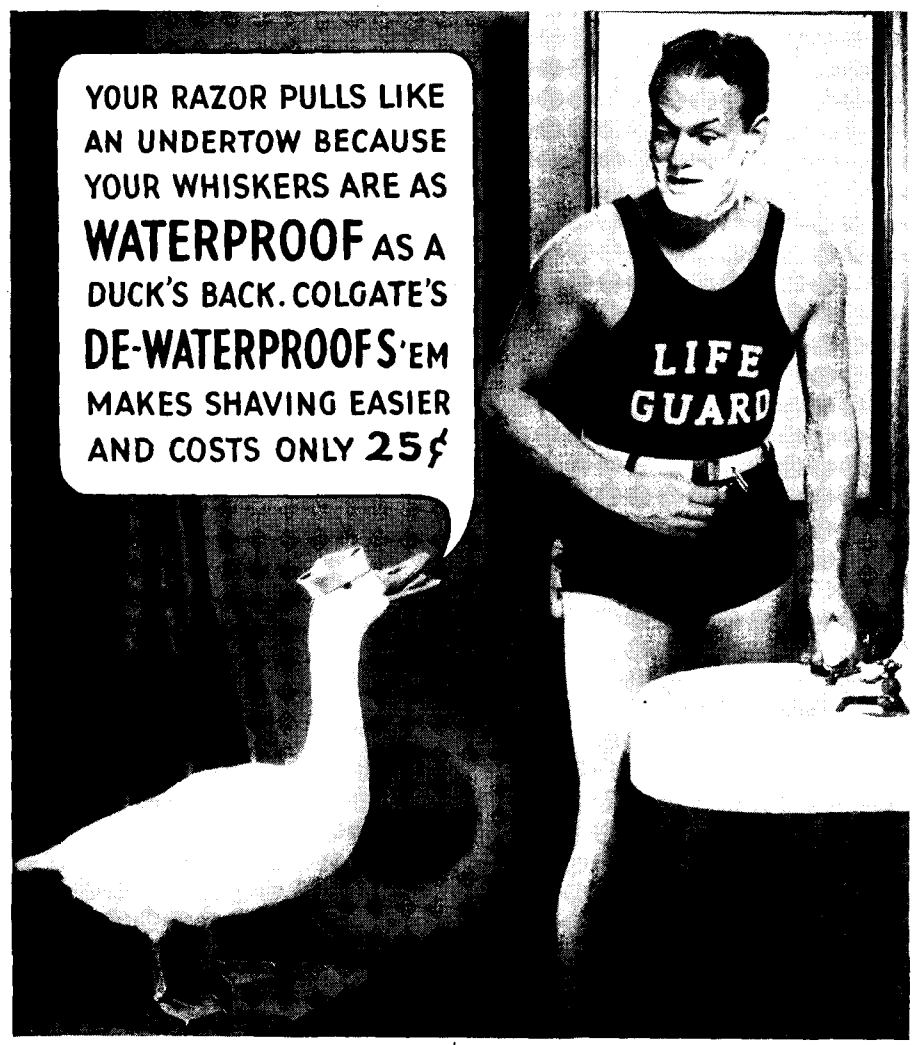
"Please go," she begged. "Please go with Prince Patoni, my friend. My car is waiting, my servant is here. I need no escort. I wish so much that you do as I ask."

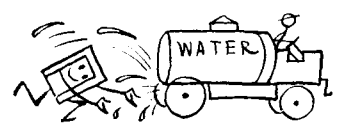
Fawley bent over her hands and touched them with his lips. Then he turned and left the room with Patoni.

(To be continued next week)

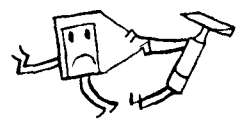


"This is three and a quarter, with three dollars back on the bottle"

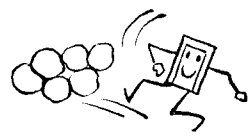

YOUR RAZOR PULLS LIKE AN UNDERTOW BECAUSE YOUR WHISKERS ARE AS WATERPROOF AS A DUCK'S BACK. COLGATE'S DE-WATERPROOFS 'EM MAKES SHAVING EASIER AND COSTS ONLY 25¢
LIFE GUARD



Know why shaving is difficult? Here's why... there's a tough waterproof jacket of oil around every single whisker in your face. And that waterproof jacket makes whiskers mighty hard to cut.

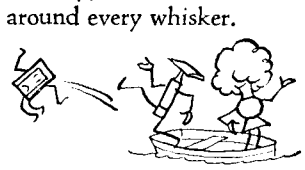


Once you *remove* that waterproof jacket ... once you strip every last trace of it off *every* whisker ... you'll get a shave as smooth as a husband's alibi.



But here's what sinks your razor... most shaving creams *can't* remove *all* the waterproofing. They froth up into *big-bubble* lather ... and you can't get a *lot* of *big* bubbles close around every whisker.

Colgate's, however, is *not* a "big-bubble" shave cream. Colgate's whips into millions of tiny, *little bubbles* that crowd *close* around every whisker.



Myriads of tiny bubbles attack each whisker... strip away the waterproofing ... *emulsify* the oil ... float it away.

Then whole armies of bubbles seep right into each whisker ... *wilt* it ... soak it *soft* ... make it a cinch for your razor. Try Colgate's ... prove to yourself what a smoother, easier shave small-bubble lather gives you. The large-size tube is now only 25¢ ... buy it today.

P. S. *For a swell, cool finish to a grand, smooth shave, use Colgate's After-Shave Lotion, and Colgate's Talc for Men.*

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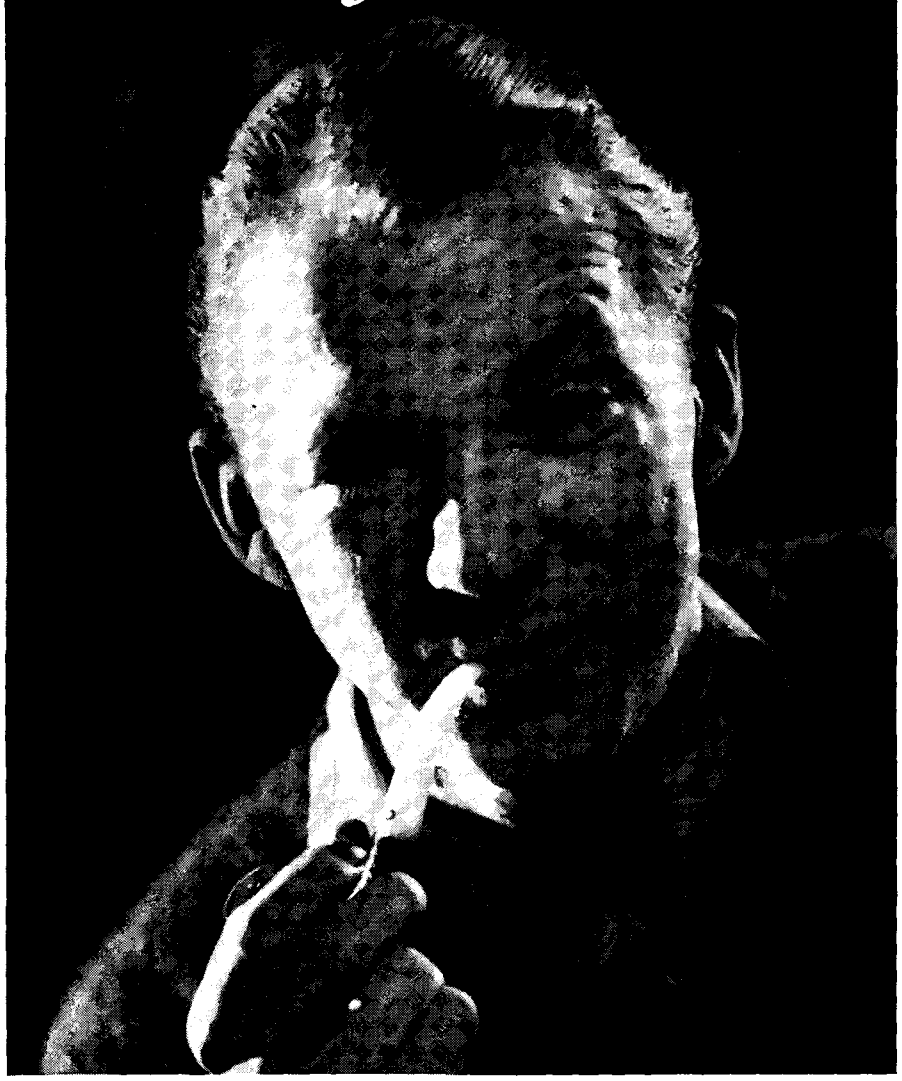
"Mellowed 174 years? *No foolin'!*"

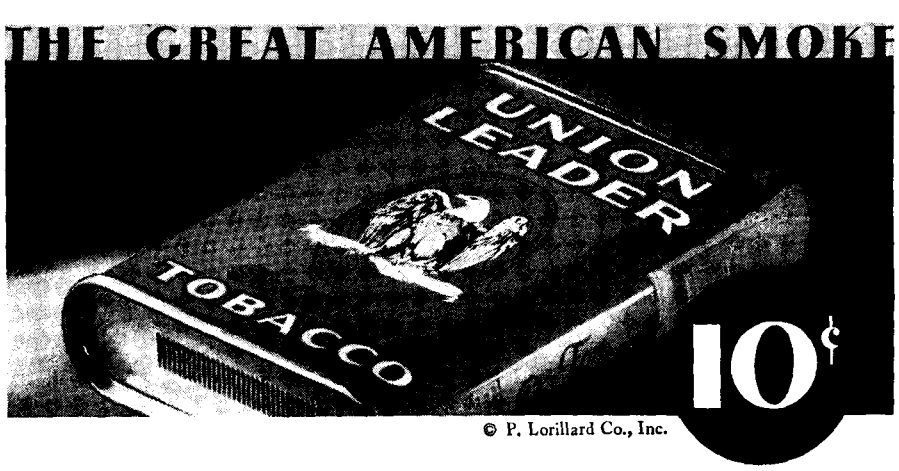


LEE TRACY . . . noted Paramount movie star

WE'RE *not* fooling, Mr. Tracy. The Kentucky Burley in Union Leader hasn't been aged 174 years . . . but there are 174 years of experience back of it. You see, the Lorillard folks have been selecting, curing and blending tobaccos since 1760. They've learned what it takes to produce a truly fine pipe blend. That explains why Union Leader is so mild and smooth and appealing to your taste. And why you get such a generous tin for only 10¢. (In cigarettes, too . . . it's delightful!)

UNION LEADER

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE



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The Binding Precedent

Continued from page 13

trouble. Bah! You're the honest judge, the fine, upright citizen.

What right has Glenn to do this to you? Why couldn't he keep things a little quiet, anyhow? Your fraternity house is your home. You don't bring drabs into your home.

Keep things quiet? You, you'd have kept things quiet, wouldn't you? You'd have let them fester in your mind. You keep your thoughts to yourself, don't you? You're seeing your thoughts embodied now.

Go home. Go home. Go to your son, in his disgrace. Say to him, "Glenn, I'm sorry for all this. Try to straighten up. I wouldn't tell you any nonsense about this, at least, if I could help it. I don't think there's anything in common women, even for a young man. I tell you, you've got to respect the woman, Glenn, or else you're insulting her and insulting yourself. Listen. You should never go near a woman unless you're willing to acknowledge her child, yes, and proud to acknowledge it—"

BAH! What do you know about such things? At least your son has courage. You, you know the law. You know books, books. You don't say to yourself, "Is this claim just? Is this man a thief?" You say, "Does this action conform to the law?" Bah! You're up against reality now.

And you can't talk to Glenn like that, and you know you can't. You're too stiff, too constrained. You hate to reveal yourself.

No, you're Masterson, J., Thomas B. Masterson, the heavy father.

A fine father you are, aren't you?

And soon you're fifty-nine. You've got two daughters in college. They're Thetas. Both of them took honors last year. You'd sooner see them with a few beaux. But they're slow in speech, like you, and they're not too pretty, and their eyes are aloof and critical, and they put off the young men.

Your younger son won't be a lawyer. He's going into engineering. You're planning to send him to M. I. T. A fine man he is, methodical and careful and contemptuous of all inaccuracy. The law is guesswork, he says. Well, let him learn how much exactness there is in strength of materials, and in obsolescence estimates. You've seen engineers, and had them on the stand.

He's not a dour, sullen fellow like you, anyway. He's gay and friendly as a puppy dog, and everybody likes him.

Your youngest daughter—well, you love her best, though that's your own secret, and you strive stoutly to keep it. She's beautiful and charming, and more like her mother every day.

In repose, her face is sometimes unutterably sad.

So is yours.

Glenn's not at home. He quit college the year his fraternity expelled him. He got a job, some sort of selling job on the road. He's had lots of jobs since.

There was that time he brought that wife of his home for a visit. Chorus girl was written all over her. Still, your son's wife is his wife, and politeness to her is what you owe to your son and to yourself.

It didn't matter. She divorced him in six months. He wasn't good enough even for her.

Glenn's only a young kid, but already his good looks are going. His eyes are washed-out, and there is a puffiness beneath them. He's getting heavy and soft-looking. You don't see him, often.

He writes for money now and then. You send it to him, always. You think your wife sends him money, too. You never ask.

She cries, sometimes. Well, she's a woman. She can't help it.

You're sixty-one. Your hair is snow-white. You have the reputation of being the toughest judge on the bench, and you know it and live up to it. You've learned a lot about the law, and you hate innovations in it. "Stare decisis" is your watchword. Stare decisis: let the judgment stand.

You stare grimly at perspiring attorneys. Somebody has said of you: "If old Judge Masterson ever bites himself in his sleep he'll die of poison."

Well, what of it? What do they expect? Your wife is dying of cancer.

You've advanced plenty of money to your son Glenn. Three times it was to keep him out of jail.

He gives bad checks. So far, he has given three that you know about. One can go to jail for that, in Pennsylvania.

All of your other children are respectable, and rather clever, but a little colorless and dull. Mary is in a settlement house in Philadelphia. Claire has written a book. You sniff at both achievements. They're fine big girls: they weigh a hundred and forty pounds or more, but they're tall and rawboned as you used to be.

Irene is traveling around with one of the neighbor's children. He has lots of money, and his great-great grandpa was a chum of William Penn's. In the summer, he rides in steeplechases. How you hate him!

You're sixty-two. You always wear dark clothes, but this time you're wearing a black tie.

Your son couldn't come to his mother's funeral, but you've heard of him. He hasn't merely overdrawn his account this time. He's forged a check for six hundred and fifty dollars.

You got this information two days ago. You've done nothing about it, as yet.

Your daughter Irene has just knocked at your door. "Yes?" you say. "Oh. Come on in, Baby." She's always Baby, to you.

She says, "Father, I—I don't know whether I should give you this today, but I think I'd better. It's—it's a letter from Mamma. She—she wrote it about a year ago."

"Oh. She— About a year ago. Yes."

"She told me to give it to you. I—Whatever it says, Father, I—I wouldn't get upset too much. I'd tear it up, but . . ."

She goes out; she shuts the door. You know she's right outside.

Dear Tom:

I love you more than anything else in the world.

You have always loved me, and I hope you always will. . . .

YOU read that far, and your eyes are a blur. You can't go on for a moment. Then the rest of it is a blur, too. You read it through once, and you tear it carefully into small pieces.

But you can't let go. There's your daughter, breathless outside the door. Call her in. Go through with this.

"It's all right, Irene. It's all right," you say. She's in your arms, you're patting her shoulder.

"Your mother—your mother knew she was going to leave us. She—she wanted to give me a few instructions, that's all—she—I'll tell each of you privately. About you, she—she had some idea I

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was opposed, I might be opposed, to your early marriage. That's nonsense. Of course, she was so ill, she was no judge of things. I—I want you to marry, Irene. I want grandchildren."

"There— Did Mamma say that?"

"Yes. I can't show it to you. It's—it's personal, you understand. Your mother and I were—your mother . . ."

"I'll never leave you, Pop," she says. That's the first time anybody called you Pop in fifteen years. You were always Father. But your wife was Mamma, always, to all of them.

"Have to get downtown, Baby," you say, after a minute.

"Must you?"

"Yes. Things to do," you say.

You've got to get to your own place, in the courthouse. You're used to deciding cases there. You can get in and close the door. Nobody will disturb you.

Phrases of your wife's letter keep recurring to you. You put them out of your mind. You will consider the case *in camera*, in your private rooms that the Commonwealth has given you for your seclusion.

YOU go in. You nod to the clerks. You say, "I do not wish to be disturbed this morning." You will not be disturbed.

You light a cigar. You sit down, no more heavily than usual. You are about to consider a case: In re Anne Masterson et al. You need no citations, no reference to authority. You are the authority. You are the judge.

As always, you range your points: one, two, three, four.

In primis, then:

You make a calculation more often performed by leering women than by men. March, April, May. . . . You count to seven. Then you stop. Then you make another calculation, of days. You begin with March 11th. That was your wedding day.

You have been a judge in this sort of case before. You have said, and your learned colleagues have quoted you: "In such matters, the Court is reluctant to presume an illicit issue when a reputable one is possible."

It is possible that the petitioner, Anne Masterson, was mistaken in her letter to you.

It is possible that she was lying to you.

She said that Glenn was not your son.

Would a woman lie to a man about such a thing? She began by saying that she loved you better than anything in the world. But would she dare to disown your child, even though he was a cad and a thief? He was the great trouble of your life, and she knew it. Perhaps she knew that you reproached yourself because of him, that you blamed yourself for his misdeeds.

But women love their children best of all.

Was Anne Masterson of sound mind when she wrote that letter? You believed she was of sound mind.

You were ready with your first point. Considering the evidence presented, you decided that you must consider that your wife had told you the truth. The question of mistake you discarded with contempt. "Faithful to you in word and deed," she wrote. Faithful since—

Now, for your second point.

The said Anne Masterson has given you four children, and her great love, well, her great tenderness for twenty-seven years. She has kept your name stainless. She has been your helpmate, your gay and gallant mistress.

She is reaching out her hand to you. You do not know just why she wrote this letter to you, but it was because she thought that she must. Well, you are a man who recognizes obligations. This was a compulsion. She had to write this letter. Let that suffice you.

So, inexorably, to point four.

The mother of this boy having kept your name immaculate, it is easily possible that he may drag it in the dust. But she has not, and you will not.

Finally, your conclusion. Stare decisis. Let the judgment stand. You will change nothing. The binding precedent shall not be denied.

You get your check-book. Then you write:

"Dear Sir:

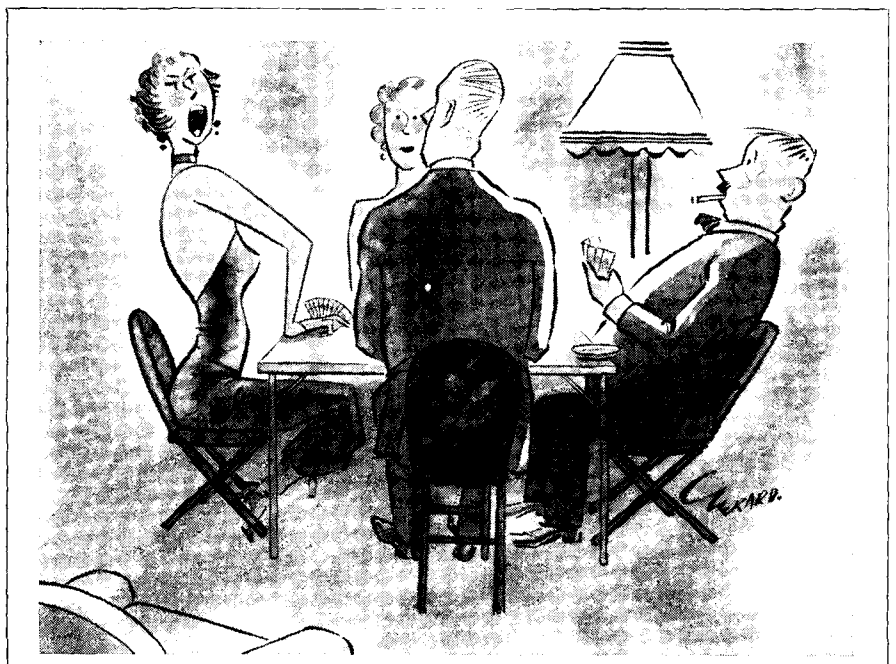
"I send you herewith a check for six hundred and fifty dollars covering an indebtedness contracted by my son, Glenn W. Masterson. I tell you further that I object to the tone of your communication. A lawyer would tell you that its words are ill-chosen. In the event of further unpleasantness from you, I shall know how to protect my son effectually from your malice.

"I am, sir . . ."

Your pen scratches on. One of the clerks outside winks at another. "Tough old so-and-so, ain't he?" he is saying. "And his wife's only just dead. Betcha he's writing 'Motion denied' again."

But you are not, Judge Masterson. You are writing:

"Sustained."



"If that was my husband, I bid three no trump. But if it wasn't, somebody'll get smacked in the face!" DAVID C. GERARD

They didn't know what battery trouble was

neither need you

if you buy a

USL BATTERY

● How can you tell a good battery from a poor one? From the outside, one make generally looks as good as another. It is what you can not see inside the battery that determines how good it is.

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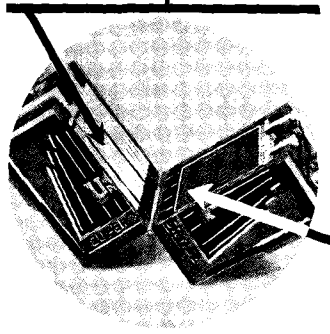
DURABAR
for longer life



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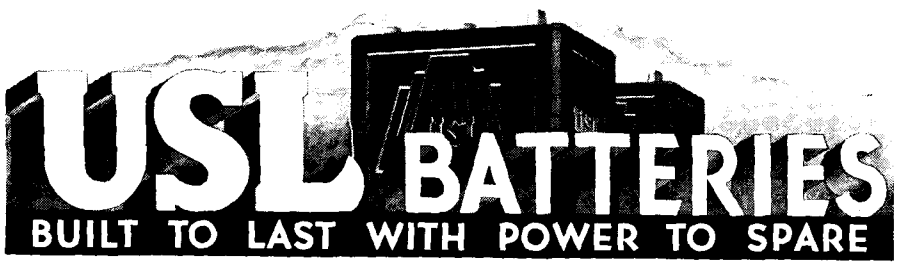

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Here's the "inside story" of leaky tanks. Actual photograph of the Rust-Rotted inside of an ordinary tank only 20 months old. This can't happen to Monel Metal... it's Rust-Proof!

ENGINEERS visited a region famous for its pure water. Cut apart hot water tanks installed only a few months. Rust had attacked *every one* and dangerously weakened many. Yet not a single tank showed any *outside* evidence of the damage done *inside*.

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Woman in Love

Continued from page 19

Inside were the smells of summer air, drifting over old floors and old chairs and old books; there was a pleasant half-light in the hall; upon the stair-turning a window sent a flood of reddening sunlight. Escorted by a small Chinese boy in white coolie clothes, Tam went upstairs and found herself located in a wide, airy bedroom, shabby but infinitely welcoming and comfortable. There were windows that opened into the tops of the trees, their white curtains moving languidly over the sills in a late breath of air; there were a big bed and a shelf of books, a desk, a faded carpet, mismated low chairs. An open door gave upon a large bathroom, obviously converted from some other use; the towels were big, soft and plentiful, and the faucet ran instant hot water.

STEADILY, with something of the expression that had been on her face when she had first come home two years ago, the girl unpacked. It was a serious expression, a little bewildered, patient with the patience of betrayed youth. Tam took possession of the bureau, hung her hat and coat in the closet. The house was very still with a beautiful, restful stillness; one felt that there had been much living here, that feet had run up and down the stairs, voices echoed between the big bare rooms, children played under the oaks. But in this hour there was only peace.

Lying on her bed, staring at the dropping light on the faintly flowered old wallpaper, Tam was motionless for a long time. The slight frown on her face remained; her eyes were narrowed and her jaw firm, but she was not really thinking. Such thoughts as did come to her were vague and disconnected. Once she said aloud, "Charity!" and much later, in a puzzled half-whisper, "How different it all is from what one thinks!" Finally, again only half audibly, "Charity. That's what it is. And how hard to take it and not to give it! Somehow I always thought of myself as the one that would be kind, and give, and help. Funny! But I can't do anything else now!"

The jangling of an old-fashioned dinner bell aroused her from a light waking sleep; she brushed her hair quickly and went downstairs. It was just six o'clock; there was still daylight in the garden, the tops of the oaks were varnished with gold, and bees were tearing by like bullets above the motionless flowers.

She and her hostess were alone at the meal; everything was put on the table at once by the little Chinese boy; there was no further service.

Most of the meal was eaten in silence, and as it progressed a bitter sense of the complete falseness of her position began to possess Tam, and she felt that the food would choke her. It was all so artificial, her being here in this strange woman's house, her awkward and reluctant acceptance of hospitality perhaps as reluctantly and certainly as awkwardly offered. Her face burned, and when Mrs. Hutton spoke to her she found it difficult to answer.

The night had turned chilly, and the big house seemed bleak and forlorn in the silent summer night. Fog had come down in a blanket over the hills. The Chinese boy had disappeared. There seemed to be no one left in the world but Tam's own weary and intensely depressed self and her squarely-built, blunt, gray-headed hostess.

"I go to bed early," Mrs. Hutton said after dinner. "I'm tired after gardening all day. You'll find all sorts of books in the library; help yourself."

"I'd like to tell you," Tam began suddenly, "how grateful I am to you for—I know of course that you're doing it for Mother Laurence—" She stopped; it sounded so flat.

Mrs. Hutton looked at her thoughtfully as she stopped in confusion.

"There isn't much I wouldn't do for Emily Rogers," she said in her blunt, unsympathetic way.

"You know that I haven't any money at all?" Tam went on, clearing her throat.

"You may have some day," the other woman said briefly, after consideration. "You can pay me back if you like."

Tears came to Tamara's eyes and her lips trembled.

"I will!" she said.

"Your twenty-first year isn't all your life," Mrs. Hutton observed, as if thinking aloud. But Tamara heard the first note of encouragement—of interest in her voice, and her chilled and despairing heart was warmed.

"You wish you could go back!" she said in a trembling burst.

"Yes," the other woman said dispassionately. "You wish you could go back! No one can ever go back, and the dead don't come back. They never come back! My husband—my son—"

She stood staring into space for a moment. Tamara did not speak. Then Mrs. Hutton said:

"Do you want to be called? Breakfast will be at half past seven. D'you know anything about gardening?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't," Tamara stammered.

"Well—good night."

"Good night."

The mistress of the house ascended the stairs, wide stairs with a turn halfway up and a landing, and an old carpet held in place with brass rods. Tamara went into the library and looked along the shelves. When twenty minutes later she carried four books upstairs there was the silence of death in the big bare empty place.

THIS was July. December was five long months away; five endless months of days filled with today's strange sense of solitariness and shame and helplessness. Tamara thought of the girl who had so lightheartedly thrown away honor and girlhood in a mood of careless confidence and high spirits only a few months ago, and for a long while she lay awake in the unfamiliar room, the unfamiliar bed, staring into space, thinking—thinking. Thinking what a strange world it was, when joy and love and daring could end in the long pull of humiliation, tears, ill health, loneliness, dependence.

Her slender body writhed suddenly under the light covers. It was the thought of her simple, sheeplike stupidity that galled her most. To have sacrificed one's life, one's girlhood, one's honor for some high cause, or in a time of great sweeping passion—she might have forgiven herself that. But to have let the first handsome, unscrupulous man who had chanced to come into her life pluck them with his careless hands, and go his way—ah, it was that that brought the hot blood to her face.

Her face burned, burned at the memory of Mother Laurence's serious, pure, spiritual face, when they had talked in the convent parlor a week ago; burned as she remembered this other woman's quiet, impersonal charity now. Let this girl come and stay with her: she wanted someone with her and the girl was in trouble. Certainly she would do that much for Emily Rogers—

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"Twenty-one! Almost twenty-one," Tam said half aloud, in the deathlike silence of the great spare room in the Hutton house, hidden in the Belmont hills. "I wonder if by the time I am fifty-two I can sleep again, breathe again!"

IN THE morning she helped her hostess in the garden. Tamara attacked a great overgrown syringa tree, hewed it down, dug out its great roots. Her face grew flushed and damp: sprays of soft, tawny hair and little leaves and twigs stuck to her forehead. She wore an old linen hat and like her companion had pinned a strong strip of burlap about her waist.

When the great gouge of the root-hole was cleared of the tenacious, stout old root strands she shoveled dirt into it, raked it even, watered it from an old green pot. Afterward she was impressed with the altered aspect of this part of the garden; it was pleasant to see the dark, wet, raked earth and the little wilted zinnia plants where the great, bushy syringa had been.

"You'd better lie down until about three and take a hot bath, you'll be stiff," Mrs. Hutton suggested at lunch. Tamara agreed; when she came out to the garden again at four she was indeed stiff, could feel herself sore and lame, and liked the feeling. From that day on she tried not to think; she worked, slept, ate her meals, stupefied her mind with books.

Fogs came over the garden. Autumn was there, with damp leaves smoking in aromatic fires, and the air clear as pond water. There were apples to gather, blackberries. Under the trees in the straggling little orchard back of the house the dry earth was presently blue with prunes. Patches of lawn were cleared; the heavy clumps of the old pampas grasses were gone; chrysanthemums had to be tied to stakes.

The women talked little as they worked and that little was mostly of the garden. But at meals they sometimes fell into long conversations, and would sit on, peeling apples, sipping a second cup of tea for an hour or more. The two Chinese, one very old, one a mere child, took care of the house and helped in the garden, but there was plenty left for Tamara and her hostess to do. After breakfast they went to the tool closet, and took out their spades and trowels, their pots and rakes and aprons. In fog, in light rains, in sharp, low-sweeping winter winds they worked on. Coming back to the house, when Hong called that luncheon was ready, they would shudder over their hand-washing and hair-brushing; the bathroom was always cold.

But hot food was good, and the after-luncheon rest was good. Tamara had moved into a room with a stove; Lee Wing kept her supplied with wood. She came to love the sense of being fatigued and dirty and warmed by a wood fire and a hot lunch. There were days, weeks, when she seemed incapable of thought at all and would settle herself with books or a puzzle on the lounge by the fire in a state of drowsy content. Almost always she was joined by Mary Hutton, interested in the solitaire or the puzzle, although never herself playing cards or actually trying to work out crypts or cross-words. The older woman would sit erect in a big winged chair watching Tamara's manipulation of the cards, or ready to supply a missing word in the problem.

Tam was but twenty miles from that old dream-family of hers in San Francisco; she never saw them, never wanted to see them. About once a week she studied a New York newspaper for a while, wrote her mother a letter. Things were all right with her; she was working hard.

These letters were mailed to a friend of Mrs. Hutton's in New York: a woman doctor, who remailed them to Willette in San Francisco. Now and then by the same circuitous route Tam had a reply. Coral was going to marry Mr. French after all—maybe, and if she did there would be an end to money troubles. And if they weren't happy, as Coral predicted and Willette quoted, there was always alimony.

Mary Hutton had had a husband and a son and daughter, Tam learned; the little girl had died as a child, and some ten years ago she had lost the husband and had married a second time. It was something connected with this second marriage and with the boy that had broken the woman's heart and ended her life as a normal being.

"You've made a bad start," she said to Tam. "I did a lot worse than you did. We were poor. Sometimes I used to think that my little Mary might have lived if I hadn't been afraid of telephoning the doctor for nothing. I don't know. My husband died when my son was only twelve. Bunny—that's what we always called the boy although his real name was George Alan—was so proud of being left to take care of his mother; I think we might have managed it some way. But I'd never worked, I'd never earned money, and when Clifford Hutton came along and asked me to marry him I could only see the money. I don't know that I ever asked myself if I loved him, or if he ever did. He hated my son—poor little boy!—his dream of having his mother all to himself was over! We put him in school, and it wasn't a good school; the head was a disciplinarian; he didn't understand the child, and Bunny was spirited—he ran away. He came back, but he and his stepfather never got along together. Bunny would be in school for a while, in camp, home again and in trouble, gone again. I lost him.

"He was wild, I know that, but he mightn't have been wild if his mother hadn't failed him. It got so that Clifford wouldn't do any more for him, and I had no money. Clifford Hutton was the sort of rich old man who will give a wife everything but money. They sent for me to come to Arizona; it was too late; Clifford and I had gone into Canada on a camping trip—he loved those trips because they were made so easy for him, but I hated them—and when I got back the telegram was ten days old. He died all alone, perhaps he was asking for me—"

"CLIFFORD HUTTON only lived five months after that," Mary Hutton concluded it. "I came out here to get away and I guess for a little while I was queer. But that was six years ago. After a while I began to garden. Then Emily Rogers came here one day to lunch, and she talked me into taking a consumptive girl in for a while. Lynn—that was her name—got well and married the doctor and went off to some foundation work in Guatemala or somewhere. She was an empty-headed little fool, but maybe she did me good. She was with me two years and the day she left to get married I declare I could have danced. I wouldn't have believed I could ever be so happy again. It seemed to me the place had come back into its own, and the garden and the rooms were mine again!"

"And that was how long before Mother Laurence telephoned about me?" Tamara asked once at this point.

"Six months, maybe."

"And you said—?"

"'Not for anything in the world! Once bitten is twice shy.' But then I telephoned her later and said to send her girl along, and I'd find some other place for her."

(Continued on page 42)

How can they *all* be best?

"THE lather shave manufacturers are shouting: 'Mine is best!' and the brushless boys whoop it up with: 'Throw away your brush! Brushless is best for you!' No wonder men the country over write to me asking, 'What's all the fuss about, Mr. Mennen? How can *all* these shaves be best for me?'

"Naturally—and regardless of the claims of manufacturers—*all* these shaving preparations can't be best—nor equally good. The truth is no *one* shave *can* be best for all faces. That's the answer—stripped of all ballyhoo.

"I've been studying shaving for twenty-six years. I've learned that there are types of skins which require a brushless shave for comfort and ease in removing the beard: that other types get greater shaving ease thru the use of a lather shave. That's why I make both kinds—Mennen Brushless and Mennen Lather. And both, gentlemen, have the happy faculty of wilting whiskers.

"Only your own skin can decide which is best for *you*—lather or brushless. For example, if your skin is oily, you should use Mennen Lather Shave. It loosens deeply-imbedded oil deposits, flushes out your over-active skin. On the other hand, if your skin is dry, I recommend Mennen Brushless Shave. It's a cream—*not* a grease—and it contains special ingredients which soothe tender skins. If your skin is normal, then it's a question of convenience—do you like to use a brush, or don't you?

Send for my "Skin Tester Kit"

"For those men who really want to find out what type of shave suits them best, I've made up a 'Skin Tester Kit'—containing good-size tubes of both Mennen Lather and Mennen Brushless. Use up both. Then decide for yourself.

"In the 'Skin Tester Kit' I've also included trial sizes of Talcum for men, Skin Bracer and a new Mennen Double Edge Blade. I'm offering you this kit for only 10¢! But please send for it only if you will make the test. No professional sample hounds wanted!"

W. G. Mennen

After the shave... Mennen Skin Bracer—*a new tingling tonic. Has a subtle mannish odor—yet the girls like it!* Mennen Talcum for Men—*the man's powder. Doesn't show. Kills 'face shine'.*

MENNEN

2 types: LATHER SHAVE and brushless SHAVE

SKIN TESTER KIT

5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

"Yes, Mr. Mennen, I'll make the test. Send along your SKIN TESTER KIT containing trial sizes of Mennen Lather Shave, Brushless Shave, Talcum for Men, Skin Bracer, and a Mennen double-edge blade." Send coupon with 10¢ in coin to The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., Dept. C-22.

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Cars, too, get "sunburned." Ultra-violet rays fade and eventually damage the finish. That's why every car needs Simoniz. It not only stops sun but dirt and all other harmful elements from destroying a car's beauty. Simoniz makes the finish last longer—keeps cars beautiful.

Millions say that nothing takes the place of Simonizing. So whether your car is new or old, the sooner you Simoniz it, the better. The finish will sparkle like new again . . . and what's more, it will stay beautiful. Always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car. Nothing else gives lasting beauty.

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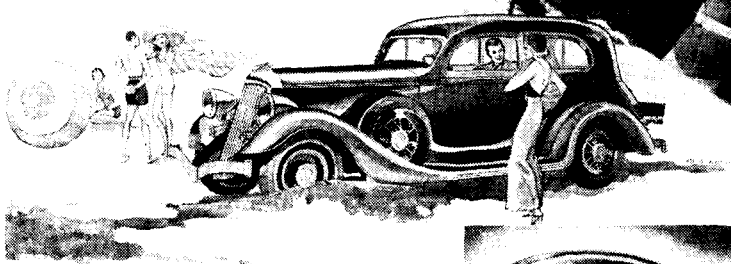

SIMONIZING IS EASY, SAFE, QUICK

Anyone can Simoniz a car. It's amazingly easy! A few quick strokes with the wonderful Simoniz Kleener makes a dull car sparkle like new again. And washing your car beforehand isn't necessary. Simoniz Kleener thoroughly cleans the finish and restores the original lustre—quickly, safely, easily.

After cleaning, apply Simoniz. It goes on in a jiffy. Protects the finish in all weather. Makes it last longer. Keeps your car sparkling and beautiful for years.

Leading hardware, auto accessory stores and garages everywhere recommend and sell Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. There's nothing like them for keeping cars beautiful. So, refuse substitutes.

(Continued from page 41)

"Ha!" Tam said, remembering.

"But this time she said," Mrs. Hutton presently added, " 'This isn't any Lynn Splint, Mary. This is a rare girl, lovely and good and with a fine character, but she has an unfortunate background and she's made a bad start. You'll like this girl.' "

Tamara could not speak. She lowered her eyelashes and the swift, hot tears fell upon the hands that were sewing.

On Christmas Day, with a fire roaring in the dining-room, and the early breakfast smoking on the table, she went upstairs again, fumbled with a bedroom fire, gave up the attempt to little Hong. It was a bitterly cold day, without wind or sun. The low, gray sky pressed closely down over the world; not a branch moved, not a bird hopped about in the stripped garden. Sounds came a long way today; Tamara could hear Christmas horns and church bells in the village as the endless morning dragged by; could clearly hear the motor-car that was coming swiftly up the curves and twists of the low hills below the Hutton place.

MARY HUTTON came in to see her at about three o'clock to ask her smilingly if she and her daughter would like some turkey.

"Not this Christmas!" Tamara whispered. "Next Christmas! But they gave me some soup and it was delicious! Thank Lee Wing."

And much later still, before the evening lamps were lighted when she and Mary were alone in the soft firelight, she said:

"It can't be—it just fundamentally *can't* be that God would make anything so lovely as this from what was all wrong and sinful and twisted. There must be some way to work it out to rightness and goodness."

"There's always a way to do that," the older woman said.

"Yes, but how? How to begin so that it will be all right for her?"

"The way to begin living right, Tam, is only to begin. Everything straightens itself out if we can do that. You're young, you can start again. But I'm old. I've nothing left but an old garden, and who cares whether or not my garden grows to be one of the loveliest in the world?"

"Mary and I do," Tam said thickly under her breath, stretching out a hand to cover the rough hand on the sheet. "Some day we'll show you."

"You've paid me back everything I ever did for you," the older woman said presently. She turned aside to glance toward the big wash basket on the floor beside the bed. "Is it Mary?" she asked.

"Mary."

Mrs. Hutton said nothing further. She sat looking down at the muffled occupant of the basket for a long time.

Tam lay with her head on her curved arm, her eyes upon the small, discontented, saffron countenance of her child. One small, mottled fist lay outside the blanket; now and then the little face wrinkled in a look of elderly despair.

"My child," Tam thought. "Me with a child—a mother, and this little scrap calling me 'Mother' some day. Mary. My little, little girl."

Often she talked of the future with her hostess; talked of being a trained nurse, a stenographer, a newspaper woman. The first consideration must be to make money; Tam never considered marriage, and she rarely spoke of the stage.

But in the end it was the stage to which she returned. She had not been back in San Francisco two weeks before she was rehearsing for a part with the Peter Willey Company, and after that she played parts under Peter Willey's management or with his permission took short engagements under other managers for six or seven years. It was not especially exciting; the plays in which she had an opportunity to appear were all old plays, but the Peter Willey Company was like some fine old windjammer steadily sailing the agitated seas of the theater.

She played in such sterling old favorites as Lord Quex and The Heart of Maryland; played in Barbara Frietchie and Becky Sharp, Midsummer Night's Dream, The School for Scandal, and Ghosts. She scored real personal successes in Trelawney and Arms and the Man, and won an offer from Hollywood when the Willey Company went to Los Angeles for three weeks' repertory engagement.

But Tamara was not interested in Hollywood.

"Too risky, Bell," she said to Mrs. Willey. "You make two good pictures and then two flops and where are you? You've nothing to show for it. I'd much rather go on with Pete for thirty years, after which I shall have fifty thousand dollars, and retire. That's all I want."

"You'll have a lot more than that, Tam," Bell Willey, a fat, soft woman adored by her husband and three boys, said affectionately. Bell's outstanding characteristics were that she liked candy, cried at all plays and movies, and was careful to tell strangers that her name was spelled without a final "e," but she was a warm-hearted creature, much cleverer than her amiable and indeed sometimes maudlin conversation led her hearers to believe, and devoted to Tam. When the company was on the road Tam's relationship with both the Willeys and their three little boys was almost of a family intimacy.

"A hundred and fifty a week isn't much," Bell said. "But Lord, we play forty weeks a year. But what you'll do," she often added, "is marry. I think the last prayer Peter Willey says every night—and he always goes down on his knees like a child—is that Tam Todhunter won't marry."

"He needn't worry," Tam said. Month after month, year after year, she went steadily about her business; she was the only woman, or man either, Peter Willey said, who ever was letter-perfect in her part at every first rehearsal; she was the only human being he had ever known who would give up a leading part to another woman half an hour before the show. That had happened when Leone Starr had come out to San Francisco after a New York success and had pointed out that her two weeks' contract with Willey expressly stipulated leads.

MEN followed her about; some of them fine, some not; it made little difference. She was only vaguely aware of their existence. She and her mother had a small apartment in Pine Street; the faithful Liss was regularly installed now. Lance was serving a term in jail for misappropriation of funds. Lance and another youth had started an investment company without any delay for the usual formalities, and one elderly woman had entrusted the sum of eleven hundred dollars to them. The age of the complainant had told heavily against Lance with the judge, and his record had been against him. Tamara, after a rehearsal or before a show, had had to rush to offices, courts, jails, to see lawyers and judges. She had been photographed by newspaper cameramen while leaving the jail after a talk with her brother, had come back to give her mother as cheerful a view as possible of Lance's predicament and fall upon the new part to be memorized with the new forced quietness that was beginning to be second nature now.

Coral, after having threatened him

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with breach-of-promise proceedings, had married her friend Arnold French and had gone off with him to Europe, whence letters describing her happy state and her husband's goodness occasionally arrived to make Tamara laugh a rather mirthless laugh. Coral evidently knew how to work things in this queer life. Arnold, Coral wrote affectionately, was hoping that their baby would be a boy; his other children were girls and one of them was married and had two little girls, too. Arnold would be so pleased if the line did not die out.

Willette was the same as ever. She sometimes cried over Lance, but not often. Tamara was gentle with her; she herself was too busy, too grateful for work and happiness, to be anything but generous.

Happiness—yes, it had come back. She was happy again; the taste of life was good. She read a great deal, and liked to talk of books; of her work she talked hardly at all. And every Saturday night, after the play, she went down to Belmont to be with Mary.

When anyone in the theater asked her where she spent her Sundays she answered truthfully, "At a sort of rest cure." To her mother she said that she liked Mrs. Hutton, and Mrs. Hutton's little granddaughter was a darling. At eleven o'clock at night on the last night of the week when the crowd was streaming out of the theater Tam usually had her make-up wiped off and her plain silk gown and warm coat on. She would cross the alley from the stage door to the little garage across the street. Her little blue car had its own little niche near the door, she would get into it without any word to anyone, be flying down the Bayshore Road within ten minutes of the curtain's descent, and long before midnight be in the older Mary's room, sitting on her bed, talking, telling her of the week, of plans to come, of stage gossip.

Then to the little Mary's sleeping porch cautiously to turn up a shaded light and study the exquisite baby figure twisted crossways on the bed, or half-lying and half-hanging on the very edge of the mattress. Tam would fall to her knees, straightening, covering, praying in mother fashion, laying her tired, cold cheek against the petal-soft baby one, kissing the soft, little dangling hand.

SUNDAY was perfection, idle, happy, filled with everything for which her heart had hungered during the week. Gardening again, walks up through the orchard again, long talks with Mary Hutton again, and always and through and under and over everything the delight of the child's presence. She was a slightly built, will-o'-the-wisp of a child, with a brown, smooth skin, Tam's blue eyes, and a flyaway mop of black hair as smooth and fine as silk. Mary drew pictures, endless pictures; all she wanted was more crayons, more pencils, more paper.

Mary always showed her new drawings to Tam on Sunday and would stand leaning against Tam's shoulder looking at them in fond pride, while she explained them. She went to school, now, as Mary Laurence Hutton, and had many friends and many activities along the lines of Indian camps, mud pies, wading parties and secret societies, but she seemed quite happy to be with Aunt Tam and Gran, and in all spare moments flung her lithe little person flat on the lawn or the hearth rug or the big window seat in the old nursery and began again with her pencils.

Between the theater in Geary Street, the apartment four blocks north, and the old house down among the low Belmont hills Tam's entire interest lay and her entire time was spent. She never accepted an invitation or wanted anything more. Her work and her books, and the secret garden to which she escaped for every moment of leisure were all her world.

"TAM, why won't you marry me?" asked George Davis.

"I have to see a man twice before I will marry him, George," Tam said, busy with her make-up. In the cream-colored uniform of the little Duke of Reichstadt she was waiting for her first call for a performance of L'Aiglon; she looked young and boyish in the becoming outfit.

"You've seen me four times," the man said.

"And I've known you five days. Didn't we meet at Willey's anniversary dinner last Sunday?"

"You know full well we did. But I like your air of flustered feminine evasiveness, Tam. It seems to indicate that you are beginning to care—that way."

Tam studied her reflection in the mirror thoughtfully, pushed a smooth wave of hair into place.

"I had my hair cut for this part. And at the time we thought it'd only play a week."

"What's it played? Five weeks?"

"Five weeks! The Lunts couldn't play five weeks here! This is the third and last."

"You love this part, don't you?"

"All women," Tam generalized, "love to play men's parts. There is something about seeing one's leg nicely breeched—"

She stretched out a slim leg, looked down at it.

"I don't blame you. Plenty of women go in for it when their legs aren't like yours," George said. "Have you ever heard Rosenkavalier?"

"No. I've never been to Grand Opera."

"Not when you were in New York?"

"I've never—" Tam hesitated. "I've never been to Grand Opera," she repeated mildly.

"By the way, what are you going to do about Bernstein's offer?" the man presently asked idly.

"For New York? I'm not going."

"Going to turn down five hundred a week?"

Tam turned about to face him over the back of her dressing-table chair.

"Who told you five hundred a week?"

"Bell."

"Bell says a lot more than the 'Hail, Mary,'" Tam mused, returning to her mirror. She glanced at a clock. "I guess we're late tonight," she said.

"One actress I knew always took a good stiff jolt of whisky at this point," the man said. "Don't you drink at all?"

"Never."

"Don't you ever do anything naughty?"

"Never. And I never," Tam added, "go to parties like that one Sunday night. But that was Pete Willey's anniversary, and Bell made a special point of my being there; that was business. But ordinarily—"

"However, you'll dine with me this Sunday," the man said. "I'm probably going to New York too; we'll have to see each other there a great deal and console each other."

"I'm not going to New York."

"Why not? What've you got against New York?"

"Nothing. What I've got is against myself. I'm not New York's kind of actress. If I went on there I'd only lose what I've got here, and come back in a few years no good for anything."

"People adore you here. They come week after week to see what sort of a part you've got. You're Willey's meal ticket; everyone knows that."

"Some do. But New York has no use for stock players—it never has that sort of feeling about anyone. You have to be different in New York. A hun-

(Continued on page 44)

–but she can't live on a mere pedestal

American men have long enjoyed the reputation of being devoted husbands. But any wife, and especially a mother of growing children, needs more substantial support than a pedestal of adoration.

Some men lavish everything upon their families by living right up to the limit of current income, making relatively little provision for the future.

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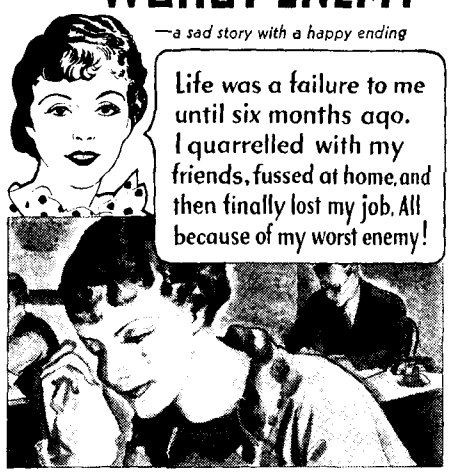
"How I removed my WORST ENEMY"

—a sad story with a happy ending


Life was a failure to me until six months ago. I quarrelled with my friends, fussed at home, and then finally lost my job. All because of my worst enemy!
I should say "my worst enemies"—for there were two of them. For six years they made life miserable for me—those two pesky little corns!
But one day I learned how to deal a death blow to those offending members—with Blue-Jay! Did I do it? Here's how:
1. I soaked my feet for 10 minutes in hot water and wiped them dry.
2. I applied Blue-Jay, centering the pads over the corns. The pain stopped.
3. After 3 days, removed the plasters, soaked my feet, lifted out the corns!
Result? I'm having a swell time, have my job back and (secret) I'm engaged to Johnny Burns!

Blue-Jay is the safe, scientific corn remover—used by millions for 35 years. Corn pain stops instantly—corn is gone in 3 days. Invented by a famous chemist, Blue-Jay is made by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house, whose scientific products are used by doctors and hospitals the world over.

How Blue-Jay Works

A is the B&B medication that gently undermines the corn.
B is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops the pain at once.
C is the adhesive strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.

25c at all druggists—special size for bunions and calluses.

New Blue-Jay Radio Program! "The Singing Stranger"—Broadway stars! Tues. and Fri. afternoon NBC.

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FREE BOOKLET—Contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago. (*Pasting this coupon on a government post card will save postage.*) C-8

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(Continued from page 43)

dred players go on there every season and come back broke," Tam argued.

"Get out of it all and marry me," George urged, returning to first principles.

"You might be a very good husband for some woman," Tam conceded, with a speculative glance.

"Only for you. I'll go straight to the dogs if you don't at least say you like me," the man said.

"The dogs have probably been missing you," Tam suggested.

"You're right," George said, with a little laugh not quite pleased. "But how you know it I don't know."

Tamara, facing him again, answered seriously.

"If you really don't know," she said, "that seems to me the worst of all."

IN THE littered, hot dressing-room the lights were very bright. They shone boldly upon Tamara's flawless skin, covered now with the smooth color of make-up, and the close crop of blond curls that were brushed back, boy-fashion, from her forehead. The braided, frogged collar of her military blouse was open, the breast decorated with orders, a sword hung at her side, and a fine frill of lace fell over her hand.

And the lights pitilessly revealed, too, the type of man who faced her. He was still young, perhaps in his early thirties; he might have been handsome if the face had not been marked so deep with dissipation. It was an intelligent, even aristocratic face, with a once white skin and black eyes, a wide mouth and deep eye sockets under waves of thick, black hair. Tam had known him only a few days, but she had seen him at frequent intervals during that time, and she knew that by reputation he was a heavy drinker—brilliant and worthless. He was a lawyer—the politician type of lawyer—witty, clever, eloquent. Pete Willey had told her that George Davis could have been anything he liked, if it were not for alcohol and roulette tables and dice and races and all the other *things that usually dragged a man* of his type to destruction, and Tam could read a confirmation of it in his disorderly dress and blotched complexion, his hoarse voice and careless manners.

And yet there was something likable about him, fine in him, even now. At Pete's dreadful anniversary dinner, when everyone had gotten so intoxicated, this man had been seated next to her, and before he had been too far gone he and she had had one of the most refreshing conversations she had ever had with any man. His keenness, his quickness, his knowledge of and interest in world affairs, books, persons, had impressed Tamara tremendously. His cheerful dissipation had in it nothing low; it was as if he were dragged by forces stronger than himself from the entity that expressed him best to the other nature that surprised him as much as it did anyone else.

"Listen—don't talk about me as if I were a lost soul; a little drinking and a few bets on the ponies aren't such a crime," he said to her, affecting amusement. "When you say that the dogs have probably been missing me I suppose you're trying to indicate, in your tactful, feminine way, that I've gone to the dogs. Where'd you get that idea? I work darned hard, when I do work. There's nothing the matter with me!"

"If you don't really think there is," Tamara repeated seriously, "then that seems to me the worst thing of all."

"Of all what?"

"Of being you," Tamara said simply.

"It's a bad thing to be me, is it?"

"Well, I don't know," Tamara said, busy with a comb. "I think you're unhappy; that's always bad. You told me yesterday that you were ambitious; you want to get on, get into politics, and run for the Senate. You're certainly going—" she hesitated—"a funny way about it!" she ended.

The man was silent a while, watching her.

"Does it occur to you that that sounds at all smug?" he asked.

"Yes, it does," Tamara confessed, unperturbed. "But you invited it. You asked me—I don't know how serious you were—but you asked me to marry you. I'm not going to marry anyone, as it happens. But if I were—" She leaned close to the mirror, frowning at an eyebrow, stopped short.

"It wouldn't be a man like me," he supplied. Tamara turned about to face him over the back of the dressing-table chair.

"That's the worst of it," she said. "It would. It might. You say I'm smug. God knows I haven't got much to be smug about! I'm a second-rate stock actress in a—in a completely unimportant city, theatrically speaking. I'll never be anything else and I don't want to be. When I'm too old for ingénue parts I'll play vamps and then I'll play mothers, and the nurse in Juliet. I've no pride. I've no ambition. You have! You can talk with anyone; you can do anything. You could build yourself a life I couldn't touch—a home with gardens—and garages—and distinguished people coming there, and a library—everything. I couldn't. You're a college man and an aristocrat, and I'm nothing! I was born of cheap, theatrical people and I'll never be anything else. You make me tired!"

Fired almost to tears by her own eloquence and its childish conclusion, she turned back to her mirror, and there was a long silence in the room. George, who had once or twice made a movement to interrupt her, was lost in amazement now, and only sat staring.

"You're only the most remarkable woman I've ever met," he said presently in a respectful tone.

"Thanks," Tamara said coldly and briefly.

"Did it ever occur to you that a woman like you might make anything she liked of me?"

"No, it never did. Let me open this drawer, will you? Mariella, what's become of that big lace handkerchief?"

"If you'd be my friend—" George persisted. He had brought a small chair to stand beside her own, and had squared it about so that he faced her, with his arm along the back of her chair.

"Too many lovely ladies have been *your friend already.*"

"Tam, seriously—"

"My call!" Tam said, and was gone.

IT WAS some twenty minutes later that, coming back through the confusion of wings and sets to make a complete change, she was stopped by a stage hand holding a man's old-fashioned gold watch.

"Miss Todhunter, did you drop this?"

Tam took it, turned it about.

"No. Where'd you find it?"

"It dropped out of your coat, Billy said."

"Ha!" Tam said. "Open the back, there. Have you opened the back? Sometimes there's a monogram."

The man with a dirty, big, split finger nail prized open the back of the watch; there was a picture there. Tam held it to the light. Under her make-up the color drained from her face.

"I know whose it is," she said. "Yes, I'll take it. It belongs to—I know—I'll take it. Thanks, Joe."

She snapped it shut, walked toward her dressing-room. There was a trunk standing in the cluttered passage behind the wings, and for a dizzy moment Tamara sat down on it, breathing hard.

"I don't believe it!" she said aloud.

When she reached her dressing-room George Davis was still there, sitting just as she had left him, staring moodily into space.

"I know damn' well I'm not the sort of man you like," he said, looking up.

"Have you been brooding on that?" Tamara smiled at him; her maid had helped her off with the frogged and braided blouse and she looked young and tumble-headed and hot in the thin, frilled shirt. The man got to his feet; he and she were close together, and she looked up into his eyes with an odd look in her own.

"I like you," he said. "I guess everyone does. But I know I'd never have a chance with you!"

Tam's eyes did not stir from his eyes.

"Then why don't you make yourself into the kind of man I like?" she breathed.

There was a long silence.

"Don't say things like that," George presently said, in a guarded voice.

"What am I to say?"

The man cleared his throat.

"Say when?"

"When I like a person—when he could make me like him if he chose?" Tam answered, in a whisper.

"WHAT are you getting at?" George's hands were like a vise on her shoulders, slim and straight in the soft silk shirt.

"Oh, wait!" She freed herself with an abrupt jerk, displayed the watch that was still in her hand. "Isn't that yours?"

"Yep." He took it indifferently, disappointed by her change of mood. "My mother gave me that," he said. "I was timing you at the rehearsal yesterday—remember?—and I laid it down somewhere. Tam, listen a minute. I know you're rushed, and know I've got to get out. But just listen a minute. I've talked like a fool to lots of women, but I mean this. Don't—don't laugh at me!"

"I'm not laughing at you," she said, and she was trembling, although her blue eyes brimmed with laughter.

"I'd—if I thought there was any chance—" George began, and stopped.

"If you thought there was any chance, what?"

"I'd—you'd see! I'm not what you think I am," he said. "I could pull myself up tomorrow."

"They all say that," Tam said simply. "I wonder—? Why don't you—why don't you come back after the play, and come to my house, and we'll have some scrambled eggs and talk."

"Because you wouldn't ask me to," he said. "You've no use for men."

"Because if I did you wouldn't come. You'd go off with Lin and the Martins and all the rest of them."

"Will you ask me?" George said.

"I am. I do. And you *really* have got to get out!" Tam said. "I've gone as far as I can toward changing. Off with you!"

"I'm off. But listen—" He was fumbling, he was confused, his usually colorless face was flushed. "You—you and I are going to be friends, aren't we? You—I'm not just like all the others, am I?"

"No," she answered slowly, thinking, "you're not like the others." She raised shadowy blue eyes; she was not smiling.

"You're half fooling," she said. "I'm not fooling. I never thought I'd say this to any man again, and I haven't—for eight years. But you could make me like you, if you tried. Only you won't try!"

An odd expression came into the man's eyes. He lifted her small hand in its stately frill to his lips.

"Maybe I will, Tam," he said.

(To be continued next week)

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Summer Foliage

Continued from page 16

bit, for a better view. "It's almost a shame you can't keep it," she said regretfully. "It's really a—a beguiling beard, Johnny!"

Johnny sat up. "What do you mean, I can't keep it?" he roared.

She smiled. "You'll find out," she said. "May I feel it just once more, Johnny?"

His grandmother, who hated hospitals, had not been to see him, and on the morning that a taxi carried him across town and up the winding driveway of his home, Johnny had a moment of stage fright.

She was sitting at the desk in her living-room; when Johnny came in, she turned and looked up, and then rose.

"Why—it's Johnny!" she exclaimed, and walked across the mulberry carpet and put her hands on his shoulders. "Your grandfather had a beard," she added. "I never thought you looked like him before. How are you feeling?"

ONCE again, Johnny felt that expansion in his chest. He reached out masterfully, and put his arms around his grandmother. "Aren't you going to kiss me?" he demanded. "Here you almost lose your one and only grandson, and you act as if I'd been out for a stroll! Is that nice?"

In all the twenty-six years he had lived with her, he had never spoken so to his grandmother. She smiled, and kissed him obediently.

"I've missed you, Johnny," she admitted.

He decided to walk down to the office after lunch.

"I beg your pardon, sir," Preston Clark's secretary called after him, as he pushed through the outer office, with a nod. "But are you looking—" She burst out laughing. "Why, it's Mr. Whittier! Excuse me, but I didn't know you! You—I mean, with that—" She retreated abruptly, her shoulders shaking.

"Fool!" said Johnny, and entered his superior's office.

Preston Clark looked up and blinked. "For the love of Allah!" he exclaimed, and then he, too, laughed, his fat, round, smooth-shaven face quivering with mirth. Johnny's chin, beneath the beard, set stubbornly. "Take off those false whiskers!" Mr. Clark choked. "I know you, Jack Dalton!"

"Have a good time," urged Johnny coldly.

Mr. Clark did. But one can laugh alone only so long. "Why the shrubbery?" he inquired at last.

"It's a beard," said Johnny patiently. "You grow it by not shaving. At least you do if you can—some can't."

Mr. Clark looked startled. "And you remove it by shaving," he added, sharply. "There's a barber shop around the corner."

Johnny's eyes glinted. "You do if you want to," he agreed. "I happen to like it."

Preston Clark flushed. "I can't say I care for your tone, Johnny," he remarked. Johnny said nothing, and Clark laughed, rather self-consciously. "Come, come!" he murmured. "You're not really planning to *keep* that disguise?"

Johnny's eyes looked past him; Johnny's face, above his beard, was thoughtful. "What sheep we are!" he murmured, half to himself.

Clark smiled. "It's a good thing, though—conformity," he said mildly.

"It's a terrible thing!" Johnny contradicted him flatly. "It's what's the trouble with this country—and this town—and this office!" He shook his head, wonderingly. "We call ourselves architects!" he went on scornfully. "Blah! We take people's money for producing pretty little blueprints exactly like the pretty little blueprints every other architect in the country is making! Originality—individuality—we run from them like the plague! We're so afraid—"

"Hear! Hear!" said Mr. Clark. "Better get a soap box, Johnny!" He was smiling, but his eyes were suddenly hard. "I think you'd better loaf for a few days, before you start work, Johnny. Typhoid's no joke, and you've been a sick man." He picked up a letter, in dismissal, looked up, as Johnny reached the door. "And get a shave," he added.

Johnny wheeled impatiently and walked out. He descended to the street, moved along the sun-spattered sidewalk, frowning.

"Hi, Beaver!"

He looked up irritably, in the direction of the voice, and Barbara Brett was smiling at him, from behind the wheel of her roadster.

"Can I take you somewhere?" she called.

"For a ride," said Johnny grimly, getting into the car beside her. "Everyone else has—why not you?"

She laughed. "Where are you going?"

"Home, I guess." He was dining with Dorothy, but it was too early to go to her house now.

"I have to go to East Marsden and pick up a package for Mother," she said. "Would you like to go with me?"

"Why—yes." It was pleasant being out, in a car with the top folded back.

Traffic halted them; two middle-aged men in a sedan at their left spied Johnny's beard and shook with mirth. He frowned. The roadster started again.

"Got another customer," Barbara remarked, jerking her dark head toward a woman who was staring at Johnny through the rear window of a coupé.

Johnny laughed. He told her about the stenographers at the office.

"They probably think you're crazy," she said. Her eyes studied his face, thoughtfully. "Oh, Johnny, you'd better shave it off before it's too late! It's like wearing a black tie with tails or using the wrong fork! Soon you'll find yourself being shunned!"

JOHNNY leaned back against the red leather upholstery and breathed deeply. It was good to be out of the hospital, good to be free. . . . Free? It was as though an inner voice had mocked him.

"So what?" she asked.

He shrugged. "Why did you say I couldn't grow a beard?" he asked.

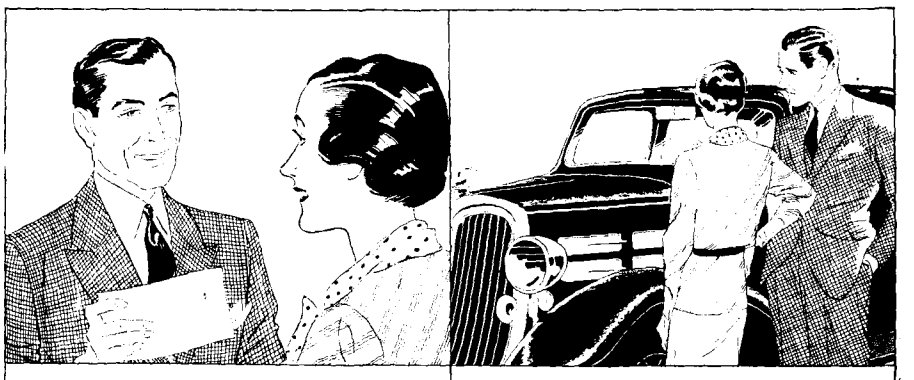
Her smile seemed to deepen; her dark eyes brimmed with amusement, as she looked at him steadily. "Don't you know yet?" Her voice was deeper than usual; it was, realized Johnny, a very lovely voice. "You know, I think more people should have typhoid," she remarked. "It's certainly impro—I mean changed—you!"

"What do you know about me?" asked Johnny. He was only just finding out things himself. . . .

"I'm a great judge of character," she assured him. "All my friends say so. And even though we meet seldom, don't forget that I have known you a long time, Johnny!" He flushed, remembering, and she laughed at him. "You'll admit that a beard is a far cry from—the Most Typical Man," she added.

(Continued on page 46*)*

Mary! The Boss is really coming!



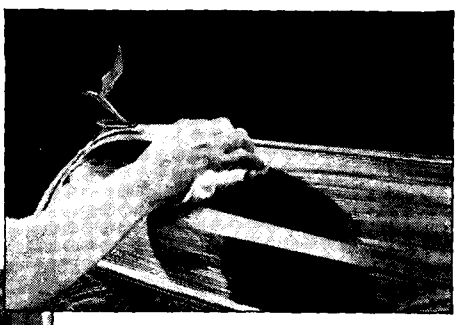
Look, here's his telegram! "Arrive Wednesday afternoon. Want you and Mrs. Wilson as theatre guests Wednesday evening." Honey, here's my chance!

Gosh, Mary, this company car looks pretty shabby! I'd better do something about it before tomorrow if I'm going to make the right impression on the boss.

Here's an ad for that new Johnson Wax method. If it's as easy as the ad says I can clean and wax the old bus myself and have it ready . . . and save money too.

(Next afternoon) Wilson, you've certainly taken fine care of this company car. It looks like new. Don't think I won't remember that!

The ad was right! It is easy, this new JOHNSON WAX METHOD



1 When car is washed and dry, apply **JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER** with a cloth. Works on entirely different principle — goes on easily, dries to white powder, quickly removed with cloth, taking away all dirt and dullness. Restores original beauty . . . does a miraculous job.

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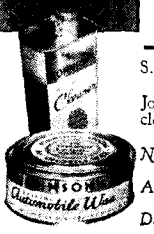
JOHNSON'S WAX METHOD

1. AUTO CLEANER 2. AUTO WAX



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Please send me a generous trial can of both the new Johnson's Auto Cleaner and Johnson's Auto Wax. I enclose 20c to cover postage and packing.

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would have prevented this!

FLASH! Crack! Pouf! A burned hand, a hole in the rug, a blown fuse or a 4-11 alarm is frequently the result of defective wiring!

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As an assurance of the utmost safety, get DUTCH BRAND Friction Tape. One thickness will insulate up to 2200 volts. It's clean to handle . . . no fraying, and the adhesive will not smear off. It will stick tighter and last longer.

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See the **DUTCH BRAND EXHIBIT** *at* **A CENTURY of PROGRESS-CHICAGO-1934**

(Continued from page 45)

His flush deepened. She would bring that up!

"Oh, drop it!" he said irritably. "It was a fool idea in the first place! I'm getting pretty bored with it!"

She nodded. "Yes, I thought you would," she agreed, so innocently that he glared at her.

Dorothy was waiting on her veranda when Barbara dropped him outside the Lanes' gate.

"There's a cocktail for you on the table, Johnny—you're late," she greeted him coldly.

"Sorry," he murmured.

"Mother and Father have gone out—we're *dining alone.*" She sat down in a wicker chair and smoothed her dress over her lap. "Johnny, will you shave off that revolting beard?"

He drained his glass before he answered. "Revolting?" he asked.

She leaned forward intently. "Johnny! Did Barbara Brett get you to grow that beard?"

He stared at her. "Barbara Brett? Are you crazy?"

She shrugged. "Well, it's just the sort of thing she would do!"

He grinned. "What—grow a beard?" She probably would, at that, he reflected, if she could. He poured himself a second cocktail.

"Not that it's any of my business," said Dorothy, "but since when have you been so chummy with Barbara, anyway?"

"Chummy?" he repeated, raising his eyebrows.

Dorothy stamped her foot. "Oh, stop echoing everything I say! Haven't I a right to ask you a simple question?"

"Sure," said Johnny. "She dropped in once—no, twice—at the hospital. Today I met her on Main Street and she took me for a drive. Is that against the rules?"

Their eyes met and clashed; then Dorothy's lips quivered.

"Johnny, what's happened to you? You didn't used to be like this!" She looked at him pleadingly. "It's that beard! It's made you—oh, brutal and beastly! It—"

Johnny roared with laughter, and Dorothy dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief, as the maid appeared to announce dinner.

AT THE table, Johnny looked through the candles at Dorothy's fair head and soft white arms. So they would dine, the two of them, day in and day out, he thought, as though he had not realized it before. Year after year. . . .

He was really talking to himself, when he spoke. "It's just—wanting the right to be an individual, I suppose," he said slowly. "It's sort of a—a symbol of personal independence." He looked across at her, almost pleadingly. "Can't you understand, Dorothy? It's sort of like Voltaire—what was it he said about free speech? That he'd defend with his last breath somebody's right to say something he disagreed with?"

"I haven't the remotest idea what you're talking about!" said Dorothy coldly. "And I don't believe you have, either!"

Johnny sighed. Barbara would know. He tried again; somehow it seemed disproportionately important that she should know what he meant. "It isn't that I really want a beard," he explained, "or even intend to keep it. I'd just as soon shave it off tonight—"

"Why didn't you say so before?" She got up and put her arm around his neck, kissed the top of his head. "Oh, Johnny, I'm so glad!"

"I didn't say I was going to shave it off, Dorothy," said Johnny. Suddenly it seemed pathetic to him that they should be making an issue of his whiskers. The important thing was that they had made a mistake. He wasn't in love with Dorothy; he didn't believe that she was in love with him. She had been an inevitable part of a picture, a step in a program that was somehow destroyed.

Her lips were quivering again. "You've changed so, Johnny!" she wailed. He nodded soberly, and it was as though his nod were a signal for her fury. "John Whittier, either you'll shave off that beard or I'll never speak to you again!"

It was not, he reflected some time later, when he walked down the gravel path and out the gate, really fair of him. Not really honest. Five minutes of scissors and a razor, and Dorothy would willingly have drifted down the church aisle to him, in a white veil. She had no idea, apparently, that they had parted because of a fundamental principle.

HIS grandmother was at the desk in her living-room; her sharp eyes were cryptic when she looked at him.

"You're home early. How's Dorothy?"

Johnny sat down and looked at her. "Are you asking, or do you know?" he inquired. He could see that she knew. He felt oddly close to her, felt for really the first time the tie of blood that bound them together. He told her, briefly, what had happened. "Do you think I'm a fool?" he asked.

"N-no," she said, with a smile. She pressed the button beside her desk. "I'm going to have a glass of sherry—would you like a whisky and soda, Johnny?"

He had never before had this sense of intimacy with her, or with this house in which he had grown up. It was as though, bearded, he belonged in this Victorian setting, as though the carved marble mantel, the heavy walnut furniture accepted him for the first time.

"I'm not going back to Clark and Matheson," he said abruptly. He had not known it until that instant.

"Why not?" she asked. She listened, without comment, while he told her.

"I've saved a little," he said. "Enough to take an office of my own, for a while. It's a gamble, of course—"

"What's my money for?" snapped his grandmother. "It wouldn't be the first time I've gambled with it!"

His grandmother was still watching him. "Johnny—I've been intending to ask you for some time—" Her slight hand, with its heavy, old-fashioned rings, gestured toward the papers on her desk—coupons, checks, business letters. "I'm getting old and tired. I wish you'd take charge of all this—investments and mortgages—"

Her grandson burst out laughing. "Me?" he demanded. "Or my beard, Grandmother?"

She smiled, but her voice was firm. "You," she said. "I'm not a fool, Johnny!"

Johnny stood up. "I know you're not," he agreed. "But why—" For thirty years she had managed her affairs. . . .

Some of her old asperity was in her voice, as she retorted: "How should I know why? Maybe you don't know why, yourself! Maybe typhoid was good for you!" He started. "You've grown up, that's all."

Johnny shook his head. "It's the whiskers," he told her. He was smiling uncertainly. "It almost scares me."

"Scares you!" she snapped.

"Like Achilles' heel," he said. "I think I'd better have them insured."

"Or shave 'em off," she suggested.

Her grandson stared at her. "But—I thought you liked my beard!" he exclaimed. She was laughing at him. "But—" If he shaved off his beard, Dorothy would think. . . . And Barbara would be sure. . . .

"Maybe you do need it, after all," his grandmother said softly, her eyes twinkling.

Johnny put up his hand and touched his beard almost wistfully. "I've gotten so fond of it," he said. All day, it had been a sort of lodestone by which he had measured things and people, by which he had been measured.

When he came down to breakfast the next morning, his grandmother chuckled.

"The funny thing is that you *still* look like your grandfather, Johnny!" she told him. "I didn't think it was the whiskers!"

"Well, I'm his grandson," Johnny retorted.

He did not feel as though he had ever been sick. He strode down Elm Street and across to Main, in the bright morning, like a conqueror.

Preston Clark looked up in surprise when he came into the office. "So Richard is himself again!" he said. "I knew you'd think better of it, Johnny. There's something—well, un-American—about a beard!"

"Applesauce!" said Johnny. "I came in to tell you that I'm resigning, Mr. Clark. If I'm ever going to start in for myself, I'd better begin . . ."

Then, as he had known he must, he walked to Dorothy's. She faced him, sulkily, on the veranda.

"I suppose you think you can just shave it off and say you're sorry and I'll forgive you!" she cried. "After all the things you said, Johnny Whittier—"

He shook his head. "I'm not sorry, Dorothy. I mean, I'm sorry if I hurt you, but I can't help being the way I am. I told you the beard had nothing to do with it. It's just—that I'm the sort of man who has to wear a beard if he wants to. Don't you see?"

"Yes!" said Dorothy and turned about and walked into the house, and Johnny went on up the street.

HENRY L. BRETT'S house was the most imposing in Marsden. It was years since Johnny had walked up that long driveway, had pressed the bell with his finger.

Waiting in the living-room, he looked at his reflection in the mirror over the mantel. There wasn't any real necessity for concealing the Whittier chin. . . .

"Still admiring yourself, Johnny?" Barbara's voice mocked him, and he turned, smiling.

Her own smile faded; her dark eyes narrowed. "So you couldn't take it, after all, Johnny?" she said. "Well, I didn't really think you could."

Johnny laughed. "You talk awfully big for a girl your size, Barbara," he told her. "Too big, sometimes." She stared at him. "It's *my* face, you know," he added. "Did you expect me to ask your permission—again?"

She flushed. "I don't know what you're talking about!" she said. "And besides—"

"I'll demonstrate," offered Johnny, and took two steps, put his arm about her and kissed her firmly. "I may take a long time to learn, but once I know something I *know* it!" he took time out to explain, before he kissed her again.

"Oh—Johnny!" murmured Barbara. Then she tossed her head and pulled away from him; her eyes flashed with the old fire. "As a matter of fact," she announced, defiantly, "I *loathe* beards! I was wondering how I'd get you to shave it off! I—" She faltered, beneath his calm, amused eyes. "Of course, if you really *want* one—" she said.

Johnny rubbed his hand across his smooth-shaven chin. Napoleon had been smooth-shaven. Cæsar. George Washington. Lots of people. . . .

"Well, it seemed a good idea at the time," he told her, "but you know I don't believe I really need a beard a bit!"

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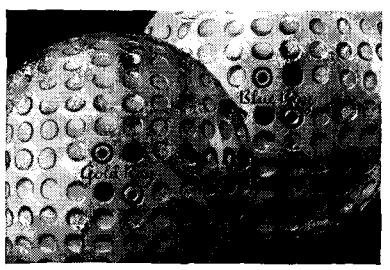

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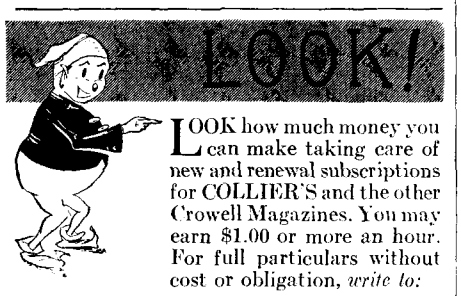

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Musical Comedy Express

Continued from page 17

Cheer works on a stage which is only thirty feet deep from the curtain line to the back wall of the theater. On both sides of the stage there is a space of ten feet between the flat wings of the set and the side walls of the theater. A company of seventeen principals, a chorus of thirty-two, a wardrobe mistress and six assistants, three stage managers and forty-five stage hands work at top speed in this tightly restricted area while the revue is running.

"We have twenty-five changes of scene," Kennedy said. "Our average time on a set change is about thirty seconds."

"Now tell me that you rehearse the stage hands," I said. "Also, I suppose, they are beautiful and temperamental."

My comment was offered as a bit of very mild kidding. Kennedy gave me a serious answer.

"We do rehearse the stage hands," he insisted. "Two days before the try-out in Philadelphia they were rehearsed just with the scenery for a fourteen-hour stretch. Even after working the show for two weeks in Philadelphia the stage hands had another day-long rehearsal with the sets before the Broadway opening."

A Stage Manager Has to Be Tough

At a quarter of eight Kennedy stationed himself at the stage door. For fifteen minutes we chatted while the players filed by on their way to the dressing-rooms. Occasionally Kennedy glanced at his wrist watch. At exactly two minutes past eight one of the chorus girls arrived to find that bad news was waiting for her.

"Sorry, darling," Kennedy said to her. "You'd better watch a picture show tonight."

The girl had eyes that could say please. They did so.

"Have a heart, Jack," she said. "I'm not very late."

"Only two minutes," Kennedy said. "But why worry? All you lose is your salary for this one performance."

After the girl had gone we went backstage again.

"The call is for eight o'clock," Kennedy said. "Any night they don't show at that time they don't work. We have to be tough about it. Otherwise some of them would show up so late we'd have to hold the curtain for them. We can't afford that."

By eight-thirty the stage hands have set the stage to represent a dining-room on Park Avenue. The dishes are moored to the dining table with brackets so that when the set is cleared after this number there will be no loss of time by stage hands uselessly handling individual knives, forks and plates. Each piece of furniture has an exact position on the stage, the position marked by a red letter painted on the stage floor. The white letters painted on that same surface indicate the precise placing of each piece of scenery.

The fly gallery above the stage is a bewildering labyrinth of hanging drops, the ropes which control the swift flight of the scenery and the spotlight strips with their gelatin coverings of blue and straw and pink and red. Thirty feet above the stage, just behind the screen of the front curtain, there is a light bridge which is two feet wide and twenty feet long. Two spot men occupy this bridge while the show is playing. When the fast-moving dancers take the stage the two spot men follow the movements of the dancers with hand-controlled spot lights.

Curtain going up and on scheduled time to the second. Kennedy, the backstage officer who is directly responsible to the management for the running time of each performance, takes up his post of command just beyond the wings at the stage left. Within easy reach he has a portable telephone which connects him with the opposite side of the stage, with the two men on the light bridge, with the spot man in the gallery of the theater and with the orchestra conductor. He carries a flashlight in his hand for a signal which will cut through the back-stage shadows.

Hal Forde, Leslie Adams and Helen Broderick end their playing of the opening sketch and the main curtain drops to the accompaniment of generous laughter from out front. As the curtain hits the stage floor the Park Avenue dining-room sails skyward while another drop slides swiftly downward from the flies. Fourteen property men swarm on the stage. Their movements are as swift and sure as were those of the best Rockne-drilled teams at Notre Dame. Seven men clear the stage of its furniture to install the desk, the chairs, telephone, inkwells, the wicker baskets and the generally confused litter of a newspaper editor's work bench. Electricians change their lights, carpenters steady the set. Within the usual thirty seconds the audience out front is looking at Jerome Cowan and Harry Stockwell as they play at being an editor and a reporter working on a newspaper story. While this sketch is being played a chorus line forms in the wings. A minute before their entrance Kennedy goes down the line and whispers instructions.

"Lay on those lyrics tonight," he says. "Remember, lay on 'em hard."

Curtain again. As the chorus sings its way on-stage I ask Kennedy to explain how one lays on a lyric and why.

"I guess Irving Berlin is just an old-fashioned boy," Kennedy says. "When he writes a lyric he wants it sung so the customers can hear it. When I told the boys and girls to lay on the lyrics I meant that I wanted them to shoot them out so that they could be heard by those sitting in the last row in the gallery."

There's No Idle Moment Here

The chorus is off-stage again. While they have been singing they have carried newspapers in their hands. As they file into the wings a waiting property man takes the newspapers from the boys and girls and files them in their proper places for use at the next performance. Only a few seconds of darkness this time and then the stage is lighted again and the curtain up to reveal Helen Broderick and Leslie Adams in the rôles of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover.

Curtain on the Hoover sketch. The same swift swarm of stage hands. As the stage is cleared of its furnishings Marilyn Miller slips swiftly by in the darkness. She strikes a dancing pose on the stage and one of the men on the light bridge finds her with a spotlight. A new backdrop hits the stage and the main curtain goes up again on Miss Miller as a just-suppose Barbara Hutton responding in a dance number to the charms of a just-pretend Prince Mdivani as played by Clifton Webb.

The lights black out on the dancing exit of Miss Miller and Mr. Webb and another "drop in one" hits the stage floor. Within a few seconds the lights are up again and Ethel Waters, the dusky

(Continued on page 48)

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(Continued from page 47)

songstress, is working on the stage with the hot melodies of Berlin's Heat Wave Hits New York. On her way to stage center Miss Waters has passed Miss Miller and Mr. Webb, moving swiftly through the shadows toward their dressing-rooms. Within six minutes they must both be back on the stage, this time in make-up and costume that will suggest to an audience that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford are on the stage.

While Miss Waters is holding the stage with her song the Charles Weidman dancers gather behind the "drop in one." In a couple of minutes they will be giving a wild dance interpretation to the Heat Wave number. Before the curtain goes up on their dance they spend their time loosening their working muscles with high kicks, bending exercises and the leaps into the air which will presently be shown to the audience.

Curtain on the wild writhings of the Weidman dancers as they respond to the supplications of Miss Waters as the high priestess of frenzy. Darkness again, the swift movement of the stage hands, the downward flight of a new back drop, a change in lights and the main curtain rises on Marilyn Miller and Clifton Webb in the Fairbanks-Crawford sketch. Now, hanging to Clifton Webb's flying coat tails, we are about to get a look at some real speed. It seems that we ain't seen nothin' yet.

At the end of this sketch Webb is shedding clothes as he leaves the stage. Exactly six and a half minutes later he must be back on that stage in the rôle of John D. Rockefeller, Sr. As Webb reaches his dressing-room on the second floor he is stripped down to trousers and shoes. A dresser has arranged a huge bowl of grease paint on the make-up shelf. While his dresser removes the shoes of Fairbanks Junior, and substitutes the boots of Rockefeller, Senior, Webb is smearing his face with a layer of grease paint a quarter-inch thick. He then cuts wrinkles into this grease mask with an orange stick and slaps the paint dry with a powder puff dipped in a box of blue-gray powder. Now he slips into a dickey with collar attached and then slides into coat and trousers offered by the dresser. Then he picks up the powder puff again and is graying his hands as he strolls down the stairs on his way to the stage.

"I like the Cardinals to win the pennant in the National League," Webb says as he reaches the stage level. "Drop in again and I'll give you my reason for picking them."

You Don't Need a Watch

His entrance cue is spoken then from the stage. An instant later an incredible likeness of the elder Rockefeller totters before the startled eyes of an applauding audience.

Curtain on the Rockefeller sketch. Again the practiced speed of hurrying figures in the darkness as furniture and properties disappear from the stage to make way for a clear stage and a back drop which represents the funnies section of a newspaper, with Marilyn Miller and the chorus dancing in front of the drop. As the curtain and the lights went up on this number I asked Kennedy to tell me the right time.

"Miller is just on for the funnies number," he said. "That would make it twenty minutes of ten."

"Quit kidding me," I demanded. "I want watch time."

"I'm not kidding," Kennedy assured me. "I'll gamble with you that I'm right on the time at least within thirty seconds to a minute."

Kennedy showed me his watch then for proof. The hands pointed to exactly eighteen minutes of ten.

More sketches, more songs and then intermission. This brief breathing time runs for fourteen minutes. Then the back-stage routine that had functioned so surely during the first act is resumed again. Helen Broderick and Clifton Webb were on the stage in the rôles of Aimee McPherson and Gandhi when Kennedy asked me if I would like a close-up look at a war which would be staged during the next scene with the Weidman dancers on the set doing a furious rhumba which interprets the passion of a revolt in Cuba. The scene is a café in Havana.

Kennedy showed me a set of six-inch-high cut-outs. These are attached to three moving bands on a miniature treadmill machine. A spotlight shoots at these cut-outs and the shadow thus created looms against the window in the set. From the front of the house the audience sees the apparent silhouettes of an army of soldiers passing in the outside street. The roar of heavy cannonading is heard in the theater as Kennedy calmly fires a twenty-two pistol into the reverberating space of a steel barrel.

Discovery of a Prince

Letitia Ide and José Limon are the leading figures in this furious rhumba number. When the dance is finished they stagger from the stage in a state of near-collapse. For five minutes they rest on chairs set just beyond the screen of the wings and gasp for breath as a drowning man might desperately gulp for life. As I watched them I marveled at the physical fitness demanded of these dancing people and mentioned this to Kennedy.

"Wait till that Ide kid gets her breath back," Kennedy suggested. "I'll fix it for you then to hit her in the stomach if you want to take a chance with your knuckles. She's got muscles like corrugated iron."

I declined this kind invitation with thanks. If I ever get around to hitting a lady in the stomach I want at least a ball park full of my fellow citizens on hand to witness my emancipation.

There is a later sketch which concerns the Prince of Wales. The Prince is played by Thomas Hamilton. Hamilton needs no make-up for the part. He is, in looks, a twin of England's royal traveling salesman. I asked Kennedy how many thousand actors were interviewed before Hamilton was found for the part.

"That was a funny one," Kennedy answered. "Moss Hart, the author of the sketches, was lunching one day at the counter of a drug store right next to the theater and Hamilton just drifted in. Hart braced him and asked him if he was an actor. Hamilton said he could even prove that he was an actor and there he is out there on the stage now, the Prince himself for looks. Funny how accidents of that sort happen sometimes in show business."

The nightly journey of As Thousands Cheer was almost over. The entire company was on the stage singing the final number. As a stage hand hauled on the rope which brought the curtain down on the last bar of music he seemed curiously like an engineer bringing a crack train to a smooth stop after a fast run against time. As the curtain fell and the house lights went up on a departing audience the stage hand turned to Kennedy and sighed wearily.

"Be seeing you, boss," the stage hand said. "I'm glad that one's over."

Kennedy glanced briefly then at his watch. He frowned.

"We're supposed to be down at 11:07," he said. "We didn't get down tonight until 11:09. That guy out there with the horse laugh must have slowed us up."

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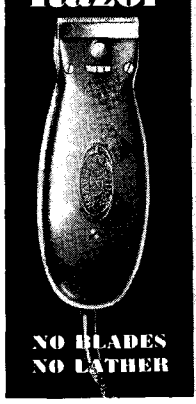

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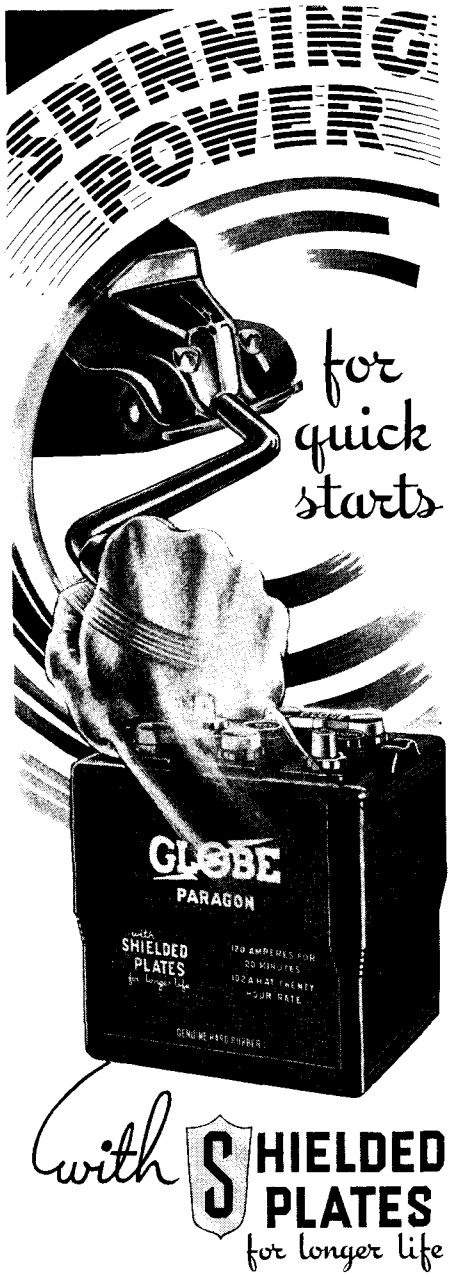

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Under Sentence

Continued from page 14

the rest, a bitter devil he was, by the name of Red Gordon; he was after me like a hound on a hare. He was buddies, it seems, with this guy I shot, they was buddies in the war. And he'd swore he'd get me if he combed red hell to find me, and sit me in the Chair." His eyes quivered round the edges like an animal's when the knife's at its throat and it feels death coming. He took a big drink of whisky, shook himself, and went on with his tale.

"I was lying-up in Hoboken . . . the room was on the third floor, looking over the street . . . a gurrl I knew, she took me in . . . wouldn't sell me for any reward, nor care what I had done, you know the way some of them are.

"And one evening, about six it was, I see this Gordon, see him plain under the lamp. I tell you, man, he was sniffing for me like a terrier dog at a rat hole, sniffing the air for me scent he was, like he knew I was somewhere near.

"'Ellen,' I said, 'there's Red Gordon, down right there under the lamp. And I'm a dead man,' I said, 'and may Christ have mercy on me soul, for He knows I'll need it, me that'll burn in hell for ever and ever.' I was scared plumb through, ye understand, with the strain and all, there was no heart in me.

"'Don't be a fool,' she says. 'If he knew where you was he'd 'a' come straight up the stairs with his gun at you. He may be sniffing your trail,' she says, 'but he ain't found it yet, however close he is, and you come out now with me, down the fire-escape at the back of the hall, into the little alleyway at the back; it's dark there and he won't see us, and we can slip round to the room of a friend of mine; she's away but I get letters there and she leaves the key for me under the mat. Come on now, Barney, they ain't gotcha yet.'

"I'd never 'a' done it alone with that fear in me bones. . . . I was soft and shaking. When we stood in the dark alleyway I darsn't move, but she dragged me along. 'Come on,' she says, 'pull yer hat down low and square yer shoulders. It's only a step round the corner, and we'll fool the sniffing hound and tangle his trail for him. He shan't have you tonight, I tell you, and tomorrow's another day.'

"SO WE got away clear. The house where her friend lived, ye understand, it was one of these houses where they ask no questions, and in the morning she slipped out to buy some food and saw no sign of Red Gordon. He didn't know her anyway, but she'd seen him in the lamplight, and there was no sign or trace of him.

"I felt better then, and shamed for the fear that was on me, and I ate no breakfast and read the morning paper, and there I saw this advertisement I was telling ye of. 'MEN WANTED,' it said, 'Skilled Workers Needed for Soviet Russia. A Party Will Sail This Week Direct for Petrograd. No Scabs or Yellow-bellies Need Apply,' and it gave an address where to write.

"I wrote and told them the truth, some of it. I told them I'd been a Wobbly and how the police framed us in Oakland and we went to jail, and how they were after me again with another frame-up and would they help me get to Russia where me comrades were, and I gave the names of some of them. But didn't tell them me own name; I told them the name of one of the boys who was with me in San Quentin; he'd gone up in the woods in Oregon, and I guessed they wouldn't know him; that was the chance I had to take. I sent the gurrl with the letter and about noon she came back and said it was okay. . . ."

The Polish war had ended when Barney arrived in Moscow, wearing his own name again and warmly greeted by old comrades. He joined the League of Political Prisoners, which has great prestige in Moscow, and those who knew of his murder of the police officer accepted easily his word that the crime was political. "Political killing is not murder," Lenin had written, and so deep was the hatred for "gendarmes" in Bolshevik hearts that the "liquidation" of a policeman was meed of praise, not blame. That autumn he enlisted in the Red Army and won his decoration at Perekop, the last and bloodiest battle of the Civil War, which opened the Crimea for the Soviet advance to throw Wrangel, the last of the "White" generals, into the sea.

"They sent me next to lower Asia," he told me, "where Enver, the Turkish fox, had thought to build him a new empire. Cunning as a fox he was, but he fought like a wounded tiger when we trapped him in the mountain pass where he'd holed up.

"That was a good fight, that was, and I took a lance-point in me arm and the lad who held it got me saber through his neck. I was singin' to meself by that time, 'Hallelujah, I'm a BUM, Hallelujah, I'm a BUM,' with a cut for each BUM, and all of a sudden it was finished, and Enver was dead, and after that there was no more talk of empires in Soviet Asia."

SO BARNEY went back to Moscow a war hero, with wound and medal and the rank of captain, and had the time of his life, he said. The city was wide open then in the second year of NEP . . . cabarets and girls and dancing and plenty of food and liquor. But he was a member of the Communist Party by this time, and soon he was appointed inspector on the railroad between Moscow and Kazan, to see what kept the trains from running on time and to make them run on time, or anyway to make them run.

"And all me previous experience of railroads was six weeks as a pick and shovel man on the New York Central," said Barney, grinning, "but they do things like that in Russia. You know how they are yerself. And I took it gladly, I was weary of playing the fool. There's something about this country that gets you, you want to join in the drive of it and do something with the rest of them. Lord knows there's enough to do.

"Down there in Kazan station, my second trip it was, I got the shock of me life. Me train was just pulling out and I sat at ease in a private compartment when another train come in across the platform and there in a doorway stood Red Gordon, as plain as I see you now. I ducked like the snap of a knife and me stomach felt sick. I'd the fear of him deep in me bones, ye understand, it was stronger than me. I had to fight meself to me feet to reach up and look out of the window, but he hadn't seen me. I watched him get off quite slow and careless and walk the other way as we left the station behind.

"That was a bad night for Barney, you bet it was, and the month that followed. There were hundreds of Americans in Russia then, doing this relief work for the famine, and a good job they made of it, but never a one of them named Gordon, and I could get no check on him. But I knew—oh, yes, I knew—

(Continued on page 50)

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Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

(Continued from page 49)

Red Gordon wasn't feeding babies, he was trailing me, sniffing along on me trail till he found me and paid me for what I done to his buddy. And I was scared he'd get me, scared right down inside me. Just think of the nerve of it, him a foreigner after me like that in Russia, where he was an enemy and all of them my friends. But I couldn't check on him nohow, and that scared me too. I began to think I was going crazy, and me friends took notice.

"'What's wrong with you, Barney?' they said. 'You look sick and you're nervous. You're working too hard,' they said, 'you need to rest up a bit, there's no call to kill yourself with work.'

"Aye, them was the words—'kill yourself'—and I often thought of it, thought that was the best way out. And then I saw him again, and this time he saw me. We'd slowed down at a place where the line was newly double-tracked, going not more than ten miles an hour, and another train passed us the opposite way, going slow as us. I sat by the window, and as the other train passed I saw Red Gordon sitting by the window, and *he* saw *me*. Our eyes met and his face lit up like a window in a dark house when someone puts the light on, and he smiled and nodded, very sure of himself, the way a man smiles and nods when he sees an old friend. But his eyes weren't friendly, no, his eyes were *not* friendly, not to *me* they weren't, not at all friendly but sorta *satisfied*."

THE whisky bottle was empty and Barney McGubbin grabbed his bag and pulled out another and broke the neck against the table and poured out half a glass and drank it quickly. The restaurant car was chilly and he wore no coat but there were beads of sweat on his cheeks and forehead. He licked his lips and sat silent, eyes staring.

"Yes," I said, "and then what?"

He gave a quick shake of the head, like a man that wakes suddenly from a doze. "Have some more," he said, "this is good stuff, none of your Russian vodka; this is real Irish whisky, I got it off an Irish captain in the port last night. And I'll take some more meself and drink to that same Red Gordon. He loved his buddy, and me he hated, but I loved Russia, and Russia killed him for me. That same night he saw me I came to a junction some hours later, and the first thing they told me was the train we'd passed had gone through a bridge down the line and the wrecking crew was ready and would I go along.

"I went and I slept all the way, without fears or dreams. I knew it was ended somehow, either him or me. I'd hardly slept for weeks, but that night I slept well. It was light when we got there and some peasants were helping to get out the injured and there was a lot of noise and yelling. But Red Gordon didn't yell; he lay quiet with a broken neck. He was smiling his satisfied smile but his eyes were shut.

"That was ten years ago, ye understand, and I've married the sweetest gurrl in the wurrld, and worked hard, and they think a lot of me. I've no more fear of Red Gordon, or the Hot Seat, or the fires of hell to come after. I've no more fear at all. . . . I'm sure and free and *safe* in Russia."

Then we went to bed and I wondered how much of it was true. A reporter can't believe everything he hears, and not always everything he sees. But I thought Barney McGubbin had told the truth, and I thought he was mighty lucky, with a wife like Nora Petrovna, and *safe* in Russia, safe from Red Gordon's vengeance and the electric chair and the fear of hell fire. That's what I thought until one day three months later I met an American specialist who'd worked at Kuznetz, and asked him if he knew Barney, "a big fellow, black Irish," I said, "with a beautiful Russian wife; he used to belong to the I. W. W. and is now a Communist."

"Yes," said the engineer, "I knew him, and if I'd not played baseball in the old days I'd be with him now."

"Where's that?" I said. "And why baseball?"

"I dunno where," he said; "I'm not religious. . . . But I'm not with him because baseball teaches you to move quick. I'll tell you about it, if you like.

"I've been in steel ever since I left school, and it's a tough business, and I've put up steel all over the world, and I thought I'd seen all of it. But this Kuznetz baby, she was something else again. Mud . . . Lord, man, she was ten feet deep in mud, and in the summer it was dust, and in the winter snow and ice, forty below zero. You've got to hand it to these Russkis, they have nerve. To build the biggest steel plant in Europe, or Asia, 'cause it's Asia really, way beyond the Urals, out there on the steppe, miles and miles from anywhere. The plans were all right, *we* took care of that, but getting the stuff there . . . one line of railroad. . . . Oh, boy!

"And building a town at the same time, and getting food . . . I don't know how they stood it. We got *our* houses built, they gave us the best they had, I'll say that for them, but tough . . . Gee, how tough it was. And that mud. You see *they* did the town planning; *we* were only responsible for the plant, and they got the elevation wrong, or forgot to build any roads. They had a few tractors, but you couldn't use autos or trucks, just horses and wagons, and if they got stuck you took a gang with ropes and hauled them out. I'd like to see some of the boys at home build blast furnaces on those terms . . . that'd show them what raising steel meant.

"We were putting up Furnace Number 2 when this Barney McGubbin blew in, and believe me, I was glad to see him. I'd lost twenty pounds on Number 1. The skipbridge slipped when they were raising her and squashed a dozen of them the way you squash a fly. . . . Oh, we had a hell of a time . . . but Number 2 was worse. You see, they'd learnt something about it by then, and what the risks were, and they didn't like it. I thought it was bad before, when they took chances with Number 1 that turned my hair gray, but at least they weren't scared . . . not till that skip fell . . . but *that* kinda worried them. It's bad enough to work with a reckless crew, but perfect ruddy hell with a crew that's scared.

"I DON'T care if Barney was ten I. W. W.'s, I wouldn't have cared if he'd been a murderer, the way he made them work and made them *like* it. And work himself. . . . Gee, I tell you, boy, that man did the work of five. *And* the way he drove 'em! . . . I thought I knew something about driving men, but he drove 'em and made 'em like it. You see, he was quite a big Communist and had been in the army—they said he was a general or something—and had a raft of medals, and he talked Russian like a streak. He used to sing to them, army songs in a big, deep voice—he had a swell voice—came over to our place sometimes on rest days and sang that Wobbly song, 'Hallelujah, I'm a bum,' till the plaster fell off the ceiling. So they forgot about being scared and worked like beavers. When he came we were way behind on our schedule with Number 2, and in a month we'd 'caught up and surpassed it,' as the Russkis say, and were sitting pretty. We raised 2's skip without a hitch and believe me, I was glad when *that* job was over. I'd not been out of my boots for forty-eight hours (we had to wear high boots on

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account of the blasted mud, high rubber boots) nor Barney either, but when the skip was up I went to bed and slept sixteen hours.

"The next day was rest day, and Barney came round and brought his wife. . . . You're right, she was a pippin, and crazy about him, and we had a real party, in honor of Number 2. You see, we'd broken the record for construction speed and beaten Magnitogorsk right off the map, and the Russian chief was there and mighty affable and complimentary to me, but he knew and I knew that Barney deserved the credit. And when they were going away Barney's wife said, 'Mister,'—they all of them called me Mister 'cause they couldn't pronounce my name—'Mister,' she said, 'your rubber boots need patching and so do Barney's. I've found a man who can do it, so let me take yours with his. They'll be ready in two days, and if you don't they'll just go into holes. It's better to have wet feet for a couple of days than for all the rest of the spring.' So I let her take them, and if I'd not played baseball and learned to move quick . . . well, I'd be with Barney now, wherever that is.

"THERE were three teams next morning with a load of castings, two horses and two men to each team, and having a hell of a time. They were stuck in a pool of liquid mud like pea-soup, up to the knees, and the horses were slipping and plunging and the drivers were shouting and cursing, and altogether it was as fine a mess as you'd find in Russia, which is saying a lot. I was going along to Number 2, along a railroad embankment just above 'em, so I must needs slide down and try to help. But they couldn't understand me, or didn't want to, and I might as well have kept my feet dry, when along comes Barney, from the other direction, and he took charge and began to talk to them in Russian they *could* understand, telling 'em what to do. 'All of you push the first wagon,' he told 'em, 'and get her out, and then go back and push the next; that's the way to do it.' And he lined 'em up, and me too, and pushed himself, and the horses pulled, and she began to move.

"Right then while we're all pushing, there appears from nowhere a casual Russki *tovarish* with a coil of wire over his arm, stringing a phone line or something, plashing through the mud without a care in the world. He's got to get this line strung across the town, but just above us, a couple of yards or so from the embankment, there's an overhead cable, so he halts and gets all set to throw his wire over it. Which cable is a naked power line carrying fifty thousand volts.

"I was busy pushing and didn't notice, but Barney did, saw him swinging his arm all ready to throw the wire over the cable. *'Look out,'* he yelled, 'that's a *live wire*, you'll. . . .' But he spoke in *English*, can you blame him?

"I told you I'd played baseball, and I moved *quick*. I just dove for that embankment like it was first base, and I reached it. I pitched on my head and turned a half somersault and saw what happened.

"The Russki comrade threw his wire, a big coil of it, and it went over the cable and rested on the cable, and the end of it fell down on the wagon. The full force of the current hit them like lightning. The horses went up in the air on their hind legs and fell in heaps and never kicked. The tovarish catapulted backwards and lay still. The other men jerked all ways, you'd have thought there were springs in them. Barney kept his feet, but his arms shot up as if he was praying or addressing a crowd, and his face went blue. He stood there what seemed a long time, then suddenly fell forward in the mud. I used to think electrocution was merciful, compared to hanging, and it sure is quick; but, my friend, what a ghastly death!"

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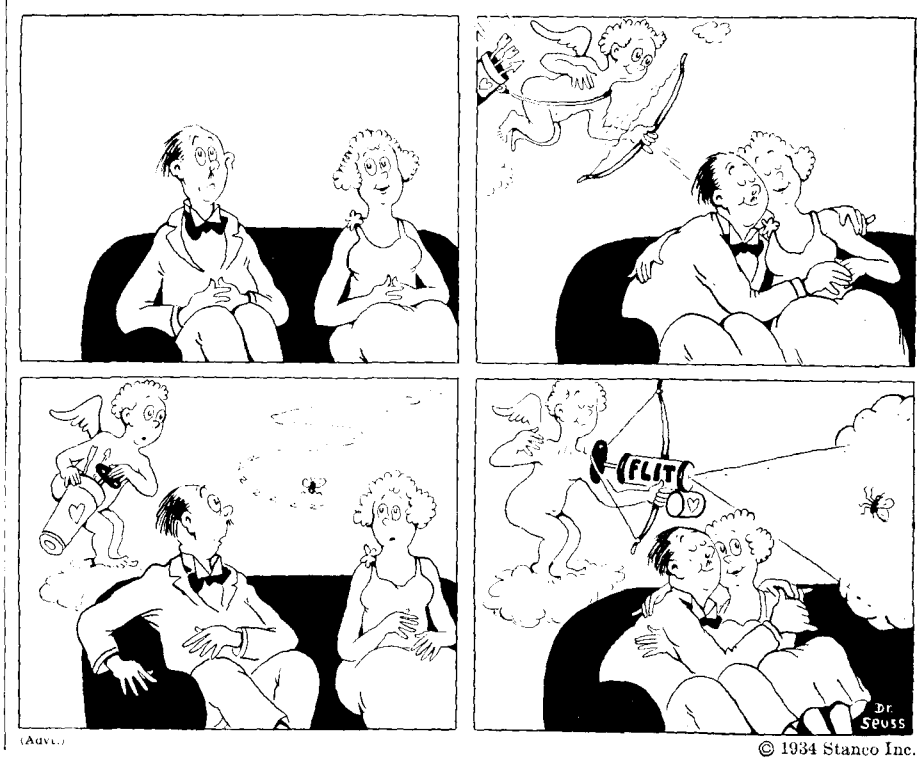

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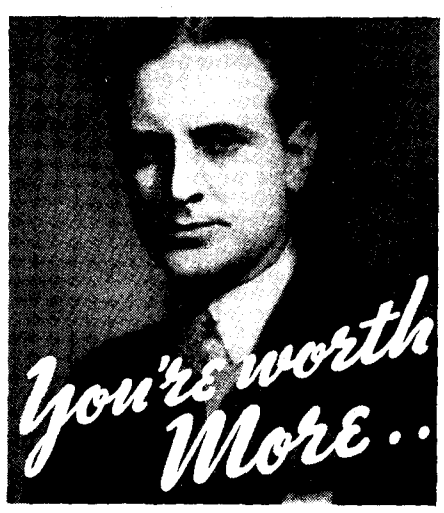

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Continued from page 22

hot now. They've had three months of intensive play under sunny skies and they win easily. Then New York and perhaps Brazil to be played. A cinch, and now for merry old England.

Johnny has made good. He's on the team. He's off for Wimbledon and the big match with France. He hasn't done a stroke of work since he left college in December; but what of it? he tells himself. He's sitting pretty, all right, seeing the world, living very well, and after all he's only twenty.

London is lovely and very inexpensive. He does everything but dance with the Prince of Wales, and he is wined, dined and generally pampered. Oh, he has to practice a bit and he plays in a tournament at the Queen's Club. He does well, too. Then Wimbledon. He wins. He beats Borotra or Cochet. He is hailed all over as the Wimbledon champion.

So Everything's Fixed

It is June, now, and the team moves to Germany to play the German Davis Cup team. They practice for several weeks and give the fräuleins something of a treat. He's Johnny Smith, the great American player now. He wins at Berlin and then comes the big match of the year—the match with France.

Johnny wins one singles match. The team loses, but Johnny has done his part.

He is approached by an American promoter, who wants him to turn professional. He hesitates. He has a little girl back home whom he has vague ideas about marrying sometime. The money looks attractive. The officials of the U. S. L. T. A. hear of the offer. In a panic they rush to Johnny. He can't turn professional. Why, he promises to be the greatest drawing card tennis ever had. He'll pack 'em in at Forest Hills in September. Aw. Johnny, you can't throw us down like this.

"But I need the dough," he explains. "I'm—I'm thinking of getting married."

"Oh, we'll fix that. Get married after the Nationals and we'll arrange a nice honeymoon for you."

"Okay," Johnny says. He really hates to cause anyone trouble.

So he returns in August with the Davis Cup team. He has been playing tennis since February and has been living on an expense account ever since that time. Lovely.

The team is rushed from the boat to the Newport tournament and Johnny has a swell time there. Everyone makes a fuss over him. He's the darling of the gallery. Then to Boston for the national doubles, and then Forest Hills for the national singles, the blue ribbon event of tennis.

One by one Johnny mows them down. He is red hot. The crowds love him and they troop in each day to see him perform. The officials get calloused hands from counting the gate receipts. He wins. Hurray!

Then he heads for home, stopping at Detroit and perhaps St. Louis to give exhibitions. Of course, he has to take part in the Pacific Southwest championship—and then, while flashlights pop all over, he marries the girl of his dreams. What has he to offer her? Money?

The kid hasn't a dime. Future prospects? Act your age. He has a lovely honeymoon trip to offer her, however. The good white fathers of the U. S. L. T. A. have arranged just the nicest trip for Johnny and his bride. He is to play some exhibition matches in Australia. Now Australia is quite a long way off, and it is an expensive trip, but the officials fix things. They see Johnny off with sighs of relief and with sneers at the disgruntled American promoter who wanted Johnny to turn professional.

Will Johnny ever go back to finish college? Of course not. Will he ever earn an honest, decent living? Let us hope so, but it certainly won't be until his tennis days are over. He is good for twelve years, perhaps, and then he'll be just another tennis player.

Does this case seem extreme? If so, look up the career of freckled Ellsworth Vines. You will find similarities. Vines finally smartened up, realized what a fool he had been and turned professional. He's all set now, for he joined Bill Tilden and his merry troupe and now he's barnstorming all over the country. He's being well paid, too.

Thank goodness there is one real amateur game left—polo. What's that, you say? Bolony? How vulgar. Do you mean to insinuate that the young gods who flash so beautifully across the closely cropped turf on Meadow Brook are not playing just for the fun of it? Again let us to the record.

There is a genial old gentleman in Texas named George Miller. His hobby and his business is the raising and training of polo ponies. The rich young men who play polo live on Long Island, which is a long way from Dallas, Texas. Somehow or other a contact must be made between Texas and Long Island. Mr. Miller neatly solves the problem.

Each year he sends a group of his ponies north under the charge of two very likable young men, Cecil Smith and Rube Williams. These young men are very fine polo players. Mr. Williams is handicapped at eight goals while Mr. Smith is a ten-goal man. They play in tournaments and they play on Mr. Miller's ponies. If Jock Whitney or Winston Guest or Tommy Hitchcock should happen to fancy a pony which is being ridden by either of the Texans, he may buy the pony. Most assuredly both of these young men play polo because they love the game—they couldn't be so proficient otherwise—but in addition, they have an admitted monetary interest.

Profits in Ponies

Then let us consider neither the Roumanians nor the Greeks, but the Argentines. They have great teams in the Argentine and great players—as well as great polo ponies. Polo ponies must be bred and trained by the men who are playing them. Lewis Lacey, Jack D. Nelson, Johnny Miles and Arturo Kenny breed and train ponies. They were all horse breeders by profession and polo players by avocation.

Now, to bring a head of fifty ponies from the Argentine to Long Island as they did a few years ago costs a lot of what it takes to buy groceries. It costs, in fact, about one thousand dollars per horse. Why, then, did these four men come here to play? Well, when you are a great polo player you naturally want to test your ability against other great players and, with bows of apology toward Hurlingham and India, the best players in the world play on Long Island. The Argentine players put their heads together and solved the financial difficulty. "After we play on Long Island, we will sell our ponies."

So they played and their team won the Open championship, and the four men who played were fêted and made much of—not surprising, in view of the fact that they were four gentlemen of distinction and charm. They held an auction of their ponies when the season ended and, no doubt to their own surprise, the sale of the little animals brought the staggering sum of $276,100, a lot of money, even in the Mexican language.

Polo players solve the amateur-professional question by ignoring it and by not enacting a great many silly rules. If Tommy Hitchcock saw a day laborer who looked as though he could play polo, Tommy could pay him fifty dollars a day to play on his Sands Point team. If the laborer was a decent sort of fellow he would be accepted wholeheartedly by the other players.

When Bobby Broke Loose

The hypocrisy of amateurism in golf drove two of its notable figures out of the amateur ranks. They are, of course, Bobby Jones and George Von Elm. The peerless Bobby, a cultured gentleman, the head of a family and a practicing lawyer, made considerable money as an amateur without even a suggestion that his amateur standing might be impugned. He did it by writing golf articles which were syndicated and which brought him something like $20,000 a year. They were excellent articles, written not by a ghost writer, but by himself. Thousands of dubs improved their games by following his advice. Finally Bobby was offered a motion-picture contract to make a series of shorts depicting golf strokes. In justice to his family he could not refuse the offer, so, like the thoroughbred he is, he resigned from further amateur competition.

It will be recalled that Johnny Goodman, who was our 1933 Open champion, took a job at fifty dollars a week in a sporting goods store after he finished college. The golf fathers threw up their hands in horror. Why, this was rank professionalism. They told him to quit and they helped him get a job selling insurance. His first month brought him commissions of seven hundred dollars. Ho, hum! What if he sold most of his policies on the golf course? He was selling insurance, not selling golf clubs. That made it all right.

Scratch a golf player and usually you'll find a bond salesman. Bond salesmen now go in to see a prospective buyer with a list of quotations under one arm and a golf bag under the other. When the nationally known amateur player says, "Maybe we can talk this over better on the golf course," the prospect is delighted. He might pick up some pointers. Oh, sure he'll buy a bond or two. Why not?

Are there any real simon-pure amateur golfers? Sure. You'll find them on the public links every day. You'll find them dubbing their way out of traps on every club course in the country—but you'll seldom find them in tournaments.

Yes, the amateur is dead. In his place is the young man who can't afford to give up all of his time to the game he loves and at which he is so proficient. To play, he must accept "gratuities" and expense accounts which are quite elastic and seldom scrutinized carefully. More power to him. Sport never hurt anyone—but one cannot feel the same way toward the men who run the game. For gate receipts and glory they are making bums out of our athletic generation. Still in these days when jobs are hard to get the athletes are no doubt just as well off. Few of them are bright enough to hold a job anyway.

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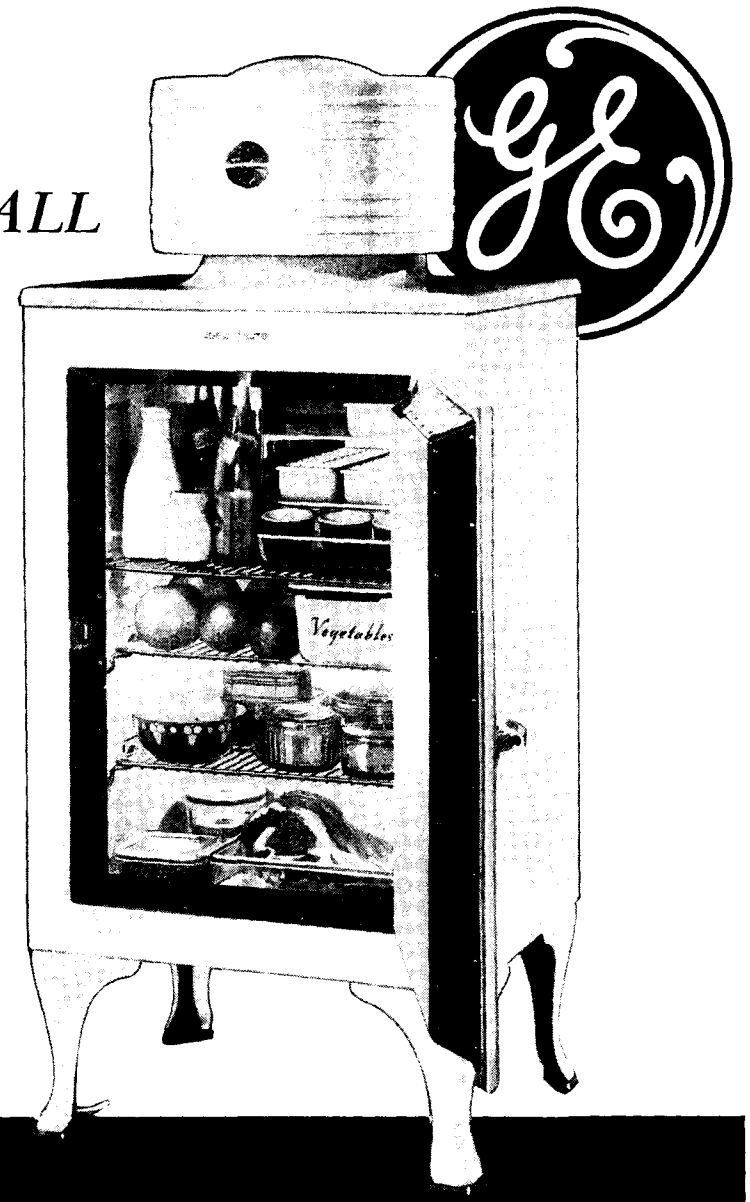

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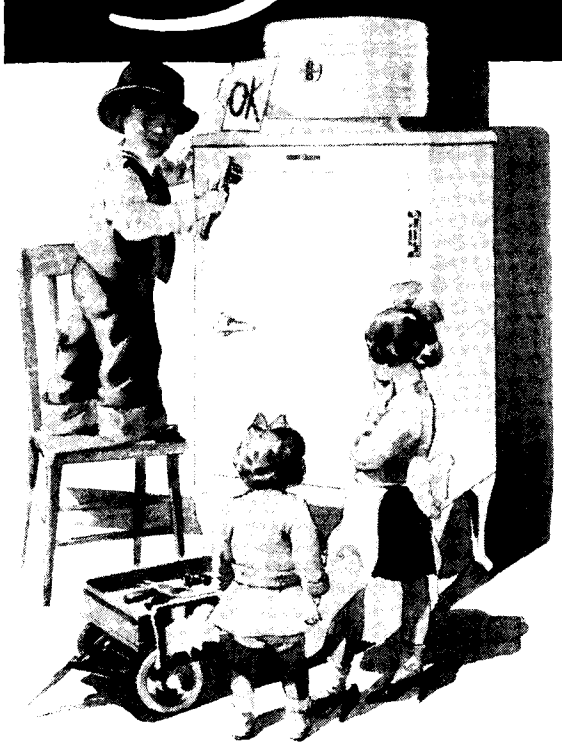

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Keep to the Record

FOR the first time since Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected President, we as voters will have the opportunity in the current congressional elections to express our opinions and our will concerning the New Deal policies.

Unquestionably the laws and other acts of the Administration have initiated profound changes in our economic and social life as well as in the government itself. It is high time that intelligent consideration be given to the Roosevelt program. The congressional campaign provides the right occasion.

Of course there will be criticism. Already criticism has been heard. So far, however, it has been conventional and formal and confused. What has been said is chiefly the talk of men out of office who want to get back to the comfort of governmental salaries and power. Routine electioneering is not good enough for this year.

Let's keep to the record and consider the facts. It is not necessary to exaggerate or to falsify to find an issue. Stupendous sums have been appropriated and spent. Other vast sums will be expended. Laws have been passed embodying principles which were not mentioned in any party platform in 1932. Both as to fact and as to policy there is abundant material for difference of opinion. Granted even a minimum of intelligence, there is no justification for a cheap or quibbling campaign.

Many of the things done by the Roosevelt Administration would have been done by any responsible President and Congress. The 1933 emergency required drastic action.

Whoever was in power would have been compelled to deal with the banking crisis in March, 1933. A condition, and not a theory, faced the incoming Administration and action was imperiously demanded.

Any administration would have had to provide some kind of relief for the unemployed. No President and no Congress could have ignored the plight of farmers or distressed home owners.

But beyond these emergency relief undertakings on which no party conflict occurred there is a wide field in which honest opinion may be sharply divided.

The issue which has actually aroused people most deeply and which divides public sentiment most clearly concerns the government's relationship to business. This was the kernel of the nut of controversy between General Johnson and Clarence Darrow in their torrid NRA debate. That discussion shed more heat than light but beneath it important questions were concealed.

What is to be the government's relationship to business? Nearly one hundred and fifty years ago our first Congress made one answer when the first tariff law was enacted to enable American business men more effectually to meet the competition of European producers. Fifty years ago a second chapter was written when, with the creation of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the principle of governmental regulation was established.

The Roosevelt Administration has extended governmental regulation prodigiously and it has at the same time spectacularly introduced the relatively new factor of governmental competition. In numerous industries the federal government is itself in business. Not only in the Tennessee Valley but through banks, finance companies, public utilities and even manufacturing establishments the government is a competitor of private enterprise.

The question of whether the government is to stay in business can never be answered in an unequivocal yes or no. The question of trend and of emphasis, however, can and should be answered for the immediate future. Before any administration gets too far involved in any program of this nature it should know plainly what the majority of voters want.

Another and scarcely less important issue is the government's future attitude toward currency inflation. Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma still "glows with a dull hatred" of sound money. Where do the congressional candidates stand on this issue? The welfare of the nation is at stake. As voters we ought to know what is in the minds of the candidates.

There are numerous other actual issues of profound significance to our national future. The attitude of congressmen and senators toward bonuses and pensions to veterans should be known. The taxation policies should be explicitly stated and fairly considered.

In the realities of our political life there is space enough for the widest differences of opinion. Let's insist that candidates for election or reëlection tell us where they stand on matters that truly count.

If the candidate is seeking to hold his job, make him give a fair explanation. Don't reëlect him or her merely because President Roosevelt has a pleasant smile and a good radio voice.

If the candidate is asking votes as an opponent of the Administration, ask him to stick to the facts and to omit the buncombe and hissing.

We are passing through great changes. We need the best thinking and the most honest representation we can find on both sides of Congress. We shall get it only if we demand more honest and relevant political campaigning than we commonly receive.

Your Congressman's Votes on the New Deal

The voting record of each member of the House of Representatives on the important measures before the Seventy-third Congress has been compiled and printed in a booklet for easy reference.

Send 5 cents in stamps to Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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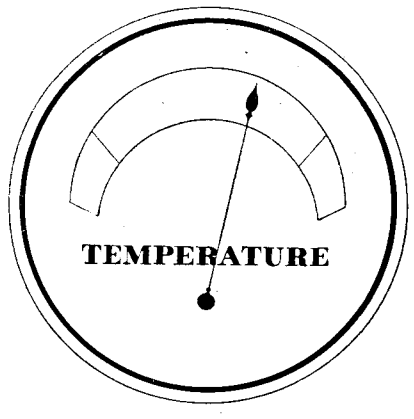
PROOF BY YOUR TEMPERATURE GAUGE!

It's easy to prove for yourself the *cooling* qualities of Ethyl. Watch your gauge when you are pushing your car along on a torrid day. See how the needle keeps well in the safety zone, regardless of speed and road conditions. Play safe! The hotter the day, the more you need Ethyl!

Ethyl contains sufficient lead (tetraethyl) to make it the world's quality motor fuel.



NOW is the time of year when the danger of your car's overheating is greatest. The most common reason for overheating is that *less* of your gasoline's energy goes into power and *more* is sent as waste heat into the cooling system. That's because the *knock*, inherent in gasoline, is at its worst in summer.

The Ethyl fluid in Ethyl Gasoline maintains the right balance. By preventing harmful knock, it keeps your motor running coolly and sweetly on the most sweltering days. That in turn protects your oil, keeps the temperature lower *inside* your car and prevents the serious and costly damage that overheating so frequently causes. Pretty cheap protection when you realize that Ethyl now costs only 2¢ a gallon over regular gasoline—less, on the average, than $1 a month! Next time get Ethyl!

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